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THE

Underground Mail-Agent.

BY VIDI.

Illustrated with Designs by White.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1853.

MR. FRANK,

THE

UNDERGROUND MAIL-AGENT.

BY VIDI.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DESIGNS BY WHITE.

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PREFACE.

KIND READER, we must confess that we are so stupid, as not to know how to write a Preface; and, in fact, we do not even know why any Preface should be written at all! We have looked very carefully over all the books in our library, from Cobb's Primer up to Bulwer's last novel, for a model, and we are sorry to say, that we have not been able to find one to suit us; and we do not pretend to a tithe of the fastidiousness of our readers—especially in regard to *our own* productions.

We have found in our researches alluded to, that many authors look upon a Preface as a space devoted to a little *teté-à-teté* with their readers; in which they apologize to them for punishing their good nature with another book. Others consider it as a kind of platform on which to define their position, and to explain their motives for writing *at all*—a matter which is not unfrequently very difficult of comprehension. This species of information, however, we look upon as entirely gratuitous; because, if the motives of the author are good, they should appear in the body of his work, and if they are not, why—the least that is said, the better.

Then, again, not a few regard a Preface as a kind of synopsis of the whole book, and devote several pages to the task of pointing out its strong points, for fear that they would not be discovered

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by the reader, if his especial attention was not directed to them. They are also very careful to give explicit directions how to understand various matters contained in the text, which they do not understand themselves, and which mean something entirely different from what a literal construction of the words themselves are calculated to convey.

If we were permitted to consult our own views, we would say nothing by way of prefatory remark. But custom—inexorable, time-honored custom—demands the sacrifice, and we submit to the decision with the same gracious bow, that a Philadelphia lawyer does to a statute passed in the reign of the good and loving King Alfred.

We have now written enough to constitute an ordinary Preface, by measurement—and for aught we know to the contrary, this is the usual criterion of their merit—and we have done.

We have written this little book because it pleased us to do so, and we hope the reader will peruse it for the same reason. Whether his head or his heart will be improved thereby, we leave for him to say, after he has read it; and whether the publishers' pockets will undergo any favorable change through its instrumentality, we leave for *them* to say, after they have exhausted the hundredth edition, and the cry is still for *more!*

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THE

UNDERGROUND MAIL-AGENT

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A PATRIOT, WHOSE SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY HAVE HITHERTO NEVER BEEN PROPERLY APPRECIATED, AND WHOSE MEMORY THE AUTHOR NOBLY RESCUES FROM THE ALL-DEVOURING JAWS OF OBLIVION.

It was on a cold, stormy evening in the year ——, the date of which, our readers may fix to suit their varying tastes, that a gentleman was sitting alone in the back parlor of the only tavern in the village of Liberty, Pennsylvania. The comforts of the room, although very meagre in an absolute sense, compared favorably with the inclement state of the weather without. In the centre of the room stood a small, round pine table, which was covered with quite a variety of pitchers, tumblers and bottles; thus affording rather strong presumptive evidence that the occupant of the apartment was not an advocate of the temperance reformation. Several rickety old chairs were scattered irregularly about the room; a large picture, representing a naked manacled negro lying prostrate on the ground, with a white man standing with his foot upon his neck, and with a heavy cowhide in his raised hand, as if about in the act of striking, under which was written in large

capital letters, "Africa and America as they are," was hung upon one side of the wall of the apartment; whilst directly opposite was another picture, representing the same negro dressed in superb style, walking arm-in-arm with a plainly attired white man, the appearance of whose countenance seemed to express the most lively and complacent satisfaction for the honor which his sable brother bestowed upon him. On each side of this picture was a large ballot-box, on which was inscribed "Equal Rights," and the background was filled up by a promiscuous assemblage of white gentlemen and black ladies, and black gentlemen and white ladies, walking side by side, and apparently much delighted in the enjoyment of each other's society. All this was sufficiently expressive; but, to avoid all possibility of misconstruction, the painter had inscribed beneath the picture, that it was intended to personify "Africa and America in the good day coming;" the precise day of which, with a prudent non-committal policy, he left open to conjecture.

The occupant of the room, although by no means a rare character, deserves a slight notice from us, before we introduce him more fully to the reader. He belonged to that large class of persons, who are seized with periodical fits of patriotism; which fits, strange to say, always precede a general election, and continue until the candidates are elected, and all the appointments are made, when the attack gradually passes off without any bad consequences, except, that it leaves the patient with a broken-down reputation, and an exhausted pocket; unless, as is very frequently the case, they were both completely destroyed by previous attacks. The symptoms of these paroxysms are somewhat anomalous, and entirely unlike anything known in the medical world. The persons affected are, generally, men who have no reputation themselves, but who are, at the same time, very earnest in their appeals to the "enlightened citizens and honest voters," to oppose men of bad character—who invariably belong to

the opposite party—and to vote for good honest patriots, who as invariably belong to their own. Like Esau, they would not only sell their birthrights for a mess of pottage, but they would not hesitate a moment to sell themselves, body and soul, for a good office; and yet, at the same time, they most patriotically implore the people not to allow their votes to be bought by foreign gold; which they always represent as being very plenty in the market. Although they are not noted for saving anything which belongs to themselves personally, they are extremely anxious to save their dearly-beloved country, which would most inevitably be lost if the opposition party should carry the day; and as it naturally follows that *one* of the oppositions must be successful, it is truly surprising that the country has not been lost beyond all possibility of recovery. Yet, strange to say, it is always found — or rather, it always finds its friends on the approach of a new election, who spring up again by myriads, like the plagues of Egypt, to engage once more in defence of its rights, and in search of offices for themselves. It is truly astonishing to witness the labor and personal sacrifices which these gentlemen undergo, for the purpose of aiding the election of their favorites, with the dim prospect of receiving subordinate offices, in the simple and flattering proportion of about one in every nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Our friend, whom we left so unceremoniously to describe the class of which he had formed, for many years, an active member, had hitherto labored without any considerable personal benefit, except "the glorious consciousness of having done his duty to his friends and his country." But he consoled himself with the idea, that, although republics were proverbially ungrateful, the time would come when his services would be appreciated, and he would be rewarded for all his patriotic exertions and self-sacrifices. To look at him as he sat on one chair, with his feet ensconced in the remnants of what were once a quite fashionable-looking pair of gaiters,

reposing sublimely on the back of another, and to observe his personal attire, a mere casual observer would have thought, that if the country did not soon do something for his relief, he would be compelled to join the Model Artists by the mere natural force of circumstances. But if we are allowed to judge — as philosophers say we are — of the future, by the past, there was still much service remaining in his personal wardrobe, dilapidated as it appeared. The same old, rusty, threadbare, single-breasted frock-coat; the same seedy-looking, tight-legged, black pantaloons; the same old, greasy, narrow-brimmed beaver hat, had been in constant use, time out of mind, and instead of growing the worse for wear, seemed, like pure gold, only to shine the brighter, from the constant friction of his body and the brush. In regard to some points, however, the innovations of time could not be concealed. The straps of his pants had given way, leaving the extremities of his legs fringed in a manner more picturesque than beautiful; the seams began to gape, and the stitches grinned through their open mouths, in spite of frequent pressings; the once tasty frilled shirt-bosom showed a manifest tendency to go into open-work, and the black-silk cravat which, formerly, was closed with a flaunting, jaunty tie, from frequent trimmings of the ends, as they became tattered by age, was merely large enough to allow of its being tied by a single knot; and its foldings had been so often changed, for the purpose of bringing the holes on the inside, that there was barely enough material remaining to present a sound exterior.

Joined to his personal attire, there was a kind of jaunty, free-and-easy, confident air depicted on his features, which most clearly declared him to be the man for such or any other difficulties; and that, no matter how fast they come, his inventive genius was fully equal to the emergency. At the present moment, however, his mind seemed to be engaged in the solution of some more than usually abstruse subject; but as he said nothing, and kept all his conjectures to him-

self, it is impossible, yet, to say what it was. The fact was only evinced by the changes which took place in his countenance and movements. At one moment his brow would become clouded, his eyebrows more firmly contracted, his lips were subjected to a biting process, and he seemed to be completely wrapped up in perplexity and doubt. Then all these gloomy appearances would suddenly vanish, and a bright smile light up his countenance, just as the shadows flit and disappear from the landscape, when the sun bursts out from amongst the clouds. These changes followed each other in quick succession; and, although he swallowed an immense amount of brandy, and smoked an indefinite number of cigars, his mental operations did not seem to be influenced thereby in any perceptible degree.

His smoking was peculiarly expressive. Whenever his mind was fretted by attempts to grasp some subtle idea, which escaped just as he was on the point of seizing a good firm hold of it, his impatience was made manifest by short, rapid, peevish, irritable puffs. When his ideas became lost in wild, dreamy abstractions, his cigar hung loosely in the corner of his mouth, the saliva dribbled, drop by drop, down over his chin, and the smoke issuing slowly from its point, curled lazily around his nose, and occasionally penetrated through its ample portals, into his brain, rendering his ideas even more be-fogged and misty than before.

At times, he seemed to have arrived at some definite determination, which was made plainly evident by full, long, strong puffs, and by discharges of volumes of smoke, not unlike those which escape from a high-pressure engine, when it is getting under full way. His cigar, however, finally—as all cigars will, even under the most careful and economical management—began gradually to diminish in size. The fact appeared to impress itself forcibly and painfully upon his mind. He heaved a heavy, deep-drawn sigh; cast one last, long, lingering look at the empty box on the table, and gave

another long, strong puff; which unfortunately was too strong, as the traction on the one end drew the opposite extremity against the point of his equally fiery nose. A low, hissing sound followed; but the well-known law of electricity, "that like repels like," prevailed, and the nearly-consumed regalia was hurled away with the rapidity of lightning, accompanied by a low, muttering sound, very much resembling thunder, but which evidently had a direct reference to cigars in general, and that one in particular.

"Well," said he, finally, raising his head as if he had just emerged from a train of deep reflection, "I see no other way for it. It is an infernal mean game, that's a fact. But I wouldn't mind the meanness so much, but confound it, I never could bear the sight of a nigger; and now I am turned Abolitionist! Ugh! the very thought of a woolly-headed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, ivory-eyed nig—no—sons of Africa, I suppose I must now call them—on a warm day in July, is enough to make a man of fine feelings throw up."

Now if such thoughts were calculated to produce nausea only in those of fine feelings, his whole body could have been perfectly saturated with them, without giving rise to the least inconvenience. For the purpose, however, of attempting to convert himself, in his own estimation, into a gentleman of fine feelings, he made several very violent and desperate attempts to evacuate the contents of his stomach; but as nothing escaped, save a rather nauseating odor of whiskey punch, scented with the aroma of very strong tobacco, it is more than probable that, if any sickness existed at all, it was more of a physical than mental character.

"But then it must be done, disagreeable as it is," he continued, as soon as he had abandoned his ineffectual attempts at emesis in his despair. "If the people won't accommodate their views to mine, I must accommodate mine to theirs. That is the only *sound* policy. If some of our great statesmen, instead of defining their positions, and attempting to

prove consistent and unchangeable when everything around them was changing, had placed themselves upon my patent movable platform, they would not have been so signally defeated. There is no use in rowing against a six-mile tide with a ten-knot breeze blowing in your teeth. The better course is just to put the helm about, and float down the stream with wind and tide in your favor. In the same manner, when you find the tide of public opinion is setting in one direction, and a stiff breeze of popular prejudice is blowing the same way, it is sound policy, if you are an outsider, just to jump into the boat that is bound down stream, and take passage in 'the swift-sure line.' Them's my sentiments!" These enlightened views of a citizen and statesman's duty to his country — and to himself particularly — seemed to afford him as much satisfaction as if they had been original, and had not been put into full practice by nearly every political demagogue, who has ever strutted across the stage of politics.

"The fact is," he resumed, after a short pause, which was occupied in dusting his threadbare pantaloons with an old silk handkerchief, it having become dangerous to risk them in their delicate state to the operations of a clothes-brush; "the fact is, Billy R. Dixey, you're a devilish clever fellow—keen as a briar, and up to all sorts of political games and tricks! So here is a long life to you, and a merry one! May the party to which you belong always turn up a trump card, and show their sense of your services by giving you a fat office with plenty of pickings! So here goes!" and suiting the action to the word, he swallowed down at least half a tumblerful of raw whiskey to the success of the Billy R. Dixey aforesaid.

Now who this gentleman was, seemed, at first, to be a matter of some doubt, but sundry significant winks and expressive contortions of the face, accompanied with several emphatic slaps of the right hand on that part of the chest usually occupied by the heart—but which, in the present case,

may have been a vacuum, for all we know—seemed to imply that the gentleman who drank the toast, and the one whose welfare was so earnestly pledged in it, were one and the same person.

"Yes," he resumed, smacking his lips with apparent gusto, whether in relation to the views he was about to utter, or to the whiskey which he had drank, we do not know; "the only way will be to get old Frank appointed as general Mail-agent on the Underground Line, and then the track will be clear for my election to Congress. Besides, his absence will afford me abundant opportunities for calling upon his fair little daughter with news from her father; and by careful management, such as feeling interested in her lonely situation; admiring everything which she says or does; sympathizing with her on account of the old gentleman's absence; and by bringing to bear all the other little necessaries for besieging the female heart, I may succeed in carrying her off before his return; and what is better than all, make a cool hundred thousand by the operation. There is nothing like head-work; an act well planned is half accomplished, and here's success to its consummation!" Mr. Dixey had drained the last drops from his glass, and had refilled it preparatory to a repetition of the dose, when a loud double-knock was heard at the door.

"Confound the thing!" he said, letting his glass fall in the excitement, and spilling its contents on the floor; "I wouldn't be surprised if that was old Frank, now. He said he would call sometime, and if he should catch me here with these bottles it would ruin my prospects forever. Such appearances would scarcely go down with his total abstinence, woman's rights, spiritual rappings, vote-yourself-a-farm, general reform, ideas. So here goes for a general clear-up," and Mr. Dixey proceeded to apply himself to his task with an alacrity, that would have established an enviable fame for him as a hotel-waiter. By the time the third rap was heard

at the door, every appearance of drinkables had been hurried away into various side-closets; the stray drops of liquor which had found their way upon his clothes, had been carefully brushed off; a large piece of ginger-root was introduced into his mouth for the purpose of neutralizing any nauseous odor that might otherwise issue from it; and he was sitting down by the side of the table, entirely absorbed in the contents of the last week's copy of "The Herald of Freedom," with a countenance as expressive of deep thought as a half-dozen glasses of whiskey would allow him to assume. When the third knock was heard, he raised his eyes slowly from the paper, at the same time shading them from the light with his hand, and said, in a tone of apparent abstraction and gravity, "Come in."

In compliance with this request, a middle-aged, grave-looking gentleman entered the room. As soon as Mr. Dixey caught a fair view of his face, all these assumed appearances suddenly vanished; and jumping up from his chair, he grasped the hand of his visitor with fully as much energy as pleasure, and exclaimed at the same time, "Burton! my dear fellow, how are you? Confound you, how you frightened me! I'll be hanged if I didn't think it was old Frank! Ha! ha! ha!" and throwing himself into a chair, he went off into a series of short, broken cachinations, which bore no small resemblance to a violent paroxysm of the whooping-cough.

Whilst Mr. Dixey was enjoying this luxury, the gentleman addressed as Burton, helped himself to a chair, and sat quietly gazing at him with an expression of the countenance in which contempt was vainly struggling to gain the ascendency of impatience. Whilst he was thus employed, we may as well take a look at him.

He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, and his figure, which was slightly above the medium size, was well formed. There was nothing peculiar about his personal attire, when each portion of his dress was considered as a

separate article. The highly-polished gaiter-boots, by themselves, were nothing unusual; but when they peered out, as they did in this instance, from beneath the extremities of a pair of well-defined, Quaker-colored, drab pantaloons, the union became rather odd. His single-breasted, straight-collared, drab frock-coat, buttoned up closely to his neck, was all well enough in its way, but when the upper part of it was entirely concealed by a large, flowing Byron shirt-collar, the proximity became somewhat inconsistent. A broad-brimmed, low-crowned, long-furred hat, which he held in his left hand, and a very delicate, flexible, dandified, whalebone walking-cane, which he poised lightly and rather gracefully between the thumb and forefinger of his right, served, very materially, to heighten the incompatibilities of his appearance. His face, which was pale, and possessed some traces of beauty, presented, if possible, even more incongruous appearances than his dress. There was about it a well-marked, although not very easily to be described, air of self-importance, combined with a certain degree of mock humility, and smirking politeness, which latter was gradually shaded away into low cunning; giving to his physiognomy an exceedingly dubious expression, which had, on more than one occasion, induced him to be mistaken for some distinguished personage, travelling *incog.*, a Methodist minister on the circuit, or a horse-thief on a professional tour.

"Mr. Dixey," said he, in a tone of cool, steady determination, as soon as that gentleman had recovered his ordinary powers of breathing, a process which, for some time, seemed to be involved in considerable doubt, "I have called upon you in regard to a little business matter. You are President of the Liberty Anti-slavery Society." Mr. Dixey gave a quite decided nod, as much as to say "that he was the gentleman alluded to, and felt proud of the station." Mr. Burton continued: "As such, you have the sole power of appointing all the committees. In doing so, you can pack them so as

to effect any purpose which you may desire to accomplish." The Hon. President smiled blandly, as if the reflection was one of a peculiarly agreeable nature. "In the Convention of to-morrow, amongst other business, a new committee is to be appointed to select the Underground Mail-agent for the ensuing year. Now, I have understood, sir, that I, who have not only devoted my time, my talents, and my energies, to our noble and holy cause, but have perilled my life in it, am to be overslaughed to make room for Mr. Frank, just because he happens to be a particular friend of yours! May I ask, sir, whether my information is correct?"

"Well—yes, to a certain extent, it is," replied Mr. Dixey, coolly. "You are not to be exactly overslaughed, but circumstances render it necessary that Mr. Frank should be the *principal* agent for the next year; and so you can just bet your head on it that it is going to be done! You can, however, if you choose, receive the appointment of *sub-agent*."

"A sub-agent! I a sub-agent! I, who have labored for years in the cause! I, who know every station from Maryland to Canada! I, who know every mode and manner of inducing negroes to leave their masters, and am acquainted with every means of carrying them through safely. I—I, to act as *sub-agent!* and Mr. Frank, who knows nothing about the practical operations of our principles, and whose very simplicity and honesty of heart would lodge us in a Southern prison in less than forty-eight hours after crossing Mason and Dixon's line, to be appointed *my* superior! Do you think I am a fool, sir?" Here Mr. Dixey muttered something in reply, intimating that a man's thoughts were his own private property; which modest expression of opinion had the only effect of producing a still greater excitement, in the already over-stimulated Mr. Burton.

"Do you think, sir," he exclaimed, "that you are so far elevated above the common mass, by virtue of your office, that you are no longer responsible for what you do? If you

do, sir, let me assure you that you deceive yourself most grossly! I will go into the Convention, heart and soul! I will—although it will be with reluctance—detail to the friends of liberty my services in our common cause, and I will appeal to their gratitude, whether it is right that I should give way to a man who is utterly incompetent to fill my station!"

"Nothing like blowing one's own trumpet," replied Mr. Dixey, in a most provokingly cool tone of voice; "nothing like it, even if the horn is only a penny-whistle. I have seen many a doctor, who knew nothing about the most common rudiments of medicine; many a lawyer, who knew about as much of Blackstone, as a Choctaw does of the Sanscrit, many a statesman, whose knowledge of political economy was equal to a Hottentot's financiering powers, succeed in business by merely blowing his own trumpet. There is nothing like brass, sir — nothing like it, in a physical sense, for making good wind-instruments; and, in a mental and moral point of view, nothing like it for carrying out fame and fortune for a man. Now my own experience, which has been pretty extensive——" There is no telling how long Mr. Dixey would have philosophized in this strain, for he had a striking partiality for reasoning from particulars up to generalities, had he not been cut short in the midst of his comparisons by a determination, on the part of his companion, to enjoy a full share of the liberty of speech.

"No doubt, sir, brass may have answered a very good purpose with you," observed Mr. Burton, bitterly. "But your time must come too. If I am driven to it — and it remains with you to say whether I shall—I will expose you publicly in Convention. Do I not know, sir," he added, "that at heart you loathe the cause you are engaged in, and despise and hate the poor down-trodden children of Afric's sunny clime? Have you not told me so with your own lips? Do I not know, sir, that you served with one of the great parties

until you found that its members were perfectly acquainted with your character, and would not give you even the lowest office; and then you joined the other, and because you discovered that it was too weak to effect any thing, you connected yourself with the Friends of Freedom, hoping that, by bringing with you some of the reckless renegades from both, you might finally ride into office by our assistance? And, to give you all the credit that is due to you, I must confess that your schemes, so far, have worked admirably. You have gained the confidence of our friends, and, although your real character is known to a few of the more intelligent, the majority, consisting of fools and rogues, are, as you are undoubtedly aware, in your favor. But then the very height to which a man rises is often the prelude to his more effectual ruin; for when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again. Beware how you act the Cæsar! You may find your Brutus!" This tragical allusion to Roman history must not be construed in a literal sense, by our readers. Mr. Burton was by no means a man of blood. He merely intended to imply that he would kill him politically; run a dagger through him in a figurative sense, leaving his corporeal system unharmed by the operation.

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Mr. Dixey, when this short review of his life was ended; "much obliged to you for calling up my past life in review. You have done it very well — briefly, yet graphically; and, what is better than all, especially coming from the source it does, the description is tolerably true. There is nothing like reviewing the past occasionally. It is what the log-book is to the sailor. It tells you your courses and bearings; the distances you have come; how far you've got to go, and where you are. I had intended to do it myself, but you have saved me the trouble, as far as *I* am concerned. But, then, this is only a one-sided aspect of the question — a kind of *ex-parte* evidence, as the lawyers say — useful as far as it goes; but, nevertheless, it is

one-sided. It shows where *I* stand. Now, in order to take a fair and equal start, for future operations, it is necessary to know where *you* stand. You have done me the favor to discover my position, and, as one good turn deserves another, I will return the compliment."

"Now, sir, when I am done, if you please," said he, gently waving his hand, as Mr. Burton showed signs of refusing his kindly proffered services; "now, sir, you well know that you owe your present position to mere accident. A vivid imagination, added to a free flow of language; a not over-scrupulous regard for dull matters of fact; an indomitable enthusiasm in anything in which you engaged; an empty brief, and an insatiable thirst for oratorical renown, were qualities which you possessed, and which first attracted the attention of my predecessor. Now, you also very well know, that you cared but very little, if at all, about Southern slavery. The clanking of chains never disturbed your slumbers; and, if you only had received a good fee for it, you would have conducted any cause which was ever brought for the recovery of a fugitive. But, unfortunately for you, these briefs, and their attendant fees, went into other pockets; and when the offer of sixty dollars a month was made to you, to turn your attention to lecturing, and running off negroes, your finances were in a condition which utterly precluded all thoughts of a refusal."

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Burton, hastily, "that is pretty correct; but now I feel for, and sympathize deeply with, the unfortunate victims of oppression. I mourn day and night over their abject condition; and my daily prayers are for vengeance on their oppressors, and upon this misnamed land of liberty, which protects the oppressor in his wrongs and outrages upon the most sacred ties of humanity!"

"O! yes — of course — to be sure you do," observed Mr. Dixey, drily; "things have changed *slightly*, since *then*. Salary has gone up from sixty to a hundred and twenty-five

dollars a month, which is a very material aid to a man's feelings! Besides that, you've talked so long, and so eloquently upon the subject, convinced so many people, and said the same thing over so often, that you have finally become thoroughly converted yourself. Such things are very natural and very common. I remember well, when I was in the habit of making stump speeches, I used to repeat the old story about foreign gold being sent here, to control our elections, so often, that I finally began to believe it myself; and at times, when lost in fits of mental abstraction, my hand would, unconsciously, wander into my pocket, under the impression that some of it might have found its way there, by mere mistake, and was only undeceived, by finding that the bottom was torn out long before, for want of use."

"But that is not what I was trying to come at. Here are two plain propositions which are to be worked. The first is, that I want to get the nomination for Congress, in to-morrow's Convention, the chances of which, you know, are very good. The second is, that you want to go to the State Senate, next fall, the chances of which are, also, very good at present. But, then, things may change very much, in a short time. Now, sir, we understand each other. There is no mistake about that; and as there is no love lost between us, there is no danger of either one ruining his precious health, to advance the interest of the other, out of pure affection! Our co-operation must be based upon another ground. I need scarcely tell you that it is the ground of *policy*. If we work together, our success is certain; if we divide, we may, in turn, destroy each other. I cannot go on much longer, without raising funds in some way; and to cut off your supplies, would bring your career to an abrupt end."

"That is a true picture of the real state of affairs," said Mr. Burton, in a slow tone of melancholy conviction. "But turning me out of my situation, and giving me an inferior one, is rather a novel mode of working together."

"Well, the fact is," replied Mr. Dixey, "Mr. Frank is very honest in his opinions. He looks upon slavery as not only a heavy sin, which will, sooner or later, call down the vengeance of Heaven upon our country, but he considers it his duty, as a man and a Christian, to resort to any means, fair or foul, which can produce the least effect upon it. Although he pretends to be — and I think he really is — a very pious man, I am sure he would not hesitate a moment to supply a runaway negro with a revolver, to shoot his master, or the officers of the law, if they were in pursuit of him."

"Of course he would not," replied Mr. Burton; "and, as a patriot and a Christian, it would be his duty to do it. I would do it myself."

"Oh! of course *you* would — no doubt of it at all; but you'd take good care to tell him not to shoot, until you had got out of pistol-range yourself. Well, what I was going to say is, that Mr. Frank, actuated by these views, wishes to go South, to see the evil in its most hideous aspects, and to perform, as far as lies in his power, his duty to his suffering fellow-creatures. He will consider it quite an honor, if I can obtain the appointment for him; and his wealth and influence will have a very favorable effect upon my nomination. Now, my proposition is this:—you let him have the station, but you accompany him as his assistant. He will listen to all your directions, and work for nothing, whilst you pocket the salary, as usual; and, in return, I will do all I can for you, when your turn comes around for office."

"So far that is all very good; but then I, as an inferior, am to do all the work, and he, as the superior, will receive all the credit," said Mr. Burton. "These are things which I cannot agree to."

"Pooh! nonsense! such things are of daily occurrence," replied Mr. Dixey, carelessly. "More than one man has been elected Governor, and even President, upon mere availability, whilst the man of true talent, the Secretary, for

instance, managed all the intricate affairs of the government."

"That makes it all very good for the governors and presidents, but it comes rather hard upon the secretaries," observed Mr. Burton, dryly.

"Not at all, not at all. True merit is always appreciated; the people soon see who does the work, and he then gets the more credit for it. It would be the same way with you. Very few know anything at all about the secret part of the Mail arrangements; and those who do, will know that you are still the *real* agent." This view of true merit did not exactly correspond with what he had already said on the same subject; but, like a shrewd politician, he changed his logic to suit the varying circumstances as they arose.

Mr. Burton, however, seemed to be favorably impressed with this view; and it, together with the thought, which had just occurred to him, that Mr. Frank would, in all probability, bear all the expenses, leaving his entire salary clear, induced him to agree to the arrangement.

"So, it is all understood," said Mr. Dixey, as his companion arose to leave; "you are willing to submit to the change?"

"Yes; provided the conditions are all fulfilled, and you use your influence for me, at the proper time."

"To be sure—honor bright!" replied Mr. Dixey. "Well, good-bye, Burton," said he, as that gentleman was about disappearing through the door. "Take good care of yourself!"

Now, this was, certainly, very good and seasonable advice, under all circumstances; but, when it is remembered that Mr. Dixey had been *caring for* him during all this conversation, it seems to indicate that that gentleman was about to relinquish his guardianship, and to throw him upon his own resources. His remarks, after Mr. Burton had left, seemed to favor this view rather strongly.

"Of course I'll be about, on all necessary and interesting occasions," he said to himself, in a musing tone of voice; "but whether these conditions *will* or *will not* be complied with, depends very much upon circumstances. If *they* are such as to render it sound policy, why then they will. But if sound policy indicates the necessity of doing something else, why something else will be done. There is nothing like taking the advantage of circumstances;" and he proceeded to apply this doctrine to immediate practice, by drawing forth the drinkables, and re-applying himself to them with the same degree of assiduity that we witnessed in the early part of this chapter. A short time sufficed to throw him into a deep sleep, in which state we will leave him, to seek some repose for ourselves, in order that we may be refreshed, to engage in the proceedings of to-morrow's Convention.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED A SMALL PORTION OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE CELEBRATED LIBERTY ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Notwithstanding the previous stormy night, the morning's sun arose brightly in the east; and as its earliest rays beamed cheerfully through the streets, and gilded the house-tops, they beheld the usually quiet town of Liberty in an unwonted state of bustle and excitement. A large number of strange faces, from the palest white down to the deepest Ethiopian darkness, were seen in the place; and every street-corner was filled with groups of white men and black women, and black men and white women, who were apparently engaged in the discussion of some highly exciting subject. Occasionally, two males of opposite colors, or two females of different shades, and, still more rarely, two whites, might have been seen conversing together; but nowhere could two negroes have been found in each other's company. In fact, they seemed most studiously to avoid each other; and when compelled to pass in the street, they were extremely careful always to look in opposite directions; which divergence of the axes of vision had the double effect of displaying a more than usual quantity of white of the eye, and very materially increasing the proportional cases of squinting. A negro always considered it beneath his dignity to speak to a person of his own color, and would walk whole squares in search of some white person, with whom to interchange sentiment. The generality of whites, too, to do them full justice, seemed to manifest no undue partiality for those of their own color, but would pass each other, with a slight nod of recognition,

to shake hands with some of their more sable-colored brethren.

As the morning passed on, the crowd began to increase by fresh accessions to its ranks, and the living tide became directed towards the town-hall; which was soon filled to overflowing, by a decidedly "mixed assemblage." In going to the hall, they "did not stand upon the order of going, but went at once;" or in other words, a general scramble took place as soon as the doors were opened, the consequence of which was, that the audience, when seated, presented an exceedingly variegated, not to say interesting, appearance. It very strangely so happened, whether designedly or by mere accident, of course we cannot say, that a white person was nearly always found between two blacks, and a black one between two whites; exhibiting an appearance somewhat analogous to well-cured pork — a streak of lean and a streak of fat, except that, in this case, it was a streak of white to a streak of black, freely relieved from a dull monotony by the interspersion of all imaginable shades between the two. Everybody, however, seemed to be well pleased with this arrangement; especially several rakish-looking old Quakers, who were situated between buxom-looking negro-wenches; and some huge, amorous-looking negro-gallants, whom Fate, or their own sense of the beautiful, had thrown amongst exceedingly pretty little country-girls. In the one instance, a somewhat indefinite amount of sly ogling, and secret pressure of the waist, produced a corresponding rolling of the eye, with an unlimited display of ivory; whilst in the other, certain, at first, sly and sheepish glances, which became gradually more bold and undisguised, had the effect of causing some very deep blushes to mantle over fair faces, except in those cases in which *all* traces of female modesty had disappeared.

At precisely ten o'clock, our acquaintance, William R. Dixey, Esq., entered the hall. He was supported on his

right by Mr. Burton, the Underground Mail-agent, and on the left, by Job Smith, a gentleman of color, a distinguished fugitive, and a prominent candidate for the Congressional nomination. Upon his entrance he was greeted with continuous rounds of applause, and when he took the chair, as permanent President, the cheering was perfectly deafening. As soon as the noise had somewhat subsided, he rose to thank the audience for their kind greeting.

"I feel," said that distinguished gentleman, "that every cheer which arose as I entered this hall, was a word of hope, a true word of cheer to down-trodden Africa! These spontaneous bursts of feeling are not for me, as a man, but as a representative of a great and noble principle! They indicate that a day of reckoning is approaching; that the hour of our deliverance is at hand; and wo! wo! to America, when that day and that hour shall come! Then shall the bond go free! Then shall the now feeble and oppressed rise up in the strength and majesty of Truth and Justice; and the mighty, who now ride in golden chariots and fare sumptuously, be humbled in the dust! Then shall they who are in league with Satan and the spirits of darkness, seal their covenant with the blood of their hearts, and drink the dregs of the cup of their damnation!" In addition to this, the Hon. President made many other remarks of a similarly charitable and Christian-like character, which, on account of their being stereotyped for such occasions, we do not consider it necessary to insert here.

Upon the conclusion of this address, the meeting appointed twelve vice-presidents, in which both sexes were represented, and the different shades of color by no means neglected; after which, the executive committee, through their chairman, made their annual report, from which it appeared that, during the past year, they had succeeded in freeing two old women, one man, and three children, from their masters, at an aggregate expense of six thousand, nine hundred and ninety-

nine dollars, and ninety-nine cents, in which was included the sum forfeited as recognizance for the gentleman who had been arrested on account of his exertions in behalf of freedom, and liberated on bail. In consideration of their arduous labors, and their happy results, which could not fail to produce a very material influence upon the stability and permanency of Southern institutions, the committee begged leave to be discharged, which was granted, and their successors were appointed by the President.

The next business in order was the nomination of a candidate for Congress, which resulted, on the third ballot, in the selection of Mr. Dixey over his able competitor, Mr. Job Smith, the gentleman of color, by a vote of two to one.

This nomination was declared, by those who termed themselves the *real* friends of the slave, as utterly inconsistent with their avowed professions of the equality of the races; and as not only insulting to the colored population, but as a living, practical libel upon their principles of faith. After giving utterance to this decided expression of sentiment, they pronounced the Convention "an unclean thing" — an opinion which was strongly supported by its physical appearances — "the beast spoken of in Revelations," "a humbug," "a political gambling-shop," and that they would "go out" from it; which they accordingly did, and the world took no cognizance of the act, but continued to revolve on its axis just as if nothing at all had happened!

As soon as this little episode had passed off, another scene of the utmost confusion followed. Everybody seemed to be seized with a desire to say something which was absolutely requisite for the good of the cause. At least a dozen men, and an equal number of women, all claimed the floor at the same time, and it was utterly impossible to say who was, or who was not, entitled to it. All imaginable kinds of resolutions were offered as the sense of the meeting, amidst a horrible confusion of cheers, groans, shrieks, and hisses.

One man offered a resolution asserting that the American Declaration of Independence told a wilful and deliberate lie, in saying "that all men were born free and equal," whilst slavery was tolerated by law. Another offered a resolution that the Constitution of the United States be forthwith amended, so as to secure equal rights to all, without regard to color. Quite a large number expressed opinions favorable to an immediate dissolution of the Union; whilst others again, meekly asserted their belief that the country was so deeply sunken in iniquity and oppression, that the hand of no moral resurrection would ever be able to reach it.

Sentiments were expressed in favor of the United States dethroning all the crowned heads of Europe, and giving universal freedom to their subjects; whilst some contended that this government was, itself, the most tyrannical in existence, and, therefore, utterly unfit to propagate principles of liberty. An exceedingly sharp-featured, brazen-faced, middle-aged lady, who had been making a speech for the last half hour, about nobody knew what, finally succeeded in making herself heard, in favor of "Women's-rights;" which she defined to be, giving every woman her own private property, with a discretionary power over that of her husband; with a right to vote, to hold office, to engage in all professional pursuits, and, in short, to enjoy all the immunities and privileges of men, without their cares and responsibilities. An extremely scaly, seedy-looking fellow, with at least a dozen holes in his hat, and an innumerable quantity of the same in his coat and pants, offered a resolution in favor of a general distribution of the public lands amongst the people.

Mr. Burton, who had hitherto said nothing, but seemed to be lost in the contemplation of some remarkably profound and abstract subject, now arose to his feet, with the air of a dramatic King Richard, amidst a general buzz of attention and a considerable diminution of noise. He alluded in very eloquent terms—which were borrowed for the occasion, from

Dwight's Sermons—to the melancholy death of Abel and the atrocious wickedness of his brother Cain. Taking this as a convenient starting-point, he reviewed all the wars of ancient and modern times; dwelling largely upon the torrents of blood which had been shed, and which, he said, would, if collected into one vast reservoir, form a lake sufficiently large to drown all the slaveholders in the country. This novel view of the subject produced different impressions upon different persons. Those whose minds seemed too entirely engrossed by the bloody part of the description, groaned very mournfully, whilst several highly hysterical-looking ladies manifested well-marked symptoms of going off into immediate and violent convulsions, but finding that nobody noticed them, they very wisely postponed the exhibition to a more seasonable period. Others, whose imaginations dwelt less upon the bloody lake than the use to which the speaker seemed willing to apply it, were much delighted by the prospect held forth, and showed their feelings by alternate stamping, clapping of hands, and vociferous cheering. In conclusion, the learned orator moved that:

"Whereas war, under all circumstances, is an outrage upon all the feelings of humanity; utterly derogatory to the character of rational beings; at variance with the laws of God; and a direful source of human misery, therefore:

"Be it resolved, That the Liberty Anti-Slavery Convention earnestly recommends to the consideration of the government of the United States, the propriety of calling, in conjunction with the other powers of the world, a Universal Peace Congress, to which shall be referred all differences arising between different nations, and the decisions of which shall be final."

The reading of this resolution was greeted with overwhelming bursts of applause, after the subsidence of which, an excessively bustling-looking little gentleman, who appeared to be a lawyer, arose, and moved as an amendment, "that in case any nation refused to become a party to the Congress

aforesaid, or having become a party thereto, refused to submit to its decisions, it shall be the duty of said Congress to attach the nation so offending, for contempt; and upon its failing, through its proper attorney or otherwise, to furnish satisfactory reasons for its so doing, it shall be lawful for the powers represented in the Congress to exterminate the inhabitants of said nation from the face of the earth, and devote the proceeds arising from the sale of its territory to the promulgation of the general doctrines of Peace."

This amendment gave rise to a violent and prolonged discussion—not because any doubts were entertained in regard to its justice, but because it was considered premature. Mr. Burton himself, contended that great and general principles of right needed no legislation for carrying them into effect. They took care of themselves; just as, in the same manner, it was considered not necessary to provide for the negroes in the event of their emancipation; the first and most important matter being to liberate them, and this once accomplished, they might *look out for themselves*. This argument, which was strictly in accordance with sound doctrines, carried the day, and the amendment was accordingly voted down by a large majority, and in a very loud tone of voice.

After this amendment was disposed of, a pale-faced, grave-looking gentleman, who united in himself the double character of Methodist preacher and Homœopathic physician, offered an amendment that:

"Whereas calomel and blood-letting, in the hands of regular physicians, have caused more deaths than all the wars that ever have been, or ever will be waged: Therefore, resolved, That Congress be requested to pass a law immediately, expunging them from the Materia Medica, and rendering it a penal offence for any person or persons whatsoever to employ them in the treatment of disease."

He was just about to call for a vote upon this question of

medico-political policy, when he was requested to yield the floor to a highly nervous-looking young lady, who declared herself to be a Spiritual Medium, and asserted that she had, on divers occasions, called up the departed spirit of General Washington, to consult him in regard to the affairs of this corrupt and polluted country. She also stated that he was very angry with the government on account of its numerous wars, and also because slavery was not immediately and unconditionally abolished; both of which he was now, in his present condition, fully aware, were contrary to the Declaration of Independence, and the true spirit of Christianity.

This allusion to Christianity brought the sharp-featured woman, who had already spoken so earnestly in favor of Women's-rights, to her feet. She looked upon it not only as the most palpable piece of superstition and imposition that had ever been palmed off upon a credulous world, but she felt no hesitation in declaring that it was used as a prop and support to our abominable system of slavery; that its teachings, and the constructions placed upon them, were at direct variance with the immutable principles of Women's-rights as they were now understood; and this fact alone was a sufficient proof that it was *not true.* In addition to this, she looked upon it as a kind of superstitious safeguard to tyranny and oppression; interspersed, occasionally, with some good moral precepts, merely for the purpose of rendering it more palatable and covering its open absurdity. In short, she felt convinced, that a blind subserviency to it, whether arising from innocent ignorance, or inexcusable fear, had operated detrimentally to the progress of sound and enlightened principles; and that the time had arrived for the Friends of Freedom to break its shackles, which had hitherto crippled their energies, and bound their hands with a power more galling, if possible, than the iron fetters of the Southern slave.

This somewhat fiery ebullition of female virtue and meekness was hailed with mingled cries of, "Good! good!" "Turn her out!" "Freedom of thought and freedom of speech!" "Tom Paine and Fanny Wright!" agreeably interspersed with hisses, groans, cheers, stamping, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and a general variety of all sorts of manifestations of individual feelings. How long this truly exhilarating state of affairs would have continued, it is impossible to say, had not some person, just about the time that a state of general exhaustion and want of breath was about to supervene, raised the cry of "Question!" This simple word was repeated from mouth to mouth, as if it possessed talismanic virtues; and shouts of "Question!" "Question!" "Question!" arose loud above all the din and confusion of the meeting.

During this time, it was observed that the President gesticulated very violently; became exceedingly red in the face; and moved his lips with great rapidity, as if he was saying something in a very loud tone of voice; but what it was, nobody could hear. Finally, as soon as the noise had somewhat subsided, from mere physical exhaustion, it was understood that he was asking the simple and very natural information, as to *what question* the meeting wished to vote upon. This reasonable inquiry was answered by a simultaneous cry of "Mine!" "Mine!" "Mine!" issuing from at least fifty different persons. So Mr. Dixey did exactly what anybody else, in his situation, would have done; he told all that were in favor of the question to say "Aye," and those opposed to it to say "No;" whereupon every man, supposing that he was voting in favor of his own resolution, shouted most energetically in the affirmative; and the chair stated that all the resolutions before the meeting had passed with the utmost unanimity of sentiment. The labors of the Convention having reached this happy and satisfactory termination, three cheers were given for the speedy emancipation of Southern

slaves; six for universal freedom; and twelve for a general reform in everything; followed by three groans for the crowned heads of Europe; six for Southern slave-holders; and twelve for the President of the United States and Congress; when the Convention adjourned *sine die*, and amidst a general confusion.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING THAT CHARITY DOES NOT ALWAYS BEGIN AT HOME, NOTWITHSTANDING THE HIGH AUTHORITY IN ITS FAVOR.

On the evening following the Convention, Mr. Frank was seated in his parlor, gazing sadly on the comforts of his own fireside, which he was soon to leave, perhaps forever. The thought that he might never pass another night in his own happy home, grated harshly on his mind; but the course which he was about to pursue seemed to him to be his plain duty to follow; and where duty led the way, he never faltered. Principle was the morning star, the life, the hope, the sum of his existence; and to it he would sacrifice anything and everything that was near and dear to him.

A kinder, nobler heart than his, never beat in a human breast. It beat in harmonious unison with misery and suffering. Its pure and noble promptings shed a mild and calm halo around his countenance, and covered his features with a perpetual smile of kindness and benevolence. The poor and wretched looked up into his face with an abiding confidence, and beheld, in its silent yet eloquent expression, the certain promise that their confidence was not misplaced. There was a pure spirit of love and philanthropy about it, which banished the tremulous quiver from the lip, and dispelled the dim mists which gathered over the eyes of the sad victims

of poverty and misfortune. His feelings of charity induced him never to turn those that asked empty from his door; and although his very goodness of heart rendered him often liable to imposition, his liberality never diminished. He knew well that he could not always distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy; and he consoled himself with the thought that, if he did give to those that were not deserving, he never denied the destitute; and that, although the former might turn his charity to bad purposes, he was not responsible for it. His motives were pure, and his nightly prayers were, that God would judge him in accordance with them. He felt a secret, indescribable conviction that those prayers would be answered; and who shall say that he hoped in vain?

His daughter, a fair young girl, apparently about twenty years of age, was sitting by his side. For along time neither spoke.

"Oh! father," she said, in a low, musical tone of voice, rendered touchingly sweet by its deep pathos of grief, "I cannot, cannot think of your leaving me! You have never left me for a single week; you have always been the kindest of parents to me; and you have more than supplied the absence of that mother's love which I have never felt. Oh! how could I live without you!"

"Emma, Emma, my dear," said Mr. Frank, in a thick, choked voice of forced calmness, which bespoke the poignant feelings of an agonized heart more truly than the most violent outbursts of grief, "you know that it is hard, very hard for me to leave you; but the advancement of a great principle demands it, and you, certainly, would not wish me to be recreant to my duty."

"No, no," replied Emma; "but oh! father, if you should be discovered, and cast into a Southern prison, oh! it would break my heart!"

"For your sake, my dear," replied Mr. Frank, solemnly, "I hope it may not occur; but as for myself, I would rather

die in prison, aye! perish ignominiously upon the scaffold, than to fail in the performance of my duty. I would rather meet my God with a rope around my neck, than neglect an opportunity of assisting the oppressed."

"That is true, father; but all men do not see things alike," replied Emma, seriously. "We are weak, erring, fallible creatures, and may magnify evils which we do not fully understand."

"Yes; but this evil of slavery we do understand! We know all about it! It is a Heaven-cursed system; a disgrace to the age we live in; a foul stigma upon the otherwise fair escutcheon of our country's honor. In some things we may err; but there is no possibility of mistaking noon for midnight, light for darkness; the promptings of holy feelings for the secret workings of the spirit of evil!"

"It is a terrible evil, God knows!" replied Emma, solemnly; "but how is it to be removed? The inducements held out to slaves to escape from their masters, seem to me to have produced the very natural effect of rendering the masters more watchful and tyrannical towards those who remain."

"That is true, that is true," replied her father, mechanically, as if the thought was rather a new one; "but then we cannot help that. We are working for the advancement of a principle; we are opposing slavery as a moral and political question; and although our very exertions may, as you say, make masters more tyrannical, this is not our fault. We cannot help that; our motives are good. The practical operations of every great moral principle are attended by minor evils, which, much as we may deplore them, cannot be avoided. The propagation of the Christian religion, though founded in the simplicity of truth, love, and good will unto all men, was attended by persecutions and wars, at which humanity shudders. The Protestant Reformation was accomplished through attendant evils, familiar to all. Our

own glorious struggle for a national existence was attended by a general deprivation, not only of the luxuries, but of the absolute necessities of life; by the disruption of the most sacred family ties, and by the most direful scenes of bloodshed. Yet all these evils are lost sight of, or are only regarded as necessarily following in the train of great principles. Minor evils are absorbed in the greater good."

"But then we should be sure," replied his daughter, "that the good really does overbalance the evil. Now it seems to me—but then perhaps I do not understand it—that the good which is accomplished, by running away a few hundreds of negroes, annually, from their masters, bears a very small proportion to the misery which is inflicted by a more rigid, and, if you please, more tyrannical, treatment of the remaining millions, which is adopted by the slave-holders, as a protection to what they consider their property."

"That is not the question, my dear," replied Mr. Frank, evasively. "You are altogether too practical in your ideas. The first question which arises is, is slavery wrong? This admitted, it follows, as a natural consequence, that it cannot be wrong to remove a wrong! It cannot be wrong to do right! If it is wrong to hold our fellow-creatures in chains, it must be right to break those chains whenever, wherever, and in any and every manner that we can. That settles the subject conclusively. These unfortunate victims of oppression are the same flesh and blood that we are; they have the same immortal souls to save as we have; and, although their skin is darker than ours, they are still our brothers and sisters, the common children of one God. They are equal to us, in every respect, as rational and accountable beings; and they should, and in time must, enjoy the same rights and privileges."

"Yes, that is what makes the evil such a terrible one," replied Emma, in tones of bitter anguish. "They are undoubtedly the same flesh and blood—have the same souls—

and it surely cannot be right for one soul, which must give an account of its own doings to the Great Searcher of all hearts, to hold another as property. But, then, what is to be done? As an abstract question, we should consider them as our equals in every respect, but the difficulty is to apply the doctrine. You might be willing to allow a slave to vote with you at the same ballot-box; to eat with you at the same table; to sit with you in the same pew at church; and you might, perhaps, so far overcome your prejudices, as to sleep with him in the same bed ——"

"Well, well," replied Mr. Frank, slowly and emphatically, "I think it might all be done — I know it should be done, and it would be done, if we were sufficiently meek and lowly. But, hitherto, I have never been able to come so far myself. The truth is, my spirit is too rebellious. But it can be done—many of our friends do all those things which you have mentioned, Emma; but I never could overcome my prejudices so effectually, although I have tried very hard."

"I know they do," replied Emma. "I have seen enough of that, myself. Enough to shock all my feelings. I do not wish to judge anybody, so help me God! but then I cannot but believe that these things are done, in the large majority of cases, for mere effect. I have seen our white friends, again and again, turn the poor white beggar empty-handed from the door, whilst the negro was taken in, fed, clothed, and sent on his way rejoicing. There is an instance fresh in my mind. Last Saturday afternoon, as I was going over to friend Jones's, I met a poor, half-clothed, famished-looking child coming towards me. When she came near me, she raised her tearful eyes towards my face. She cast an imploring look at me, which went to my very soul; whilst her thin, pale lips quivered with a wild, tremulous motion; and then, burying her face in her hands, she sobbed as if her very heart would break. I do not know whether there was anything forbidding in my countenance — but then there might

have been, for you know it was very cold, and the driving rain, snow and sleet, had almost blinded me; and although thickly clad, it seemed to me that I was almost froze—if there was, may Heaven forgive me! But there must have been something repulsive about my looks, for the poor child was about to pass on, if I had not stopped her.

"'My poor child,' I said, 'you are clad too poorly to be out in such weather as this. Come with me, and I will give you some better clothes.'

"Whether there was something in the tones of my voice which was agreeable to her, or my looks became more mild, I do not know; but as soon as I spoke, she fell down on her knees at my feet, and, catching hold of my dress, she exclaimed, in a voice which I shall never forget, whilst the tears ran in torrents down her thin, pale cheeks, —

"'Oh! my dear lady, but you *are* good. I thought *everybody* was cross and angry. I thought you looked cross, but then I could not see—my eyes were full of snow, and there is something like a dark cloud before them all day. But *you* are not *angry;* I know you are not—you talk *too good.* You won't scold me, dear lady, will you?' There was something so pitiful, so distressing, yet so touchingly sweet, in the child's voice and manner, that I cried with her merely for company's sake.

"'Oh! I was afraid to speak to you,' continued the child, in a voice broken by emotion, 'I was afraid you would scold me too! I have been scolded so much to-day, that I feel quite weak here,' and she laid her little hand upon her breast, which heaved convulsively. 'Mother is so very sick I am afraid she will die. I have been out all day, and yesterday, and the day before that, to try to get something for her to eat. She has no fever any more, and I am sure if she had some bread or meat to give her strength, she would get well again. But then everybody scolded me when I asked for something to eat, and told me that I was a good-for-nothing little run-

away; that I should go to work, and that honest people needn't beg; and said so many more things, and talked so rough that I felt sometimes as if I must lay down in the snow and die; and I believe I would, if it had not been for the thought of my poor mother, who I knew would starve if I did not get some food for her.'

"'I suppose,' she resumed after a short pause, during which my heart was too full to offer her any consolation, 'that the handsome ladies and gentleman thought that I was not honest, or they would not have said so. But indeed they were wrong, my good lady—indeed they were. I do not look bad and wicked, do I?' she said, raising her pale, watery, blue eyes to my face, with a look so innocent and truthful, that it must have melted any heart that was not as hard as flint. 'I know I am not near as good as I ought to be, but I never told a lie; I never wished to injure anybody, and I never took anything which didn't belong to me, because mother wouldn't like it, and because God, who, she says, is the father of us all, and is very good, would not like it either.'

"'That is right, my good child,' I said, as soon as I could find words to speak, 'that is right. Do the bidding of the Lord, and he will not forsake you.'

"'That is just what mother says,' she replied, 'but then I have been much tempted. Yesterday I saw a very nice piece of bread lying on the table in a farmer's kitchen — nobody was there to see me, and it appeared as if somebody said to me that I should take it, that it would never be missed, and that it would not be wrong to take it, to keep my dear good mother, who is my only friend, from starving. But I remembered what she had often told me, and I did not. When I came home and told mother, she caught me in her arms and kissed me, and told me that I was a good girl, that when I would die I'd go to Heaven and live on the bread of life in that happy place, where there were no rich and no poor, but all were the children of God.'

"'When I came to that large stone farm-house,' she continued, pointing towards Mr. Jones's house, 'I was sure that I would get some food. Everything looked so comfortable and plenty about the place, that I knew they would not miss it, if they would give me victuals enough to last a good long week.'

"'Well, my dear child,' I said, '*they* certainly gave you something!'

"'Oh, no! ma'am, they did not. The gentleman who came to the door, said that in this country everybody that was honest and wanted to labor could get work; and that he had no doubt, but that my parents spent their time loafing about, and their money for rum, and sent me around to beg food which they were too lazy to work for. Oh! he said so, indeed he did,' she said, observing that I looked incredulous, 'and when I told him that if he would only give me a little piece of bread for mother, I would come back as soon as she was well, and work for him as much and as long as he wanted me, he said he was now sure that I was good-for-nothing, and that I would never show myself again, and that if I did, it would only be to get a chance to steal something.'

"After taking her along home with me, and giving her some warm clothing and food, I went over to neighbor Jones's to see whether Rachel, who has been suffering severely from the rheumatism, was any better. When I came there, I found Mr. Jones sitting at the supper-table by the side of a huge negro, who, he said, was a fugitive. He spoke to me in his usual strain of frenzied eloquence in regard to Southern slavery, and about our duty as Christians towards our colored brethren and sisters. I could give him no answer, for my mind was filled with the thought of the poor, broken-hearted little girl, and her sick, starving mother, and I felt at that moment that the most cruel slave-master living, must have a heart pure as the driven snow, compared with his. Now, whether he takes in and feeds the runaway slave, whilst he

drives the fatherless and starving child from his door, merely for the sake of producing an effect, or does so out of greater affection for the one than the other, then, in either case he is a — but no, I will not judge him — but in either case I hope God will forgive him, and give him a knowledge to know better."

"If anybody else had told me this of neighbor Jones," said Mr. Frank, as he rose abruptly from his chair and shook his clenched fist in a direction which corresponded with a straight line towards neighbor Jones's front door, and in a manner utterly inconsistent with his character as a member of the Peace Society, "besides you, Emma, I would not have believed it. I have long since thought, that some of our friends placed themselves on a level with the blacks through motives of hypocrisy, but I would have thought that Mr. Jones would be the last. But the human heart is deceptive above all things," he added, in a musing tone of sorrow. "But he cannot have the good of the cause at heart; there is where his error lies; and mine—whilst I have the good of the cause fully at heart—lies in my wicked prejudices. We have all our faults and short-comings, and who shall say unto his neighbour, 'I am holier than thee.'

"But, Emma," he resumed, after a short pause, "there are some persons who are superior to all my weak prejudices, and who place themselves upon an equality with the negro in every social relation; and do it, too, without being influenced by any hypocritical motives."

"Yes, I know there are such persons," replied Emma, with an archful and meaning smile; "but, as far as external appearances go, they do not seem, in general, to be shining lights, in a moral or religious sense. For instance, there was Nelly, our cook, who ran off with yellow Jim, she was certainly not an exemplary pattern of morality, either before or after that happy event; yet they live together upon as amicable terms, and love each other as dearly, I suppose, as two

persons well can, who spend all their money for rum, and get drunk every day before dinner, if they can obtain the necessary quantity of liquor. Then there was Yankee Joe, Aunt Dorothy's coachman, who left two wives, and a rather uncertain number of children, down East, and married black Susan, who, you may remember, possessed a wonderful talent of acquiring property upon which other people held prior claims. Ah! I see you remember her," she continued, as she observed a peculiar, painful, twitching sort of smile playing around her father's mouth, occasioned by the recollection of the mysterious disappearance of a valuable gold watch, on the evening of Susan's departure. "Well, I think you will agree with me that, in both of those cases, their feelings of love were not the result of any superabundancy of moral excellencies."

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY TO PERSONS NOT PREPARED TO ENJOY THEM; AND, ALSO, HOW A CELEBRATED PHILANTHROPIST "TOOK THE FUGITIVES IN," IN A DOUBLE SENSE, AND THEN TURNED THEM OUT AGAIN.

What reply Mr. Frank would have made to the little reminiscences which his daughter called up, at the close of the preceding chapter, we have no means of knowing. The appearance of his countenance indicated an anxious desire to say something, with rather an indefinite comprehension as to what it should be. The consequence was, that an awkward pause ensued, which was fortunately relieved by the servant announcing that a black man and woman wished to see him.

"Show them in," said Mr. Frank; and in a few minutes they entered the room.

The man was a huge, tall negro, of a color which dry-goods merchants would term, "dyed in the wool, and warranted not to fade." His companion presented a somewhat different appearance. Her stature was very short; but what it lacked in length was amply made up in thickness. Her complexion was a shade lighter than that of her husband, giving to her face an extremely dirty, greasy, molasses-colored hue. In her arms she carried a child, apparently some five or six months of age, which presented unmistakable evidence of being the joint product of herself and the dark-colored gentleman. Although differing somewhat in their personal appearances, there was a striking uniformity in their dress. All three were clothed by a combination of patches, rags, fringes, tatters, straps, ropes, and various other

nondescript kind of articles, most strangely blended together. In fact, it would have been utterly impossible for the closest observer, to have discovered whether their apparel was made up synthetically, by tying up old rags into masses, or was produced by the more common, analytical method of tearing up whole clothes into pieces.

They both stood gazing at Mr. Frank and Emma, and at each other, alternately, with looks made up of about equal proportions of drunken gravity and ignorant stupidity, occasionally diversified by a would-be knowing and comical wink from the man, accompanied by a low, guttural laugh, which apparently arose from the very bottom of the woman's stomach, and issued from her mouth with a peculiar mumbling, muttering kind of noise.

"Sit down, my friends," said Mr. Frank, after vainly attempting to define their pantomimic movements. This simple request was immediately complied with, by the female bundle of rags letting herself drop down upon the floor, with a considerable greater degree of force than ceremony, whilst the man burst into a hearty laugh.

"Yah! hi! hi! ha! yah! I see Massa Frank don't 'member poor Tom, whom he help away from his old massa and de bon's ob slavery. But den how should he 'member me—liberty makes dre'ful changes in a man, *it* does!"

There was no denying this fact. It *had* made dreadful changes in poor Tom and his wife, although, perhaps, not in the precise sense which he meant to convey. When he left his master, some two years previously, through the persuasions of Mr. Frank, he was a well-dressed, obedient, steady man—now he was dirty, ragged, and saucy; and presented, in every respect, most unquestionable appearances of leading a drunken, vagabond life. Mr. Frank seemed to be fully impressed with this truth, and a painful cloud passed over his countenance, as he said: —

"Tom, I am really surprised and sorry to see you here.

I gave you money enough to carry you to Canada, and I hoped that you were there now, happy in the enjoyment of liberty, the most precious boon that man can have, and willing to earn an honest living by honest labor."

"Wall, I would be dar dis blessed minit, Massa Frank, but den somehow we didn't git dar. I know we started to go, but something berry 'portant happened to pervent us. I don't know jist now what it was—but it was something berry 'portant, I know dat," replied Tom, shutting one eye and winking very abstractedly with the other, whilst at the same time he tapped his forehead very energetically with his forefinger, by way of dispelling the mists which obscured his memory.

"Suse," he resumed, kicking his wife in her ribs, by way of directing her attention and brightening up her ideas, "I say, Suse, wot was de reason we didn't git to Canada?"

"Now, Tom, you oughter be 'shamed ob yerself," replied Suse, raising herself up with a consequential air. "Dat last pint of whiskey wot you stole down at de store, has made you as drunk as a fool, and you don't know nothin'. You oughter be ashamed to speak to Massa Frank, who has been so good to us, and to whom we owe all de blessin's we now enjoy, ob which Heaven will take notice and reward him."

Mr. Frank's heart did not respond to this well-meant sentiment in the least. In fact, he hoped that heaven would not take any notice of the matter at all, but allow his goodness to pass entirely unrewarded.

"Now de reason," continued Suse, in a tone which was intended to be very dignified, but which, owing to the effects of extra allowances of whiskey, was rather thick and guttural, "de reason why we didn't git to Canada in de fust place is, because we met many of our colored bredern and sisters who had been dar, who was comin' back agin. Dey sed it was no place for poor niggers. Dat dey wasn't treated like white folks, but dat de people was berry proud and wouldn't notice colored pussuns more than a dog; and dat if de niggers stole

anything, dey would cotch 'em and lock 'em up in jail much quicker den in de states; and so dey was goin' back to dar massers agin, where dey hab plenty of good vittels to eat, and were well cared for. And, in de secon' place, de reason why we didn't git dar was because Tom spent all de money you gib'd him, for whiskey; and so we had to stop and work for more, and when he got dat, he spent it for more whiskey; and so we had to go to work agin, and then dat went de same way, and now dat we's got 'customed to it, we like it, and we is berry much under obligeshuns to you for bringing us to de free states, where we can git de money for our work, and spend it for our own 'joyment, instead of its goin' into massa's pocket to help make him rich."

"Tom," said Mr. Frank, in a solemn tone, "this is truly a sad account of the use you make of your liberty. I had hoped, when I freed you from the bonds of slavery, that you would go to Canada; that you would settle down there in that land of true liberty, work honestly for a living, and become a true and faithful Christian; fearing and serving the Lord, our great Master, so that when your time in this world should draw to a close, you might be prepared to enter that blessed place where sin, sorrow, suffering and oppression are unknown."

The tears which rolled down Mr. Frank's cheeks, and the deeply painful tone of voice in which he uttered these words, seemed to produce a sympathetic influence on Tom. He raised his head from his breast with a violent jerk that threatened its dislocation opened his partly closed eyes to their fullest capacity, and made a desperate and partially successful attempt to stand up very straight, and look exceedingly bright and sober, as he answered:

"Indeed, Massa Frank, I was berry willin' to work—indeed I was, I did work hard for some time; but den I didn't know how to do it. Work here in de free states is not like it is in de South. When I was on Massa's plantation he used

to say I was de best hand he eber had. I knew all about raising 'bacca, and picking cotton, and tending de rice, and all dat work, but den I couldn't do de work up north because I wasn't used to it; and when I worked a few days de white Massa would come and turn me off, and say dat I was a dumb, ignorant nigger, and didn't earn my salt, and dat he wouldn't hab me on his place if I paid him; and dis happened so often, dat I lost all courage, as it were, and kind o' didn't hope for nothin."

"Well, I suppose there is much truth in what you say, Tom," replied Mr. Frank, thoughtfully, "but that is no reason why you should spend what you did earn for liquor, and come here into my room drunk."

"Lor! Massa Frank," said Tom, making another powerful effort to stand up very straight, which came very near upsetting his equilibrium, "Lor! Massa Frank, I's as sober as a judge!"

Whether Mr. Frank, in common with ourselves, had seen judges in a condition which would form a very bad standard of comparison, and had, therefore, rather an unfavorable opinion of judicial abstinence; or his mind was prejudiced by Tom's ineffectual attempts to maintain the perpendicular attitude; or his olfactories were unpleasantly impressed with the odor that escaped from his mouth, we do not know, but there was an exceedingly dubious expression about his countenance, as he answered:

"Come, Tom, this will not do. The truth is bad enough; so do not add lying to your other vices."

"I am sure," he resumed, after a short pause, "that you could have got work from some of our friends, who would not only have taught you and given you good advice, but would have paid you well for your services."

"Oh, yes! Massa Frank," replied Tom, "dey always had plenty ob work, and plenty ob advice, but den de pay was another thing. We stopped wid old Massa Kimbel at de

Dry Land Station. We remained with him four months. I and Suse worked hard, very hard, for him; we planted his corn, and we hoed it all, and when that was done, I cut wood, and Suse piled it up. We worked from early in de mornin' till late at night; and we done it willin', 'cause Massa Kimbel sed we were as free as he was, and dat he would pay us well for what we did; but somehow or oder he always put de pay day off from time to time. At last, all our clothes 'gin to tear up, and I told him dat I must hab some money, and dat I couldn't and wouldn't work any longer widout it."

"Well," said Mr. Frank, inquiringly, "I suppose friend Kimbel paid you well, did he not?"

"No, not zactly, *he* didn't, Massa Frank; he wasn't as good as you was. When I sed I must hab some money, he sed he had none. 'But I will tell thee, friend Thomas,' he sed, 'what I will do with thee. I will give thee an old coat of mine, and mother will give thy wife one of her frocks, so that thee can travel to Canada, because they that traffic in human flesh and blood are upon thy path, and they scent thee from afar; and if thou dost not flee into the land of safety, the hands of the Philistines will soon be upon thee.'

"And he pulled a paper out ob his pocket, which he sed was printed in Virginny, whar I cum from, and dat it contained a 'count of my runnin' off, and dat Massa offered three hundred dollars to anybody dat would bring me back. He den read a 'scription, which 'sponded to me zactly; and another which 'sponded to Suse; and one which 'sponded to baby, which was berry curious and strange, 'cause, as how, baby wasn't born until long after we was in Pennsylvanny, and I don't know how Massa know anything at all 'bout it. But de paper 'scribed it just as nat'ral as if Massa had seen it wid his own eyes, and mentioned its name, which was more curious den all. He sed, too, dat he had seen a man, down in de town, dat berry morning, who looked like Massa, and dat he was sure it was him; and dat we had better hide in

de barn through de day, and go up to de next station in de night, which we did."

When Tom mentioned the advertisement, and particularly the description of the baby, Mr. Frank groaned several times, in a very audible and painful manner, most probably on account of the abominable cruelty and hard-heartedness of slave-holders advertising and describing innocent babies, whom they had never seen, and of whose very existence it was presumed they were ignorant.

"When we got up to de next station," continued Tom, "I was berry much afraid dat Massa would cotch us; so dat I told Massa Custer, whom Massa 'members to hab given me a letter to, all about it, and den he groaned jist as Massa Frank did jist now, and sed as how Massa Kimbel was a hard man, and dat he tried to get all de work out ob de poor slaves dat he could, and den he would frighten 'em off, by saying deir Massas was arter dem. But he must hab been wrong — though he seemed to be a berry good man — 'cause how could Massa Kimbel have read a 'scription of me and Suse, and de baby, jist as kerrect as life, if it hadn't been in de paper? It must hab been in it — dere can be no mistake 'bout dat fac. But, den, bein' 'pelled to leave widout gitting any money, after working so hard, cum pretty heavy on a poor feller like me."

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Frank, after Tom had finished his story, "it is getting late; you may take Suse and the baby, and go up into the little front room, where you used to sleep; and in the morning, we will see what can be done for you."

"Thank you, Massa, you is berry good to poor niggers. If dere was on'y many more like you — but den de pity is, dey are mighty scarce — *dey* are!" said Tom, as he and his wife left the room.

"Well, father," said Emma, as soon as they were gone, "Tom's little history does not illustrate the advantages of

MR. KIMBEL READING THE ADVERTISEMENT TO TOM.

liberty, to a people unprepared for it, in a very favorable light."

"No, it does not, that is true," replied her father, thoughtfully. "But then we cannot help that," he resumed, with an air of forced determination, as if it was intended to convince himself as much as his daughter; "we cannot help that. We assist them to regain their liberty, and if they fail to enjoy the pure fruits of it, and prefer leading a drunken, vagabond life, we are not responsible for it. What we do, is done in accordance with sound *principles* — the principles of human rights; and, as long as our motives are good, we can do no harm. We will be judged upon them, in the final day of judgment, and as they were pure or impure, we must expect to stand or fall."

"According to that doctrine, I suppose friend Kimbel will not fare very well, when his day of reckoning comes," replied Emma, archly; "for I am afraid his motives would not bear a very rigid scrutiny."

"I am afraid not, I am afraid not," said Mr. Frank, gravely. "We, however, do not expect to have all pure-minded men engaged in our work. Bad men, influenced by pecuniary motives, or the prospect of a false fame, will enter into all causes; and we, of course, cannot expect to be exempted from them."

"Well, father," said Emma, speaking very slowly, and with deep sincerity, "it seems to me, that trying to give freedom to a people who are ignorant of its value; who do not know how to enjoy it; who mistake low debauchery and sensuality for freedom of action; and who depend upon others to support them, instead of looking to their own resources — upon which everybody must rely in this world — is doing them more harm than good. If you had a son, who never knew how to earn money for himself; who was ignorant of its value, and, as a consequence, equally ignorant of its proper use; and who, instead of using it for the benefit

of himself and others, should squander it with a reckless hand, and employ it only as a means of ministering to his debased, depraved, and vicious appetites, as thousands do, would you think you were conferring a benefit upon him, by placing your fortune at his disposal?"

"Certainly not, my fair logician," replied Mr. Frank, at the same time trying to force a very easy and unconcerned smile to his face, which had the effect of giving to it an expression not unlike that, which is produced by periodical twitches of the jumping toothache.

"No, certainly not!" replied Emma, warmly; "but if, on the contrary, he was not only diligent, honest and industrious, but knew the value of money — knew its proper use, and would devote it only to good purposes, you would feel that it would not only be perfectly right to assist him in his business, but that it would be your absolute duty to do so.

"The case of our former neighbor," resumed Emma, after a short pause, "young Jacob Last, was one in point. You remember what a good-hearted, hard-working, honest young man he was, before old Sharp, the lawyer, raked up, from some old, musty records, evidence in favor of his claim to a large tract of land, in the western part of the State. You also remember how he gained the suit, on what was esteemed very shallow evidence, and kept one-half of the proceeds of the property for his services — in the same manner as friend Kimbel kept the proceeds of Tom's labor, with the slight difference, that the one kept only half, whilst the other kept all! You certainly remember — for nobody could forget it — how that fortune caused his ruin. A career of extravagance, in which his simple-minded wife participated; champagne at his meals, followed by wine-parties at the best hotels; then drinking and carousing about common taverns; and, finally, terminating in bringing whiskey, by the barrel, to his once happy home, soon dispelled every vestige of his fortune. The death of his wife, in the poor-house, and his own,

brought about by *mania-à-potu*, as usual, closed the scene, and seemed to prove to what sad purposes wealth—which is certainly a blessing, if properly employed — can be applied, in the hands of people who do not know its use. It is so with every thing else. Blessings, to be such, must be properly understood, and properly applied, or else they cease to be blessings, and, instead of being the best boons of Heaven, they wither to a curse."

"Stop, stop, Emma, dear!" said her father, laughing and attempting to force into his words and manner an air of gay irony, which, owing to the operations of different feelings within, gave to his countenance an exceedingly ghastly and painful expression. "You have already proven your claims as a logician, and as an advocate of political expediency. No statesman at Washington could adduce stronger arguments in favor of principles yielding to policy than you have done. If you only were a man, you would be one of the saviours of our glorious Union."

"And why should not expediency," replied Emma, in a tone which showed that she felt hurt by her father's resorting to irony, instead of argument, "as you call it, but which is in reality nothing more or less than *practicability*, be taken into consideration in our political, as well as in our personal affairs? Why not attempt to do all the good that it is possible for us to do, instead of wasting our time, neglecting our opportunities, and consuming our energies, in vain efforts to accomplish the greater good, which is entirely beyond our reach? If in our daily transactions in life we should be led away by day-dreams, grasping at the thousands which we cannot attain, to the neglect of the hundreds within our reach, many who are now rich and possess the means of doing much good with their wealth, would be in quite a different situation."

This was truly an *argumentum ad hominum*. If there was one single trait in his private character, as a business-man,

upon which he prided himself, it was the practical nature of his mind. He had amassed a large fortune by attending to things fully within his field of action, by never being led away by dreamy speculations and wild visionary plans, but by always confining his transactions to that which was reasonable and practicable. Hundreds of men who commenced business at the same time that he did, were pecuniarily ruined by aiming to arrive at great and sudden wealth, by means so visionary and improbable, that they were barely within the range of possibility; whilst he, by pursuing the even tenor of his way quietly and calmly, but firmly and energetically, attained a position which few in the business-world reach. He, therefore, did not know exactly what reply to make to Emma's comparison, so he bade her good-night, and saying something to himself in an under-tone, which, however, had some relation to "principles," he retired to bed.

CHAPTER V.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACT THAT PERSONS MAY HAVE A VERY NICE SET OF SENTIMENTS FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES, AND MAKE USE OF QUITE A DIFFERENT SET IN PRIVATE PRACTICE.

Several days after the occurrence of the events recorded in the last chapter, Mr. Frank left his home to proceed to Philadelphia to meet Mr. Burton, his sub-agent of the Underground Mail-line, who resided there, from whence he intended to pass into the Southern States, in order to commence the work of a general emancipation, by running off negroes from their masters. When he arrived in the city, he went immediately to the house of his friend, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for an early departure to their field of operations.

He experienced no difficulty in finding the residence of that gentleman, but, having found it, he was not equally fortunate in gaining admission into it. He gave a gentle pull at the bell-handle, and then waited about ten minutes in the vain hope that the door would be opened. He then gave another pull, and waited about five minutes with the same result; a third pull, followed by an interval of about three minutes, was equally unsuccessful, and, finally, a successive series of systematic jerks, at the rate of three per minute, with a geometrical ratio of increasing force, produced no better effect. He now substituted a constant pulling process, and was just about coming to the conclusion, that the bells of that place were not intended to notify the people within of the presence of people without, when the door was opened very slowly, and to a very small extent.

Mr. Frank was not a choleric man, but his patience had

been severely tested; and he had, in consequence, made up his mind to tell the person who came to the door, that if the jingling music of bells was not peculiarly agreeable to the occupants of the house, he thought it would be an accommodation to those on the outside, if they could work through their admission with less labor. But the sight which met his eye was one that instantly dispelled his determination; and he stood as if transfixed to the spot, gazing at it in silent astonishment. He had read about Casper Hauser, about "wild women of the woods," about different varieties of ourang-outangs, about a tribe of Africans who were a mixture of the latter with Congo negroes; and he had seen some strange animals, in his time, of both the human and brute species; but this could not, with strict propriety, be referred to any of them.

Its whole body was covered with a single garment of coarse tow-linen; which, in its shape, bore a striking resemblance to the old, long straight-jacket, which was formerly the only recognized livery in our insane asylums; with the exception that the top contained an additional appendage, which resembled a hood, and could be drawn over the head so as to answer the purpose of a bonnet, without resorting to the expense of obtaining that article as a separate part of the dress. The arms and face were the only parts that were visible; all the rest was tow-linen. The upper extremities were entirely naked, and the rough, reddish-black, hairy integument, which covered them, looked very much like a bear-skin, which had undergone a partial tanning process. The head was thrown very far backwards; so that the face, which was of a deep shining jet-black color, looked almost directly upwards.

The features were no less singular in appearance. The face was very long, and tapered gradually as it approached the chin, almost to a complete point. The skin of it hung loosely about, in broad folds; the cheek-bones were quite prominent; and its little, peering, deeply-sunken red eyes, which

were barely visible, all combined to give to it an appearance of extreme age, whilst the child-like simplicity of expression which pervaded its countenance, gave rise to the impression that it belonged to a being which had grown prematurely old. All Mr. Frank's attempts to classify it proved entirely unsuccessful. Finally, in order to test the powers of its intelligence, he asked it, "Whether Mr. Burton lived *here*."

The only answer which he received was a sudden sinking down of the nondescript article, which was, no doubt, intended for an affirmative bow; but which presented very strong indications of the upper half of its body resting upon springs, and possessing the power of receding within the lower half. Satisfied that it possessed powers of comprehension, Mr. Frank next determined to see whether it could speak; so he asked, "Whether Mr. Burton was *in*?"

This question was answered by a similar sinking down of the upper half of the body. Various other questions, which were put in rapid succession, were answered by an equal number of spring-like motions, which kept it constantly bobbing up and down, in a manner more painful than ludicrous to behold. Fully determined to test its powers of speech, Mr. Frank put a question to it which required words in reply.

"My poor ——," but he did not know exactly what to call it, so he continued,—"you look as if you were miserable. What is your name?"

There was always something naturally sweet and kind in his words and voice; but, on this occasion, they were more than usually so. The poor little creature no sooner heard words of kindness — to which she had been a stranger for many a long year — than the big tears began to well up out of her deep little eyes, proving most conclusively that she was a human being — changed, it is true, but only changed, as almost any being can be, by a prolonged system of torturing labor, oppression, and brutalized cruelty.

"Oh, go in de room, Massa!" she said, in a strange, low, hollow, supplicating voice, the very tones of which made her start herself; for, poor child! she had scarcely heard herself speak for years. "Oh, go in de room, Massa!" she repeated, as she observed Mr. Frank hesitate; "oh! do—dey neber lets me speak to anybody, and if Missis hears me, she'll kill me. Oh, go—do, Massa, do!"

There was something so frantical, so painfully entreative, about the child's voice and manner, that, much as he wished to ascertain more about her, he could not disobey; so he went in the direction of the door towards which she pointed, and soon found himself in a most gorgeously furnished parlor. He stood gazing, for a few moments, at the rich Brussels carpets, the elegant sofas, and the splendid mirrors which covered the walls, when a door on the opposite side was thrown open, and our former acquaintance, Mr. Burton, entered. He appeared exceedingly glad to see him; shook hands with a great deal of warmth, and welcomed him with a degree of cordiality which, if it was not sincere, was counfeited with a fidelity that would have made a fortune for him in the bank-note branch of the business.

The ordinary compliments had scarcely been exchanged, before the door was again opened, and a very showily-dressed woman came sailing into the room. She wore a rich changeable-colored silk dress, very long in the skirt, very short in the arms, and so low in the neck that it left a very large portion of her bust exposed to view; presenting quite an attractive appearance to those whose ideas of the beautiful were regulated by the magnitude of the object. Her hair was adorned with numerous artificial flowers, and hung down upon her neck in massy ringlets. Her face was quite large, florid, coarse, and vulgar; and covered with a smile of low, smirking self-importance. Her gait betrayed evident attempts at grace and elasticity; and, although it did not merge into an absolute leap, strut, or swagger, it seemed to be made up

of a strange mixture of all three; and resembled the motion of a full-rigged English frigate, under full sail, more than anything else of which we have at present any idea. As she approached, Mr. Burton looked at her with an expression of pride and pleasure; and after indulging in a variety of very affable and emphatic nods, equally distributed between Mr. Frank and the lady in question, he said: "My dear, Mr. Frank; Mr. Frank, Mrs. Burton."

"I am *so* glad that you have come *to-day*, Mr. Frank," said Mrs. Burton, sitting down on the sofa close by his side, and looking very affectionately into his face. Mr. Frank was a very modest man, and would most undoubtedly have fainted away without further ceremony, if any married lady had made similar advances towards him in the absence of her husband. But his strength was supported by the counter-thought of Mr. Burton's presence; and he looked anxiously at that injured gentleman, to see what action he would take in the premises. A moment's reflection was sufficient to convince him, that he must prepare to have a chair hurled at his head; or, probably, to be pitched bodily out of the window; or be tickled to death with a ten-inch bowie-knife under his ribs; but, to his utter astonishment, Mr. Burton was not only as calm and affable as ever, but seemed to be perfectly delighted with their intimate juxtaposition. So Mr. Frank came to the conclusion — which many unfortunate husbands have long since learned, to their sorrow — that the customs of the Quaker City tolerate things not known in the country, or enjoined in the Ten Commandments.

"You are just in time," continued Mrs. Burton, "to see the practical operations of one of the great philanthropic movements of the day. We hold a little meeting, this evening, of 'The Ladies' Philanthropic Sewing Society,' of the labors of which you have undoubtedly heard."

Mr. Frank was compelled, reluctantly, to acknowledge,

that he was so far behind the news of the day, that, instead of being aware of its arduous and disinterested labors, he did not even know of its existence, until the present moment.

"What! can it be possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton. "What! living within a hundred miles of the city, and not aware of the existence of the Ladies' Philanthropic Sewing Society! Indeed, I am almost induced to say, with the poet, that 'fame is but an empty name.' Why, sir, the whole city is delighted, excited, enraptured, absolutely running wild, in regard to its admirable operations. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, ministers, judges on the bench, and editors of newspapers, magazines, and even the sober quarterlies, have vied with each other in their eulogistic notices. Business-men in their daily transactions, lawyers in their pleas, doctors in the sick-room, ministers in their sermons, judges in their charges, and editors in their leaders, all speak of us in terms of the highest praise!"

"Such notices are certainly highly complimentary," said Mr. Frank; and he was about to qualify it with the proviso, that they were not paid for, when his remarks were cut short by Mrs. Burton.

"Complimentary!" she exclaimed. "You may well say so! Why, it was but a few weeks ago that Mr. Fustian, one of our most celebrated criminal lawyers—whose amiable wife is one of the vice-presidents of our society—alluded to us in the most flattering terms, at the close of his great speech in defence of Down-town Bill, who was indicted for two murders, and whom he nobly cleared — for which he deserves the everlasting gratitude of all true friends of freedom — in despite of the most overwhelming and positive proof of his guilt. The learned judge, too — whose daughter, by a singular coincidence, is our secretary—in his charge to the jury, in the same case, spoke of us in language more complimentary, even, than the eloquent attorney. Both the speech and

the charge were published in the daily papers; and, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I will read them."

Mr. Frank had no desire to have his brain racked to pieces by listening to half-a-dozen columns of dull, dry, learned extracts from Blackstone, from Coke upon Littleton, from Littleton upon somebody else, and from all the other bright luminaries of the law, in their commentaries upon each other, interspersed with the deductions of the able lawyer and judge, whom nobody understood, and the whole dish sweetened by a fulsome, nauseating notice of the Philanthropic Sewing Society. So he begged of her not to trouble herself—assured her that her word was sufficient, and that any person who would not believe it would not believe the papers themselves —a thing which he always did, unless they differed from him in opinion. Thus adjured, Mrs. Burton continued:

"In addition to this, Professor Dozem, whose wife is our treasurer, mentioned us in his introductory lecture to his medical students, as co-laboresses in the great work of ameliorating human suffering. The Rev. Dr. Gaser, to whose church we belong, in his sermon of last Sunday, spoke of us in a manner highly becoming a clergyman who watches over the daily walk and conduct of his members."

"From what you have said, I can readily understand that your city should be highly excited in regard to your labors," said Mr. Frank, dryly, for he began to perceive pretty clearly, how, and by whom, those eulogistic notices were manufactured.

"The editor of the Herald of Freedom," continued Mrs. Burton, "both of whose daughters are members of the Committee on Business, laid aside in his paper the usual half-square notices, and literally sent forth column after column of warmer commendations than were perhaps ever bestowed upon any society in this city, or elsewhere. The same spirit, indeed, has been manifested by nearly all the editors — the

only question with them, being, as to who should say the most in our praise."

"There was, however, one man, my dear, who was an exception to the rule," interposed Mr. Burton, meekly, and probably actuated by a laudable pride of showing off Mrs. Burton's strong points of character, when under the influence of excitement.

"Yes, there was one exception!" she exclaimed, rising from the sofa, and assuming an air very much like a drunken Lady Macbeth. "Yes, there was a reptile in the shape of a man, who dared to raise the discordant notes of his poisonous voice in opposition to the general harmony and unison of sentiment! Stubbs—Stubbs! the little, dirty, mean publisher of that low, vulgar paper, 'The Sense of the People,' actually published a long editorial, and called us a humbug! He said that we were not actuated by pure motives! That it was a sort of mutual puffing concern — that was his very expression — and that it was the duty of each member to puff the whole affair, so as to make individual capital for each to trade upon! That if we had any great desire to work, why did we not do our work at home, instead of getting it done; and if we sympathized so deeply with the unfortunate, why did we make poor seamstresses who supported themselves, and often whole families, by their needles, work for wages so low, that frequently they were unable to keep body and soul together!"

"I, however, scorn to repeat all the slanderous assertions which he made! But the contemptible fellow has paid dearly for his impudence! We immediately stopped our paper, as did all the members of our society who had taken it. I really wouldn't pity him if his subscription list should dwindle down to nothing, and he would be compelled to beg his bread in the streets! I know *one* place where he wouldn't get anything!" and Mrs. Burton gave vent to a low, sarcastic

laugh, contemplative of the pleasure which such a refusal would afford her.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Burton, after the storm of indignation had somewhat subsided, "you have not yet told our friend the object of your society."

"Well — really, so I hav'n't! I beg your pardon, Mr. Frank, our society was organized to-day, three months ago, by several ladies of this city."

"Mrs. Burton in the chair," added Mr. Burton, by way of an explanatory parenthesis to Mr. Frank.

"Yes, my humble self in the chair," said Mrs. Burton, with a very affectionate and tender look at her husband, "but *that* is not a *material* point. Our object was, by the efforts of our needles, to prepare a number of fancy articles, which we intended to dispose of at a fair, and devote the proceeds to the general amelioration of the condition of our colored population, and to the establishment of a school for the education of their children."

"Your object is certainly a very comprehensive and laudable one," said Mr. Frank.

"And is much required," added Mr. Burton.

"I should suppose so," said Mr. Frank, mechanically, for his thoughts were running upon the tow-linen servant; and he wondered whether the society would take her condition into consideration, or whether she was to be one of the scholars.

"We have succeeded," continued Mrs. Burton, "through exertions, of which no person besides ourselves can form any adequate conception, in getting together a sufficient number of articles to make a splendid display. We hold our meeting for perfecting the necessary arrangements, this evening, and it will afford us much pleasure to see you present. You will, I am sure, be much delighted with our proceedings."

"There can be no doubt of that," replied Mr. Burton, answering for Mr. Frank. "It must be a source of deep

gratification to *all* true philanthropists, to see the growing interest which is taken in the condition of our colored population—especially by the ladies. No one knows better than *we* do," he continued, with a self-satisfied look at Mr. Frank, "the abject state of the negro race in this country; and no one rejoices more than we do, to find private individuals using their exertions to lessen the evil, which our tyrannical government neglects to remedy. But such personal efforts are always attended by a great loss, to those who engage in them — not only of time and money, but of health," and here he looked very expressively of something towards Mrs. Burton, who immediately inclined her head to one side, and allowed it to rest upon her hand, with an air of graceful debility, attainable only by fashionable invalids of extensive experience; and, at the same time, applied an extremely large cologne vial to the extremity of her olfactory organ.

"Mrs. Burton," he continued, after taking a comprehensive view, and seeing that she had made all the necessary preliminary arrangements, "has injured her health very materially by her labors during the past season. So much so, in fact, that we were compelled to call in our medical adviser, Dr. Infinitesimal, who perfectly coincided with us in opinion in regard to the cause of her affliction. For a long time we felt serious apprehensions respecting her recovery, but thanks to the Doctor's skilful attentions, and the billionth grain of pulverized charcoal, repeated morning and evening, she finally got much better; although she is still but the mere skeleton of her former self."

Mr. Frank made no reply to this affecting account of her disease, and its remarkable cure, but he could not help looking at her present condition, and wondering what might have been her probable weight before this process of emaciation took place.

"I cannot understand," said Mrs. Burton, raising her head from her hand, and apparently somewhat revived,

"how people calling themselves Christians can witness the deep degradation of our slaves, and the still deeper degradation of our country, which permits them to be such, without constantly raising their hearts and their voices to Heaven for vengeance! My heart bleeds for the poor victims of oppression; and my feelings are awakened in their behalf every day and every hour of my life!"

Mr. Frank was just about to ask her, whether it was her public or her private feelings to which she alluded; and if the latter, whether there was not a possibility of her having forgotten to include her servant-girl in the account, when Mr. Burton interposed.

"The painful condition of our colored fellow-citizens produces too powerful an impression upon Mrs. Burton, and I often tell her that she will hurry herself to a premature grave — a victim to her noble and too ardent feelings of human kindness!"

The imaginative probability of so great a loss to society, produced a powerful impression upon Mr. Burton, and he sighed as if his very existence depended upon his forcing into his lungs a double quantity of atmospheric air at each inspiration. The "victim to her feelings" also, seemed to be deeply affected, and resorted to a most vigorous use of the cologne vial, which, if continued for any length of time, must have very materially enhanced the market value of that article. Mr. Frank alone appeared to be unaffected. He had shrewd suspicions, that there was more danger of others falling victims to her feelings, than of her self-immolation; but he did not consider it prudent to say so — so he very wisely said nothing.

The subject of their preceding conversation formed the every-day topic for the edification of visitors, and rarely failed to elicit remarks highly flattering to Mrs. Burton. Mr. Frank, after what he had seen at the front-door, was well aware that those feelings were feigned; and he was too

honest to express an admiration which he did not feel, and which he knew was not merited. Several other very adroit attempts to make a favorable impression upon him, were equally unsuccessful, and they finally dropped the subject in despair.

"I am extremely sorry," said Mr. Burton, after a long pause, which was rendered more than usually embarrassing by everybody attempting to look as if they were not embarrassed at all, "that we cannot accompany Mrs. Burton to the meeting of the Sewing Society, during the early part of the evening. We hold a meeting of the State Anti-slavery Society, to-night, which I must attend. If you will accompany me, we can go there first, and meet Mrs. Burton, at their rooms, afterwards."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Frank; "it will afford me great pleasure to see what our friends in the city are doing for the good cause."

"The celebrated Mr. Fitznoosle, the eminent English advocate of political liberty, will address the meeting," said Mr. Burton, "and I must be there to introduce him. He is a powerful speaker, and I trust his mission to this country will be productive of great benefit to our oppressed millions."

"I hope so, too," replied Mr. Frank; "but, at the same time, I hope he will not engage in that low, scurrilous train of habitual abuse, in regard to our country, so common amongst English travellers and writers."

Mr. Frank was in the habit of saying some very hard things, himself, in regard to his country, in the honesty of a mistaken zeal; but he became perfectly indignant, if a foreigner made use of expressions half as libellous as his own. He still retained some affection for his country; and, notwithstanding that his fanatical sentiments had much diminished his former feelings of pure patriotism and love, he had not yet reached the point, which many of his friends have, of despising and hating everything American, with a

rancor and bitterness of spirit equalled only by the most abject minions of despotism.

"Well," replied Mr. Burton, "I don't know about that. He is in the habit of saying some pretty severe things, in regard to our government, in his speeches, and I would not be surprised if he should do the same this evening. Our country is certainly a living, practical libel upon the principles of liberty and equal rights; it is sunken to the lowest depths of iniquity and oppression; and I, for my part, am willing to say so, and to encourage others in similar expressions of sentiment."

"I am willing to admit that there is much truth in what you say," replied Mr. Frank; "but it is bad enough if we are compelled to say so ourselves, without encouraging foreigners to come here and do the same. I am sure that Mr. Fitznoosle, who, I understand, occupies a prominent position at home, could do much more good if he would have remained in his own country, and would employ his time and talents to ameliorate the miserable condition of the laboring classes in England; to lessen the oppressive burdens which aristocratic landlords impose upon the starving tenantry of Ireland; and to prevent the robberies and bloodshed which his government is daily perpetrating upon the poor, ignorant, defenceless inhabitants of India. These oppressions, and grinding of the face of the poor; these robberies and systematic legalized efforts to reduce man to the lowest condition in which it is possible for him to support life and body together, will be sufficient to absorb all his philanthropic feelings. And if he wishes to deal in anathemas, a purse-proud, pampered, and corrupt church, added to a licentious, overbearing, tyrannical aristocracy, which absorbs the millions that are extorted out of the labors of the poor, not only by the sweat of their brows, but at the expense of their life-blood, will afford material enough for him to display all his powers of eloquence!"

It is strange how our feelings will triumph over our judgments! Mr. Frank could not tolerate the abuse of our country, when it came from an Englishman, but he would not hesitate, a moment, to denounce it just as vehemently himself! He, very truly, saw evils and oppressions in England, sufficient to engross all Mr. Fitznoosle's time and attention, without his coming to preach abolitionism and sedition amongst us; yet, at the same time, he failed to observe that the North was filled with poverty, wretchedness, crime, misery, and suffering, much worse, in their *practical* results, than the unquestionable evil of slavery itself.

"That is all true," replied Mr. Burton; "but then we should remember that there exists a vast difference between the condition of the European masses and our slaves. The former, though oppressed and kept in poverty all the days of their lives, are *free*—their bodies are not the *property* of men. They cannot be bought and sold in the market, as beasts of burden. They are not classed as *property*, and their masters protected in so doing, by the strong arm of the law, as is the case with us. There is the difference! It is the *right* of holding man as property, that constitutes the evil."

"Yes, that is it," replied Mr. Frank, slowly and emphatically. "It is the principle against which we are contending, and which makes slavery so atrocious a crime. But if it was not for that," he said, in a low tone, as if communing with himself, "I believe I would prefer the negro's situation to that of the poor man of England."

Yes! it is this idea of *principle* which has warped the mind, prejudiced the feelings, and perverted the judgments of so many thousands in this country! It is this *principle* which is so horrible to their imagination, and which is yet, in itself, a mere imaginary thing — a mere abstraction — a dead letter. It only becomes a tangible thing, a reality, in its practical application, and as such it is found to be productive of much less misery than European serfdom; and, to a great

extent, less so than the condition of the free blacks of the North. As an *abstract principle*, there is a difference between the slave of the South, whose body is bought and paid for by his master, and is therefore *property*, and the European subject, who is free, as far as bodily ownership is concerned. But, as a practical application of the principle, there is also a difference between the slave, who, in return for his services, is well-fed, well-clothed, and, in old age, well-provided for, and the subject of crowned heads, whose life is a continued life of wretchedness and poverty; who is free to use his limbs to obtain food for himself and his family, provided he can get anything to do; who is compelled to give the larger portion of his hard earnings towards the support of a corrupt government, and a still more corrupt church; who has the full liberty of starving if he cannot work; who is liable to be called upon to fight the battles of a prince whom he hates; of being arrested without a charge, condemned without a trial, and shot without a moment's notice! As a general rule, the one is in a state of *comfortable slavery*—the other in a state of miserable and *starving freedom!*

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATION OF THEORY *versus* PRACTICE.

The interior of the main hall of the Temple of Liberty presented a gay and animated appearance. Although it was one of the largest buildings in the city, it was perfectly crowded with an intelligent and fashionable audience, who were anxious to manifest their feelings of patriotism and philanthropy, by lending a gracious listening ear to the basest and foulest slanders against their country — slanders which, if uttered by a subject of any other nation against his government, would have cost him his life. But here, in this country, which they denounced as the most tyrannical and oppressive in existence, their insane ravings were allowed to pass unnoticed and unpunished; thus giving the lie direct to their absurd assertions.

The streets in the vicinity of the hall were completely blocked up by rows of carriages, which had conveyed their owners to the meeting; and the coachmen, as they sat shivering upon their boxes, afforded a sad commentary upon the condition of their masters within. The latter were dressed in the extreme of the fashion, sat comfortably in well-cushioned seats, listening to the exhilarating strains of music, drinking in, with a morbid appetite, the blasphemous ravings of the speaker, and feeding their pampered vanity by reflecting upon the impression, which their show of philanthropy would make upon a gullible community. The former were clad with clothing barely sufficient to cover their bodies, their bones were aching with the cold blasts of the wintry wind, their minds were harassed by thinking of the low pittance

which they received for their services; and their hearts bled at the thought of their poor wives and hungry children, whose very existence depended upon their few dollars of salary. But nobody thought of those poor fellows! and why should they? They were nothing but *hirelings!* but then they were *free*, and if they didn't like their service and the miserable living which they continued to force out of it, they had full liberty to leave it, and starve!

But stop! We have forgotten ourselves. We beg the reader's pardon for wasting words and time upon these miserable fellows, and their still more miserable families! Very few of our charitable and philanthropic friends waste their time or money upon them, and why should we notice them, to the exclusion of their lordly masters? who, in their superabundant zeal and sympathy for the Southern slave, had no charity to spare for more deserving objects nearer at home!

But hark! a loud shout issues from the hall, and deafening cheers ring out upon the midnight air. Mr. Burton has just introduced the celebrated Mr. Fitznoosle to the audience. He comes forward amidst the vivas of the crowd, and bows very stiffly, and, if he had not been an Englishman, we would have said awkwardly, towards the audience, whilst the band struck up, "Rule Britannia." When the music ceased, he commenced blowing his nose into a highly-scented cambric handkerchief, with a vehemence of gesture, which led to the belief that he had postponed this delicate operation, for several days, for the purpose of concentrating all his energies to give the necessary eclat to the present occasion. After the conclusion of this little prelude, which was very impressive, and seemed to convey to his listeners quite an exalted sense of his dignity and importance, he commenced speaking very slowly, and with an air of conscious superiority.

"Friends," said Mr. Fitznoosle, "I will not call you 'fellow-citizens,' a term to which you may be more accustomed,

in the first place, because 'friends' is a more endearing expression, and, in the second place, because, much as I value *you*, personally, I would feel ashamed and degraded to be a *citizen* of your blood-stained country! (Cheers.) As a people, the citizens of this country have proven themselves arch traitors to the cause of human liberty. In their political and social relations in life, they seem to conform to but two systems of law — the one is Lynch Law, the other is the Black Code. (Renewed cheers.) But a day of reckoning is approaching—the handwriting is on the wall; and, whilst I am speaking, it seems to me, I already hear the cry of wo! wo unto Babylon! which must soon be sent forth against this guilty land! (Tremendous cheers.) Oh! that my voice could reach the three millions of beings now in chains in this misnamed land of liberty! I would say unto them, Be of good cheer; fear not, for you *are three millions*, and the day will soon come when you shall know the secret of your strength, and know how to use it! (Loud and enthusiastic applause.) But if there is one thing which, more than another, can excite my hatred, it is the laws which you have framed to prevent the education of slaves. To teach a slave to read and write, is a criminal offence! (Shame! shame!) To teach a slave the true principles of freedom, is punishable with death! (Intense, prolonged and mournful groaning.) It may be asked, are these human laws? or are they not laws made by the wolves of the forest? No! they were made by a republic of two-legged wolves—American wolves—monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and their humanity, whilst they carry within their bosoms hearts more merciless than that of the unpitying tiger!"

At this point, the hon. gentleman was asked, by some meddlesome person, whether we were not indebted to England for the introduction of slavery into this country? The unfortunate propounder of this question, however, was not allowed the satisfaction of hearing it answered; for the meet-

ing immediately resented the indignity by serving a summary writ of ejectment upon him—to use a legal term—or, to use a phrase perhaps more generally understood, by kicking him out of the back-door.

"I have been asked," continued the orator, in a very loud voice, "whether England was not the first to introduce slavery into this country. I find no difficulty in answering that question. It is true she was the first to sin, but she was also the first to repent. Follow her in her repentance, as you have followed her in her sins! At this very moment, whilst your boasted land of liberty holds three millions of fellow-men in the abject bonds of slavery, it is a proud thing for us to be able to say, *that slaves cannot breathe in England!*"

"Sure and that same's the truth!" said a voice in the back part of the room, in a full rich brogue, which told, as plainly as language could tell, that it belonged to a son of the Emerald Isle. "Slaves cannot brathe in England, as the honorable jintlemon says, for sure it's often more than fraymen can do!"

"Jimmy O'Brien, you rascally Irishman!" exclaimed a very fat, red-faced gentleman, rising up suddenly in his seat, and speaking in a voice rendered more than usually husky by passion, "leave this room, instantly! When I hired you to drive my carriage, I didn't give you the liberty to follow me into respectable assemblages, and insult your superiors! Leave this instant, or I'll discharge you from my service at once! Begone!"

"And faith, it's little throuble you nade be afther giving yourself, Mr. Walter," said Jimmy, with a low bow, "about the discharging part of the bizness, for I've jist discharged meself from your imploymint. Hard curses, bad aiting, and worse payin', ain't timptations for ony mon to remain. But as far as that jintlemon is consairned," he continued, pointing at Mr. Fitznoosle, who was looking daggers at him,

"sure, it's not meself that would be afther insulting the likes of him; bekase as how he wouldn't feel it iv I did. Troth, and it's himself that's used to the curses of the poor, and it's blissid little he cares for 'em. There's not a foot of ground in all Tinbrook that does not belong to him; and there's not a widder or orphan in the whole parish, that does not pray, night and mornin', for Heaven's curses to rest upon him!"

At the first sound of Jimmy's voice, the audience was so completely taken by surprise, as to lose all power of action. They now, however, seemed to have recovered from their consternation, and began to devise various little modes for punishing his audacity. Some were in favor of handing him over to a police-officer; others advocated the more prompt process of kicking him out; whilst not a few mildly suggested the propriety of "breaking his thick Irish skull for him." What plan would have been finally adopted for Jimmy's personal disposal, is entirely unknown, as all these suggestions were overruled by Mr. Frank, who told the audience, that although the speaker was evidently a poor Irishman, he had as good a right to be heard as anybody else. That if he said things which were not true, there would be no difficulty in detecting him; and that if he spoke the truth, it could do no honest man any harm. Thus encouraged, he proceeded: —

"Faix and it's not a spache that I'd be afther making, bekase a poor, ignorant fellow like meself, has not the words of honey to charm the ears of ladies and jintlemin; and I begs pardon for intrudin' meself on the likes of ye. But in troth I couldn't set still, and hear that same spalpeen stand up forninst ye, and make a palaver about the poor nagurs, and curse this blissid land of liberty, while he has plinty of poor tenants starvin' in the ould counthry! Maybe he don't remimber—and faith why should he? sure it was an ivery-day thing with him — the mornin' that he threw my poor father

and mother out of the ould cabin in Ireland, in which we had lived for years!

"Its's himself that knows that my father worked hard for him, for more nor thirty years, and paid him his rint as reg'lar as pay-day came; and that, when, what with throuble, and sickness, and bad crops, and hard work, he was at last laid up with rheumatiz, it was meself, boy as I was, and my wakely mother, that worked the little lot by day, and dug turf by night, to make up the rint for him. But thin my mother was taken down with the faver, and we had no money to git the docther; the praties, too, all began to rot up; and the ould cow, and the pig, jist laid down and died, as if they did'nt want to live, to see our throubles darknin' around us. Sure these was dark hours for the sick and the poor! But thin there was hundreds more miserable than we wore! The agint, too, observed our misfortunes, and he tould us that he had orders to make us pay the rint in advance, and that if we didn't, he must throw us out in the road, bekase the landlord—the honorable jintlemon there—would come on the morrow, and he must have clane books to show him.

"'The blissid Virgin be praised,' said my mother, 'that the master is comin' himself. Sure, he won't turn the crippled ould man, and his sick wife, out of the dhoor, when he sees, with his own eyes, how miserable we air, and remimber's how faithful we worked for him, and paid him ivery cint that was owin' to him, durin' many long years. Isn't it himself that makes all the illigant spaches in the papers, about the poor and oppressed? and faith, don't he send money to Ameriky, to get the fraydom of the blacks? and sure, he's not the man to do all this, and thin turn his faithful tenants out to fraze and starve in their ould age!'

"'Well,' said the agint, for he was a good-hearted man, and had a sick wife hisself, and only took up the dirty trade to make a livin'; 'well, I am sure, I would'nt turn ye out

of the cottage, av it was my own; but I must follow my orders, or I'll lose my sityashun, and thin what will become of my poor family? But I'll tell the landlord,' said he, lookin' pityingly at my ould father, who couldn't git out of his chair, by account of his rheumatiz, "and I'll bring him with me; but it's little good, I'm afraid, it'll do ye.'

"Airly the nixt mornin' the agint came, and the hon'rable jintlemin along with him. But it was as he had tould us—'twas little good it done us; for while my mother was down on her knees before him, and beggin' ov him, for the love of the howly Virgin, jist to let us stay until she was well, he ordered the men to throw the goods out into the road! And thin, when she saw them throw out the table, and the ould chairs, and the bed she slept upon, and that mild words could not melt his hard heart, she commenced cursing him in words of burning fire, that I can hear ringin' in my ears yit! But it is little he cared for that; for when the ould furniture was all out, and she refused to follow, he drew his big ridin'-whip, and struck her over the head with the heavy ind of it, so that the blood poured in strames down her face!

"My stiff, crippled father, sat still all the time; but when he saw her lyin' on the cowld ground, with the red blood coverin' her pale face, it jist samed as if God took all the rheumatiz from him; and he seized his crutch, and with a single blow struck him to the airth. And thin, all of a sudden, his strength left him agin; and he fell to the ground, by the side of my mother, as if he were dead. And troth, there is the mark on his face yit," said Jimmy, pointing to Mr. Fitznoosle's forehead, as that gentleman raised his hand to his head, in the attempt to conceal the scar.

"But thin, that same was a sad day to us all!" he continued, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his rough overcoat. "For what with the cowld, and the hunger, and the faver, and the blow on her head, she niver came to her sinses agin, and died before night. I thin dug a little howl, with my own

hands, and buried her in the bog, God rest her sowl! My father, too, was irrested by the officers, and was judged guilty by the coort, and was sint off beyant the says, where, not bein' able to work, be account of his rheumatiz, he soon starved to death!

"Sure, and it's more picters, ov the same sort, that I can show up for you, av you'll only stay to hear me," said Jimmy, as he observed Mr. Fitznoosle come down from the platform, and disappear through a side-door.

This conduct on the part of the hon. gentleman, would, to people of ordinary sense, have looked rather suspicious; but his friends, who never judge of things as they are, but always make up their minds upon the principle of "abstract reasoning," said that it was perfectly consistent with his station and character. They, moreover, said, that it was an unpardonable insult to allow an illiterate Irishman to interrupt him; and that they would not be surprised if he should leave the country in perfect disgust — a prediction which actually came to pass; and although we have instituted the most strict enquiry into the matter, we have not been able to learn whether this country lost, or gained anything by his desperate act.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH DIXEY AVAILS HIMSELF OF HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ROMANTIC HISTORY, TO GET UP A SMALL LOVE ADVENTURE ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT; IN WHICH, CONTRARY TO HIS EXPECTATIONS, HE COMES OUT AT THE SMALL END.

Mr. Frank's departure was a severe blow to his daughter's feelings. She had, hitherto, known no other love except that which a child bears towards a parent; and she had loved her father with all the devotion and affection of a strong-minded and warm-hearted woman. Her love was not that weak, sickly sentiment which wastes itself in sighs, sobs, and tears, and then dies away from mere exhaustion, or from the supervention of some newer and later impulse; but it was that pure, deep, holy feeling, which developes itself only in the bosom of the high-souled and great-minded; and which, forming a part of their very existence, lives whilst they live, and dies only when life ceases to exist.

Soon after her father had left, and whilst she mourned for him as for one that is dead, the sacred privacy of her grief was intruded upon by Dixey. At his first visits, he merely expressed his regret at her father's absence; then, he pretended to sympathize with her; and, finally, began to express his feelings of admiration for her. He flattered himself that he was acquainted with every avenue to the female heart; and that by thus cautiously and adroitly manœuvring, he might succeed in carrying his point. But his usual cunning failed him entirely in the present instance. Emma was too well acquainted with his character to be deceived. She had always regarded him as an unscrupulous and consummate hypocrite; and when he spoke of his regard for her father, and his sympathy for her, he only called forth her feelings of

contempt; but when he dared to address her in the language of love, every latent spark of pride was aroused, and she ordered him to leave the house, and never again to intrude himself into her presence.

This indignant rejection baffled him for the time being, but it did not induce him to abandon his object. He had no feelings of love involved in the suit, for the simple reason that he had none of that article to invest. It was to him altogether a game of policy. He looked upon it, just as he would have done upon some political trickery; and he regarded his rejection merely as a failure upon a single point, which could be retrieved by the proper efforts in another direction. These efforts he determined to make.

Behind Mr. Frank's residence there was a thick deep woods. It was, more properly speaking, a small forest. Mr. Frank loved the beauties of nature, and permitted no vandal hand to deface them. The noise of the woodman's axe never resounded through this secluded, quiet place, and the sturdy oaks grew up just as it pleased the God of Heaven that they should. Occasionally the lightning's fire would strike the hardy trees, denuding them of their branches and riving their trunks; but these fearful evidences of Almighty power were never removed; they were allowed to remain to add to the solemn grandeur and wild sublimity of the scene. The wild grass and the woodland roses grew up as they listed, and the ground was completely covered with undergrowth, shrubbery and evergreens, of nearly every variety, forming "a deep tangled wildwood," more like a forest of the Far-West, than a wood in the centre of an old State.

Emma was in the habit of retiring every afternoon for a few hours into this quiet spot, to enjoy the sweet communing of her own thoughts, and the beauty of the wild picturesque scenery. Dixey was aware of this fact, and he determined to turn it to his advantage. He accordingly secreted himself, one day, accompanied by black Tom, with whom the reader

is already slightly acquainted, near the path through which she generally passed.

"Tom," said Dixey, "you know Miss Frank whenever you see her, don't you?"

"Well, I does, that's sartain!" replied Tom; "nobody as seed her sweet face, and heard de music of her voice, could eber forget her!"

"Confound her sweet face!" said Dixey, not by way of reply, but in a musing tone to himself; "it's little I care about that; and as for the music of her voice, there are some decidedly unpleasant notes in the key of C sharp, still ringing in my ears. I dont know why everybody has some word of praise for that girl. There is a deep fire about her eye, and a proud curl about her thin lip, which to me are rather disagreeable than otherwise; but, as old Frank says, 'minor evils are lost sight of in the greater good;' and if I can only get her, I'll be willing to submit to them for the present, in consideration of the cool hundred thousand which follow in the wake. But when I've once got her, I'll take some of the extra pride out of her, or my name's not Dixey!"

It was not surprising that Dixey felt no admiration for the character of Miss Frank. Although a mere girl in years, she was a strong-minded woman in feeling; but not "strong-minded" according to the present popular definition of the term. She was not one of those restless, discontented fanatics, who are clamoring in season and out of season, in the highways and byways, about what they term "Women's-rights." She felt that women were not destined to engage in the arduous and laborious duties and professions of the sterner sex; and instead of asking, or wishing for a voice in the affairs of government, she would have considered it degrading to herself, and derogatory to the modesty of her sex, to have been seen mingling in the dirty arena of politics, or to have associated with those who were anxious to do so.

She very justly thought that the social organization of society

was as good, and perhaps better, than any system which could be devised, and that the evils, about which so much was said, rested not as much with the order of things as with ourselves. Actuated by such views, she felt no sympathy with those zealots, who, in consequence of neglecting to discharge the duties which devolved upon them, found their condition in life burdensome; and then, instead of attributing their ills to the proper source, gave vent to their fanatical feelings, by continually complaining about society, when, in truth, society had every reason to complain of them.

Entertaining such sentiments, she was too honest to conceal them, and she did not hesitate to express her pity and contempt for those misguided persons and arrant hypocrites, who are continually advocating reforms in regard to evils which they do not understand, and preaching virtues which they never practise themselves. Dixey had, on more than one occasion, listened to her sound reasoning, and been a witness of her plain, practical virtues; and he felt how immeasurably superior she was, to the wild, visionary, dreamy enthusiasts with whom he associated. He saw, too, that she penetrated through the thin veil of hypocrisy which he endeavored to throw around his actions; and the very consciousness of this fact, whilst it lowered him in his own estimation, engendered that bitter and implacable hatred which the bad always feel towards the good.

"Tom!" said Dixey, arousing himself from the unpleasant train of reflections into which he had fallen.

"Sar?" replied that specimen of ebony, in an enquiring tone.

"I've a little job on hand for you."

"Massa has always plenty ob dem for poor Tom. De only wonder is, war he gits 'em all frum," replied Tom, who was sorely puzzled to account for the strange fact, that the more he worked, the more there was for him to do.

"Well, Tom," resumed Dixey, "the job to which I now

allude, is rather a pleasant one. You see Miss Emma coming out of the front-door there?" he continued, pointing towards Mr. Frank's residence.

Tom rolled his visual organs around, in a manner utterly defying physiological explanation, and after displaying sufficient of the white to have furnished premonitory symptoms for at least a dozen good strong convulsions, he acknowledged his cognizance of the lady in question, by an indefinite number of bows and dodges, more remarkable for their variety than their gracefulness.

"Now, Tom," continued Dixey, in a confidential tone, "I want you to get behind some of those bushes, and when Miss Emma comes along here, I want you to jump out from your hiding-place, and catch her."

"Wot, me! — me cotch Miss Emma!" exclaimed Tom, becoming suddenly at least three shades paler, from horror and astonishment at the audacity of such an act.

"Yes, catch Miss Emma! What the devil are you grinning at?" continued Dixey, as he observed that Tom's eyes and mouth assumed a very open expression, and his whole body became transfixed to the spot, as if it was about to transform itself into a horror-stricken statue of black Italian marble.

"I'se not grinnin' at nobody," replied Tom, doggedly, "but den I couldn't do it — I'se sure I couldn't, I'd rather try to cotch an angel—indeed I would—dan to lay a finger on Miss Emma!"

"Pooh, nonsense, Tom!" replied Dixey; "there's no harm in that. You needn't hold her hard, you know. My plan is just this; you catch her gently in your arms as she passes you. Of course she'll scream and struggle, and try to escape, but you mustn't let her go. After you have held her for a few minutes, I'll come out from my hiding-place, as if I had merely come accidentally through the woods, and knock you down. Oh! I won't hit you hard!"

added Dixey, noticing, by the lowering expression of Tom's countenance, that he did not approve of this latter part of the programme.

"You'd better not — 'twould'nt be safe," coolly replied Tom, casting a meaning glance at Dixey, who bore about the same physical relation to him, as Tom Thumb does to the Irish Giant.

"Certainly not, Tom. I wouldn't hurt you for the world," replied Dixey, in a very amiable manner, and with a tremulous quiver in his voice. "I'll only go through with the motions! Merely touch you between the eyes, when of course you must let yourself fall, just as if my blow had knocked you down. You understand, eh? and there," he added, handing him several pieces of silver, "is something for your trouble, if you do as I tell you."

"Oh! I'll do 'em up to de best ob my 'umble 'bilities," replied Tom, growing pompous at the sight of the money, which, to his glowing imagination, had already transformed itself into an unlimited amount of whiskey. "I'll perform de 'portant duty in de most polite and delicate manner 'maginable. But den wot's de use in it?" he added, in a reflecting tone; "I don't believe Miss Emma'll be 'bliged to eider ob us for de trouble; cause as how she's no Bobolitionist, and don't go in for de sublime art and science ob 'malgamashun."

"Of course she won't consider herself under any very particular obligations to you, for your part of the proceeding, Tom; certainly not; I don't expect she will — in fact I'd rather she wouldn't. But then you see, Tom, she'll feel herself bound to *me* by the strongest ties of gratitude, for rescuing her; and the only way for her to manifest it will be by falling in love with me, and marrying me without further ceremony. At least," he added, in an undertone to himself, "that is the course of all true romances, and girls always

try to shape their love-affairs in accordance with those standard authorities."

"Well! now! did you ebber! no, I nebber! If dat ain't great! Who'd ebber a-thought on it? Ye! hi! hi! yah!" exclaimed Tom, as the clear light of this peculiarly beautiful and ingenious plot flashed on his mind. "Dere nebber was de like! Sakes alive! if dat ain't rich, I's *no* nigger! yah! he! hi!" and, in his excessive admiration of the whole affair, he gave vent to an innumerable number of adjectives, without any accompanying nouns, and discharged, at random, a host of emphatic interjections, entirely unknown to Lindley Murray.

"Well, yes, Tom," replied Dixey, in a complacent tone, for he felt flattered by his coadjutor's admiration of his inventive genius; "I flatter myself it's pretty well got up. Walter Scott used to get up such affairs rather nicely, but then they were altogether imaginary, but this is real — of a practical character—and the hundred thousand that follow are real, too; and that's the best part of it!"

"But den," continued Tom, not noticing Dixey's remarks, "de idea of Miss Emma's marryin' Massa Dixey takes de kink out ob my time! It takes the shine completely off ob dis nigger, *it* does!"

"Well, what the devil is so astonishing in that?" replied Dixey, who felt piqued at Tom's surprise, which very plainly implied that he thought such an event would reflect but very little credit upon Miss Frank, however advantageous it might be to the other party.

"But stop! there she comes!" continued Dixey, as Tom was about to reply. "Now mind your directions. If you manage well, the money which you've got is yours, and, after it is over, I'll give you more. But if you don't, all I've got to say, is, that there'll be a funeral amongst the darkies;" and, for the purpose of showing how he intended to provide the necessary material for a funeral, he drew a huge revolver

out of his pocket, and proceeded to cock it in a very easy, careless sort of a manner.

"Now please *don't* do dat! don't, please, don't!" said Tom, imploringly, at the same time throwing his right leg in front of his left, and then suddenly drawing the left from its position, and placing it in front of the right, for the purpose of alternately protecting each shin. "If you please, jist hole dat weepun a little higher. White folks al'ays holes dere guns down, jist as if de shins wasn't de most tenderest and dangerest part ob de body!"

"Anything to please you!" said Dixey, laughingly, raising his pistol leisurely, and pointing it at his head, which had the effect of dissipating all his alarm. "I merely intended to advance an additional argument in favor of a prompt performance of your duty. So now to your post!"

Tom crept cautiously beneath a large cedar-bush, whilst Dixey retired behind a tree, to await the result of his attack. He was not compelled to wait long. Miss Emma passed directly down her usual path. As she came in full view, Tom's resolution almost forsook him. He gazed upon her pale, pensive face, and thought of her many kind acts towards him and his wife and child; and, for a moment, it seemed as if his better nature would triumph. But then the thought of the money in his pocket, and the whiskey it would purchase, together with the certainty of a huge revolver aimed directly at his shins, came obliquely across his mind, and decided his course of action. His courage, however, was not equal to the task of attacking her, as long as her mild blue eye met his gaze; so he waited until she had passed him, and then, springing from his place of concealment, and approaching her from behind, he threw his powerful arms around her, and pinioned her to his body, as if she had been a mere child.

Her struggles and desperate attempts to escape from his grasp, were as futile as her screams; and, after exhausting her

strength in the unequal contest, she raised her eyes to Heaven, as her last hope, and murmured a prayer that God, who protected Daniel in the lion's den, would not forsake her. Her voice was always sweet; but now, when its accents partook of mingled fear and deep supplication to that Great Being, whose hand is over all his creatures, there was something so touching, so holy, so unearthly, in its tones, that it smote painfully upon even Tom's not over-sensitive feelings.

"I'se not gwine to hurt you, Miss Emma — 'deed I'se not," he said, soothingly. "You needn't be afeard of Tom."

The sound of his voice revived her hopes and her strength, as if it possessed some magical power. She felt assured, that, no matter how base his designs were, she could persuade him not to harm her.

"Tom!" she exclaimed, in tones of mingled anguish and reproach, "can it be possible that this is you! Let me go this very instant! You certainly have not forgotten all that I have done for you, your wife and child! And now is this your only gratitude? the only return that you are willing to make for all my acts of kindness?"

"I 'members it all — 'deed I does," replied Tom, penitently, "and I don't mean to hurt you, nor do you nothin'. I wouldn't hab done dis — but I couldn't help it — 'deed I couldn't, Miss Emma!"

Dixey was near enough to hear Tom's explanation, and he was afraid that, in his anxiety "to define his position," he might carry it far enough to implicate him rather unpleasantly in the transaction. He therefore came to the conclusion, that although Emma was not frightened to the proper degree, it would be advisable to rescue her now, for fear that the opportunity to display his gallantry and courage might be lost entirely.

"Hold! villain, hold!" he exclaimed, as he rushed out from his place of concealment.

Unfortunately, Tom's dramatic powers failed him entirely

at this important stage of the act. He showed no evidences whatever of fighting for his precious booty, but, on the contrary, at the first sound of his principal's voice, he relinquished his grasp with an alacrity much greater than was desirable to Dixey, who, by this time, had reached the spot. He had determined to rescue Emma just at the moment when the danger appeared to be the most imminent; and in doing so he had intended to display not only gallantry, but courage and prowess — all of which are generally supposed to possess specific virtues in winning the hearts of the softer sex. In all authentic works of romance, and tales of knight-errantry, the rescuing knight always arrives at the moment of extreme peril. The knight with ravishing propensities, too, always becomes exceedingly pugnacious and shows desperate fight, but, in the struggle, is invariably vanquished, and severely wounded by his more honorable opponent. Dixey had arranged his plans in perfect accordance with those time-honored authorities, but Tom's undue willingness to release the captive, threw them into a quite unexpected confusion.

Determined, however, to gain as much credit as was possible under the circumstances, he summoned up all his physical strength into one powerful effort, and struck Tom between the eyes, just in the region where phrenologists locate the organ of *individuality*. This little operation, however, produced no appreciable effect upon Tom's feelings, or his equilibrium. He had forgotten, in the excitement, all about the knocking-down part of the programme; so he stood grinning and gazing obliquely at Dixey, with an expression of very curiously mingled astonishment and stupidity. Another blow upon the same spot, was followed by precisely similar results, and Dixey was just about giving up that part of the act in despair, when a bright thought suggested itself to his mind. He suddenly drew his revolver from his pocket and pointed it at his shins. This threatened attack upon his *sensorium commune*, decided the victory; and Tom fled from

the spot with the utmost precipitancy, screaming in the most horrible and heart-rending manner.

Stimulated by the excitement, Emma supported her courage and physical powers most nobly, during her desperate struggle, but as soon as she found herself free, her strength forsook her, and she fell fainting to the ground.

"Well, now, I declare!" said Dixey, kneeling down on the green moss, and gazing into her pale, bloodless face. "I'll be hanged, if that ain't a regular genuine faint! I always thought that these things were all humbugs, on the part of the women, and that they always had a fund of them on hand for any emergency of the kind. But then this seems to be the regular article, and no mistake!" he continued, as he applied his finger to her wrist, and vainly attempted to feel the pulsations of the artery.

"According to the books," he resumed, in a low, mock, sentimental tone, "I now ought to go into perfect raptures, in regard to her pale beauty; then become frantic, for fear the fainting might end in death; and, finally, wind up by imploring her to live, if only for my sake, or just to open her beautiful eyes, and look once more upon her beloved Dixey, whose life would be a perfect blank without her, and to tell me with her dying breath that I was not uncared for! But then there's not a bit of use in it. There is nobody present to see me go through the motions, and there is no use in my lying to myself—not a darned bit of it! I wouldn't believe it, no how! Dixey and myself, are too old acquaintances for any such gammon, eh? ha! ha! ha!" and he thrust his thumbs facetiously into his ribs, and laughed very heartily, at what he considered a good witticism.

"The time for all that nonsense," he added, after he had enjoyed his laugh to his full satisfaction, "will be when she is coming to. To do up the sentimental now, in her present state, would be like singing psalms to a dead horse."

This, to him, forcible and highly appropriate simile, threw

him into another violent paroxysm of laughter, which was brought to an abrupt termination — the suddenness of which came near choking him—by Emma slowly opening her eyes. Quick as thought, these natural appearances vanished, and his countenance assumed a serious, earnest expression, which would have appeared real, if it had not been accompanied by certain smirkish twitches which played around the corners of his mouth.

"Emma! Emma, dear!" he murmured in a low tone, the sweetness of which was well counterfeited, "do not be alarmed. You are safe, now; whilst I have an arm to raise in your defence, no earthly power shall harm you!"

"What! where am I?" she replied, wildly, as she opened her eyes, and gazed vacantly around her. "Where is Tom? Or was this all a horrible—terrible—fearful dream? But no —here are the trees, and the bushes—it must have been real! What! is this you, Mr. Dixey?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon that gentleman, who was bending over her, and attempting to look very sentimental. The sight of him, however, whilst it served to arouse him to full consciousness, did not appear to impress her very favorably, and she started up wildly.

"Yes, Emma—Miss Frank, I mean," replied Dixey, as he observed her flashing eye, "it is me. I have had the pleasure of rescuing you from a fate worse than that of death; and henceforth, I hope you will look more favorably upon him whom you have spurned as not only unworthy of your love, but of even your society!"

"Forgive me! pray, forgive me!" said Emma, dropping down on her knees before him. "I have wronged you — deeply wronged you. I did not know your character. I judged of you from mere idle reports, and I was grossly deceived. I *now* know you as you really are; and I sincerely beg your pardon for the wrongs I have done you. I feel that I am under the deepest obligations to you which one

mortal can owe to another. They will continue whilst life shall last, for I shall never be able to repay them!"

"You owe me no obligations which cannot be repaid," replied Dixey, raising her from the ground. "It would be better if I should kneel before you, than that you should before me. Oh! Emma!" he continued, earnestly, "I ask no reward for what I have done. Let that pass. But I hope I have proven to you, that I am not the selfish being you once thought I was; and that, knowing me, as you now do, you will try to return those feelings of pure and abiding affection which I feel for you. Say!—oh! but say, dearest Emma, that you will endeavor to love me, and I shall become one of the happiest and proudest of men!"

"Mr. Dixey," replied Emma, solemnly, "I would to Heaven that I could love you! I know, now, that you are a high-souled, noble-minded, generous man. But alas! the heart is vain and wayward; and although I would fain teach it to love you, I know that I could never—never be able to do it. I cannot, and I will not deceive you; and I know you are too honorable, and too generous, to blame me for not being able to control my feelings. Although I cannot love you as I should, I shall ever consider you as my best and noblest friend; and my nightly prayers shall be, that Heaven's purest blessings may rest upon you forever!"

The mild and solemn, yet firm and decided, words and manner of Emma, convinced Dixey that his suit was hopeless; and he stood biting his lip, in ill-suppressed anger. Emma observed it, and ascribed it to his wounded feelings. In the hope that a little address on her part would have a tendency to lessen the pain which he felt at his rejection, she offered him her arm, and politely requested him to lead her to the house.

"No, never!" he exclaimed, as his face darkened with rage, and he threw his arm roughly around her delicate waist. "No! I shall never enter that hall, unless as your accepted

lover — nor shall you, unless as my affianced bride! If this is your only gratitude for my services, I will teach you that I can *hate* as strongly as I can *love!*"

"Then do your worst!" replied Emma, in a voice fearfully calm and collected. "If you rescued me only through such motives, I would to God I was yet within the grasp of my first captor! His better nature could be appealed to, but from you I expect no mercy!"

"No, and you'll receive none," replied Dixey, in a low, fearful, hissing tone, that went to her heart like a poisoned dagger, "unless you comply with my terms! I'll give you five minutes' time to alter your mind, and if you then still refuse, you can blame yourself for what shall follow!"

The sound of the last word had scarcely died away on the air, when a slight, crackling sound was heard, as if dried branches were being crushed, and the next moment a tall young man sprang over the bushes into the open space. To fell Dixey to the earth was the work of an instant, and then placing his foot upon his breast, he raised his cap gracefully to Emma.

There was something so open, so frank, so candid, about the good-humored expression of the young man's countenance, that a single glance was sufficient to reassure her, and she at once advanced towards him to offer her thanks.

"You are under no obligations to me, whatever," he answered, in reply to her warm assurances of gratitude. "Under almost any other circumstances, I should have felt very reluctant to interfere with so well-arranged and romantic an adventure.

"A few words of explanation," he continued, as he observed Emma's perplexed look, "will serve to enlighten you in regard to the present position of affairs. I had been engaged in hunting through these woods during the greater part of the day, and being somewhat fatigued, I laid myself down on one of those beautiful green moss-banks to sleep.

I had not slept long, when I was awakened by the sound of voices near me. Upon listening, I discovered that they proceeded from the negro who attacked you in the first place, and the gentleman who is now so uneasy under my foot. I overheard them arrange a plan for the black man to attack some young lady, when the other should, very fortunately, come to her rescue. This highly-ingenious manœuvre was supposed to produce the effect of impressing the young lady with the warmest feelings of gratitude towards her deliverer, which she could only appropriately evince by marrying him at once; although it appeared, by their own showing, that she hitherto had not been very strongly prepossessed in his favor. I remained concealed behind the cedar-bushes until the plan was carried further than I expected, and the rest you know."

"Yes, yes, I see it all clearly now!" replied Emma, who hitherto had been at a loss to account for Dixey's changing conduct.

"It is certainly a very plain case," replied her rescuer, laughingly. "But the next question is, what is to be done with this precious scamp here?"

"If you wish to consult my feelings," replied Emma, "let him go without further injury. His own sense of his degrading conduct must be punishment sufficient for him."

"Just as you say, of course," replied the young man, "but if he is left to punish himself with his own reflections, my opinion is that he will escape rather lightly. From some remarks which I overheard him make in regard to himself, I am induced to believe that he is not troubled much with compunctious visitings of conscience. And now," he added, turning to Dixey, and raising his foot, "begone!"

Dixey required no second invitation to leave. As soon as he was free, he sprang to his feet, rushed into the woods, and never stopped running until he reached the opposite side, where he threw himself into a heap of leaves, in which

situation he was afterwards discovered by Tom, groaning as if in great agony; and giving vent to a large number of qualifying adjectives, which, from their specific application to "his eyes," "his timbers," "his liver," "his heart," and other anatomical constituents of his body, could not fail to insure a warm reception for them in the regions to which he recommended them.

"And now," said the stranger to Emma, as soon as Dixey had disappeared, "I suppose you have already been detained here longer than was agreeable to you; so, if you will take my arm, I will see you safely to your home. A longer continuance," he added, with a pleasant smile, "might subject you to additional claims on the score of gratitude—to which, I must confess, there are rather strong temptations."

The compliment called a deep blush to Emma's cheek; and as she accepted his arm, and allowed him to lead her to the house, she felt a peculiar feeling thrilling to her heart, to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH DOCTOR MANLY MADE THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS IN LOVE, LONG AFTER EVERYBODY ELSE HAD DISCOVERED IT.

Doctor Manly — for such was the name of Emma's rescuer — now became a frequent visitor at Oakland Hall. He had been travelling through the North, for the purpose of becoming personally and practically acquainted with the manners, customs, and sentiments, of the people of that section of our country. He had completed his tour; and had intended to return to the South on the day after the occurrence of the events recorded in our last chapter. On that day, however, he necessarily called upon Emma to pay his respects; this call led to an engagement for the next day; that engagement resulted in a number of subsequent ones; and thus, between morning rides through the country, afternoon walks by the mountain-side, and rambles by moonlight along the forest-brook, not only days, but even weeks, glided almost unconsciously away. The young physician, too, began gradually to discover that Emma's presence was becoming every day more and more indispensable to him. He also began to observe what his friend Dr. Woolsey — whose guest he was — had long before noticed, that he was only happy when in her society; and that, when away from her, his naturally gay and buoyant disposition became changed into that of a deep, thoughtful melancholy.

Whether such feelings spread by sympathy, or are contagious, like some diseases, we do not pretend to know; but one thing we *do* know, and that is, that by some remarkable coincidence, Emma became affected in a somewhat similar

manner. She began to take long walks by herself; lost her spirits; sighed heavily, without any known reason; was often found in tears when there was no cause for sorrow, and when everybody else thought she had every reason to be unusually happy. She began to listen very attentively to the sounds of approaching footsteps; and she could distinguish a certain gentleman's step on the gravel walk, and knew his knock at the front-door, from a thousand others. His visits also brought the wonted fire to her eye — the crimson hue to her cheek—and caused her heart to beat with a wild, tumultuous emotion; and his merry laugh brought back, as if by magic, the natural cheerfulness of her disposition. These signs were all sufficiently plain, and were easily read by others; but, strange to say, neither of the parties most interested discovered them in the other. Verily, Cupid! thou art truly represented as blind; for thou hast neither "eyes to see, nor ears to hear," those things which most nearly concern thee!

"Doctor," said Manly to his friend Dr. Woolsey, one fine morning, "as you are going past Oakland Hall, to-day, I believe I will step into your carriage, and ride along with you that far."

"I shall be extremely happy to have the pleasure of your company," replied his friend; "and after I get through with seeing my patients, I will call for you on my return. Or, if that will be too soon, I'll send the boy over for you this evening."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for your kindness; but do not put yourself to any trouble. I prefer walking home, especially as it will be moonlight to-night, and I may remain until after tea. As I leave for the 'Old Dominion,' to-morrow, you know, it would look rather uncourteous if I did not take a formal leave of Miss Frank."

By this time the carriage had arrived at the front-door, and the two friends stepped in and drove off. For a considerable distance neither spoke. Each seemed to be absorbed in his

own thoughts. Dr. Woolsey was thinking over the symptoms and treatment of his different patients; whilst his professional brother had his mind entirely engrossed in the consideration of a single case.

"Doctor," said the latter, emphatically, rousing himself up out of a deep revery, "I have just become partly convinced of a fact, which, as we are old friends, I think I might as well divulge to you."

"Out with it," replied Dr. Woolsey, "if it is anything for the advancement of the profession, or the benefit of suffering humanity. Anything new in regard to the treatment of scarlet fever would be peculiarly acceptable at present," added the Doctor, whose skill was, just at that time, considerably baffled by several obstinate cases of the disease.

"Oh! confound your scarlet fever!" replied Manly, pettishly. "It's not every man who has got his whole mind, body, and soul, wrapped up in the disgusting details of loathsome disease, as you have. But what I intended to tell you," he continued, in a confidential tone, and dropping his voice to a low whisper, as if he was about to impart some unusually profound secret, "is, that I believe that I am about half in love with Miss Frank."

This simple piece of information, instead of producing the most utter astonishment in his friend, threw him into a paroxysm of violent and incontrollable laughter. He threw his body backwards and forwards, stamped, as if he had fully made up his mind to kick the bottom of the carriage out, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. After this fit had passed off, he wiped his face, and went into another paroxysm, longer, louder, and heartier than before.

"What the mischief are you laughing at?" asked Manly, as soon as his friend became somewhat composed. "I don't see anything so strikingly ridiculous in such an avowal."

"Half in love! ha! ha! ha!" and the good-humored Doctor went into another hearty laugh. "Why, my dear

fellow, did you just now discover that fact? If you do not make out your professional cases better than that, one half of them will be well, and the other half will be in the next world before you know what is the matter with them! Half in love! well, that is decidedly rich! Why, my dear sir, you are over head and ears in love! completely immersed in a concentrated fluid-extract of the article; and there is not a portion of your brain, as large as the end of my thumb-nail, that does not bear a daguerreotype impression of Miss Emma Frank!"

"And if you had not been as blind as a bat," he continued, noticing his young friend's look of blank astonishment, "you would have discovered that fact long ago. Why, sir, your engagement and early marriage, is the subject of gossip at every tea-table within five miles of the place. Mr. Frank's servants talk of nothing else but the marriage of their young mistress to the handsome Southern doctor, and my boy Jim, whose perceptive faculties are none of the brightest, owing to the fat through which they must penetrate before they escape, looks upon you as completely lost, and very freely expresses his regret, 'that such a handsome man should make such a fool of himself!'"

"Confound the stupid young rascal!" exclaimed the young doctor; "I'll melt some of his surplus fat for him, the next time I can lay my hands upon him."

"I certainly have not the least objection to the operation," replied the Doctor, laughingly; "a less quantity of it might render him more active and serviceable. But before proceeding to any ulterior measures, you had better consider what you have done to create such opinions. To forsake your old friend and collegiate chum during two-thirds of the twenty-four hours, and to spend the whole of that time with a handsome young lady; to be gay and lively only in her company, and melancholy and absent-minded towards everybody else; and to take long solitary walks in the woods, and

cull the choicest flowers of the season to make bouquets for her only, are, certainly, things which *will* make *some* people talk! When, in addition to this, it is remembered that you talk most eloquently to yourself; write love-sonnets at midnight, and read them to the moon; spread mustard on your bread under the impression that it is honey, and then curse the bees for not discriminating between noxious and innoxious flowers; put salt into your tea for loaf-sugar, and then denounce the grocer for adulterating it with pewter-sand; and are guilty of a great variety of other acts which cannot be rationally accounted for, when it is known that you are neither insane nor in the habit of getting drunk; the whole case looks, to say the least, decidedly suspicious."

"Come, now, Doctor, I hope I hav'n't made such a perfect fool of myself!" replied the young physician, with a desperate attempt to force an incredulous smile.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied his friend. "You have certainly done all that I have said, and more, too. Whether such acts constitute a man or a fool, or a lover, is a delicate question, and I prefer that you should answer it for yourself."

The carriage stopped at the door of Mr. Frank's residence, and Dr. Manly, bidding his friend good morning, entered the house. He found Emma alone, in the parlor, engaged in reading. He had come to bid her farewell; but, in doing so, both discovered, what they had long felt, that each one's existence was bound up in that of the other. We will not commit the sacrilegious act of disclosing what confessions, what promises, what hopes, what prospects for the dim, unknown future, entered into their vows of love. Such scenes, occurring, as they do, but once in a lifetime, are sacred; and blinded be the eye that would attempt to penetrate the veil which encloses them, and withered be the hand that would attempt to record the holy words then spoken. The Recording Angel of Love and Truth lingers over the spot only long

enough to hear the word of promise spoken, and then wings its way to the courts above, to register the vow that two pure and loving hearts have plighted their youthful troth, and have become one in body and in spirit, in the sight of God, and in the sight of man.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS ALL ABOUT LOVE, AND ANOTHER KIND OF SLAVERY, AND IS INTENDED ESPECIALLY FOR OUR LADY READERS.

THE moon had already risen high in the eastern sky, and still Doctor Manly lingered by the side of Emma. He felt that such happiness as he now enjoyed was too pure, too seldom experienced, to be parted from lightly; and, although the silent hours of night fled rapidly by, he could not bring his feelings to the sacrifice of leaving her, who now was dearer to him than life. He spoke to her of the past, which seemed to him to have been a dreary barren waste; and dwelt fondly upon the bright prospects of the future, to which he looked forward with the most confident feelings of hope.

"Oh, Emma!" he said, "how happy I shall be, when you are once installed as the mistress of my Southern home! My people, too, whose happiness I have deeply at heart, need only see you to love you. The natural kindness of your feelings will beget confidence and esteem in them, and thus will be established those strong bonds of mutual good-will and regard, which alone can ameliorate the horrors of slavery."

"Oh, Edwin! Edwin! I knew my heart was too full of happiness for it to last!" exclaimed Emma, as she burst into tears. "There was a sad, terrible foreboding — an ominous dread — pervading my mind all day, that the future, which seemed so bright, was to be mingled with some bitter cup of

sorrow. And now I see it! Oh God! why did I not think of this before! Truly, truly, Thou hast so ordained it, that every pleasure should be accompanied with pain! The one follows the other just as surely as the darkness of night succeeds the rays of the sun! Oh, slavery! thou art not only a curse to thy victims, but thou art a curse to those who forge thy fetters! and must thou now, too, wring the hearts of those who hitherto had supposed themselves beyond the valley and the shadow of thy power!"

"What, Emma!" exclaimed Manly, in a tone of deep anguish, "do you look upon me as unworthy of your love, because I am a slave-holder? If so," he added, bitterly, "I will release you from your vows, though to do so will destroy the only bright rays of happiness that have ever beamed upon me, and render my life worse than a living death!"

"No! no! no! Forgive me, Edwin! Heaven knows I do not mean to censure you! Oh God! what have I done? What dark, foul, and dreadful sin have I committed, that I am thus tempted? No, Edwin, I do not blame you. You are a slave-holder from necessity, not from choice. The evil has been handed down to you by your progenitors, just as sin, and the fruits thereof, have been entailed upon us all by our original parents. But it is none the less an evil and a sin on this account. You cannot avoid it; but those whose hands are happily yet free from it, should keep them clean and pure, in the sight of God and man. Oh, Edwin!" she added, with a painful burst of feeling, "I will not deny that I love you — deeply, fondly, truly love you! I will offer up my life, my happiness — everything that is near and dear to me on earth — to see you happy — all, all that I am, and all that I hope to be, short of my eternal salvation! But I cannot, cannot stake that, by becoming the mistress, and, to some extent, the owner of the flesh and blood of my fellow-creatures!"

"You are right, you are right," replied Manly, in a tone of deep, calm solemnity; "God knows you are right! I have long since been convinced of the truth of what you say; and I have sincerely wished to wash my hands of it, if I only knew how. You are yet free from the terrible evil, and it would be wrong for you to enter into it, when you have a choice. I, and thousands of others, have had no choice. Our situation is the result of the force of circumstances. Our fathers and their fathers, generation preceding generation, held slaves; and thus the evil has been transmitted to us, much in the same manner, as you say, sin has been entailed upon us through the transgression of our first parents. But then, in the latter case, Heaven has provided a way of redemption; but I can see none that promises a speedy delivery for the slave. Would to God that I could!"

"Can you not emancipate?" anxiously enquired Emma.

"Yes, I could," he replied, rapidly; "I could set them free; but that would, in their present condition, and in the present state of Northern sentiment, be a greater curse to them than slavery itself. They are utterly unfit, in nine cases out of ten, to provide for themselves. They are ignorant; they are not taught to exercise habits of judgment or reflection; and, consequently, if they were thrown out into the world upon their own resources, the consequences would be disastrous to themselves, and disastrous to the community in which they might be found. They have no knowledge of the world. They only perform what they are ordered to do; they live but for the present; they take no thought for the future; and the result is seen in the degraded condition of the runaway slaves, and free negroes of the North. They are, in their present state, totally unprepared to enjoy liberty, although there can be no question in regard to their rights. This is a short, yet true picture, of the general condition of the slave. There are occasionally, I am happy to say,

brilliant exceptions; but these exceptions only prove the rule.

"A slave with liberty," continued Manly, his bright eye flashing with the ardor of truthful conviction, "and without a knowledge of its use, is very much like a young man cast out on the world with a large fortune, but without a knowledge of its value. We see the sad effects of the former case only in the Northern States; but those of the latter are observable in all parts of the world. Hundreds and thousands of young men, in all ages and in all countries, have been ruined, body and soul, by suddenly-acquired wealth. They did not know its value or its use — were unacquainted with the false and treacherous wiles of the world — mistook vicious indulgences for pleasure — used their means only to pamper to depraved appetites and feelings — and thus their wealth, which, if properly applied, would have been a blessing to themselves and to those around them, only afforded them opportunities to hasten their physical, temporal, and eternal downfall. Such cases are too familiar to everybody to be denied. The physician's diary, the clergyman's experience at the death-bed, the dockets of our criminal courts, and the records of our almshouses, prisons, and gibbets, bear sad evidences of the fact. The case with the slave is precisely similar, and I need not draw the parallel. Whatever theory we may choose to adopt, these practical truths cannot be denied."

"There can be no doubt of the truth of what you say," replied Emma. "The free negro of the North is certainly a most miserable being; but, from your own showing, it arises principally from the wilful neglect of his former master. If this is the case, and Southern men have the good of the negro at heart, why do they not educate him, and teach him habits of self-reliance?"

"Simply, because great reforms are not the work of a day," replied Manly; "and here is the grand mistake of

those who pretend to, and some of whom really do, sympathize with the slave. Some years ago, there was much more of a disposition prevalent in the South, to educate the slaves, than there is now. Masters employed clergymen to preach to them; they had overseers to instruct them in reading and writing; and in many cases, to my personal knowledge, they educated them themselves.

"I am willing to admit that this was done with different motives, some of which were bad; but the *end* would have been good. Whilst some instructed them out of pure motives of philanthropy, others were actuated by the view of rendering them more intelligent, merely that they might become better workmen; and, of course, more profitable. Not a small number, too, began to educate them without any motive whatever, except to conform to the custom of their neighbors; for man is an imitative creature everywhere, and good examples, as well as bad ones, are contagious. But this matters not—the results would have been beneficial. The doctrine of education began to gain friends rapidly; and those who, prompted by perverted feelings, opposed it, would soon have been driven into it by the powerful force of public opinion, against which nothing can stand. Before many years would have elapsed, the slave would have become, to a great extent, an intelligent being; the true friends of freedom would have seen that he was endowed with capacities for self-government and self-reliance; the masters would have been compelled to submit to the argument; the slave would have become conscious of the fact; and thus would have been established a moral force on all sides, which, when acting in a combined manner, as it inevitably would, could not have been resisted; and emancipation must have followed, just as surely as light follows darkness, or the mists of superstition and prejudice yield as truth advances.

"Slavery was gradually and quietly working out its own salvation, just as it did in New York, New Jersey, and in

your own Keystone State. But alas! freedom has retrograded rapidly within the last ten years. The beacon-light of liberty, although, I hope to God! not quite gone out, now burns dimly; and its once bright rays now glimmer faintly in the distance."

"I was not aware, before, that such advances had been made to educate the slave," replied Emma, in a tone of surprise.

"No, I suppose not," answered Manly. "Very few saw it in the North; and even in the South, many who witnessed it did not even dream of its tendency. But, nevertheless, it would have resulted, as education always does—*in liberty.*"

"But you say these things no longer exist. Why is this so?" enquired Emma, who became deeply interested in this, to her, new view of the subject.

"That question is easily answered," replied Manly, bitterly. "Action and reaction, it is said, are mutual. There is no doubt of this; only at times the reaction, from additional excitement, becomes more powerful than the former, and instead of merely rolling it back to its sources, overwhelms it with such a force as almost to bury it in oblivion. It was so with the education of the slave. Just about the time that the subject was making the most rapid progress, a reaction took place.

"Enthusiastic zealots, wild fanatics, dreaming visionaries, and unprincipled politicians, all combined in the North to oppose slavery; not in a spirit of calm argument and brotherly Christian love, but in terms of the most envenomed bitterness and deepest opprobrium. They denounced it as the most foul and base sin against God and man. They asserted that slave-holders were in league with the powers of darkness, and that it was not only the right, but the duty of the slave to break his chains, even if he did it at the sacrifice of the life of his master. They raised the question of free-power and slave-power, in the National Councils; and by an

appeal to the worst feelings of the people, attempted to gain the political ascendency. In addition to this, they published large numbers of incendiary publications, promulgating their fanatical doctrines; drawing false pictures of the horrors of the enslaved state, or taking unfortunate exceptional cases of cruelty, which they tried to convert into the rule, and distributed these sentiments secretly yet freely among the slaves.

"As an opposite and alluring picture, they painted in the most glowing colors, the happy condition of the free negroes of the North; the greater portion of which we know from personal observation to be untrue. Stimulated by a sense of wrong, which the slaves had only learnt through those works, and tempted by the bright prospects held out to them, thousands escaped into the free States. The consequences may be easily imagined. The loss of what was considered their property, by such means, embittered even those who were willing to emancipate of their own accord, because it wounded their pride to have it forced upon them. The strong denunciations and bitter epithets which were heaped upon them, enraged them, as we see is the case under all circumstances. No man, however vile he may be, is convinced of his crimes and induced to 'bring forth fruits meet for repentance,' by being denounced as a scoundrel and villain. Mild words of reason and persuasion, although their effects are not always immediately observable, are never thrown away; and it is certainly not 'compromising with sin' to resort to them between man and man, when God condescends to win man, his servants and creatures, to himself, by arguments of love, charity and good-will unto all.

"The attempt to induce the free States," continued the Doctor, "to gain the political supremacy, too, alarmed them, and they began to fear that the South would not only be compelled to submit to the North in regard to this question, but in regard to all others of a local or sectional character, not connected with the subject. All these, and many other things

of minor grade, following in their train, induced them to fortify themselves in their peculiar institution, by every means in their power. They passed laws and penalties against instructing slaves to read, for fear they would read those incendiary works. They worked them harder, watched them more closely, gave them less personal liberty, lest they might abuse it; and when they escaped, pursued them more keenly, and after their capture, punished them with greater severity, as a terror to themselves and others, against subsequent attempts to escape. They retorted denunciation for denunciation, returned epithet for epithet, and as a check upon what seemed aggression on the part of the North, insisted upon more efficient laws for the recovery of fugitives; and attempted to gain as much slave-territory as possible, for the purpose of holding the balance of power.

"The true friends of the slave, in the South, who looked forward to gradual emancipation, saw these things with heartfelt sorrow; and though they attempted to convince the people that such sentiments were entertained by only a small portion of fanatics, it was vain. These arguments were unheard and unheeded. The tide of liberty, which had been setting steadily forward, now began to flow backward, and not only destroyed everything that had been accomplished, but actually washed away every trace for a foundation to erect a groundwork, on which to base future operations; leaving the condition of the slave much more hopeless than it had been previously."

"You defend the South most truthfully and eloquently," replied Emma, who felt deeply convinced by his plain statement of facts.

"No, I beg your pardon, Emma," replied Manly, warmly; "I do not defend the South or the North. Both have been to blame — I will not pretend to say which the more so. I am a defender of neither section. I only try to prove, what is very plain, that slave-holders are made of the same ma-

terial — of the same kind of clay—as other men. They are influenced by the same pecuniary and political interests; and, like men everywhere, will return acrimony and upbraiding in the same coin, and with compound interest. That, like men in all countries, and under all circumstances, they will defend themselves from attacks, even though they may know that they are in the wrong, especially when those attacks are accompanied with highly aggravating circumstances. Human nature is human nature, wherever you may chance to find it; and I am only astonished, that those who claim to be 'reformers,' do not study it more thoroughly, before they attempt to govern it, under the various circumstances of interest and prejudice, which are constantly modifying it."

"I understand the subject now," replied Emma. "I always thought that the measures taken by some of our Northern agitators were injudicious, and even injurious to the cause of emancipation, although I could not give a reason for the belief that was in me. I understand it all, now — it is as plain as that effect must follow cause. Oh God!" she added, clasping her hands, and looking up to Heaven, "I see, now, why I am thus tempted! Truly, truly, the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, even unto the fourth and fifth generation!"

"Emma, blame not yourself," said Manly, in a calm, decided tone of voice. "You are yet guiltless of the sin of oppression. Remain so! God forbid that you should be a partaker, with me, in this great evil! I will go to my home in the sunny South. I have given nearly all my slaves the rudiments of a common education, upon which I can easily engraft the knowledge necessary to qualify them for freedom. When this is accomplished, I will emancipate them. Then, and then only, will I come and claim your hand. The pecuniary sacrifice, and moral purification of such an act, will

entitle me, perhaps, more justly to the love of so pure a being as yourself."

Emma answered not; but there was an expression of serene happiness and love in her countenance, that spoke her feelings more eloquently than words could have done.

"I know my own feelings," he added, dropping down on his knees, by her side, and clasping her small white hand within his own, "and I know that absence will not diminish my love for you; but that it will grow stronger and stronger, day by day, and be a powerful incentive to a proper discharge of the task I am resolved to perform. And I know, Emma, that I need not ask you to remain true to your vows."

"No," she replied; "my lips need not respond to the throbbings of my heart. Though year should follow year, ere you felt that you had discharged your duty, my heart would not weary in its devotion to you; my mind would not tire in following you in your noble cause; and my resolution would not fail me, to await your return. My humble self, and my humble love are, I know, not worthy of you; but I must be much more unworthy than I feel that I am, if such noble disinterestedness were not sufficient to retain my affections whilst life's feeble flame shall continue to glow!"

"I knew it, Emma—I knew it, without your words to say so!" replied Manly, warmly, and with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"And day by day," she replied, "every hour of my life, you shall have my best wishes; and my nightly prayers shall be, that God may — as I know he will — smile upon your noble efforts."

The small hours of the morning had already begun very sensibly to lengthen themselves, when the two lovers parted, with oft-repeated promises of never-dying love, and heartfelt wishes for each other's health and happiness.

Dr. Manly returned to the house of his friend, to prepare

for his early departure to his home. Emma watched him until he had disappeared behind the intervening trees, and then retired to her room, not to sleep, but to pray, as she had said, and amidst tears and supplications to thank God that she was an humble instrument in the hands of Heaven, to work out the liberation of many human souls, and to remove the stain of slavery from one who, to her, was dearer than life.

Ah, love! thou art meek and lowly in thy garb, but thou art great and powerful in thy acts! Like the light of Heaven, from whence thou emanated, thou comest almost unperceived; quietly insinuating thyself into the most inaccessible places, and penetrating into the most hidden recesses! Like it, thou art reflected upon all surrounding objects, and instead of being wasted and consumed by thy diffusion, thou art increased as thou progressest, and art strengthened by any exertion of thy power! Though thou art inoffensive and mild, thou art mightier than the sword, and more powerful than the statesman's words of burning eloquence!

By what strange power of sympathy dost thou link mind with mind, unite soul to soul, and cause hearts, whose feelings were widely dissimilar, to beat together in pure harmonious union? By what magical influence dost thou soften the rough asperities of our stern natures, rendering the rude, strong man as kind and docile as a lamb; whilst thou yet at times givest such noble, such lofty intrepidity to the fearful, shrinking woman, that her character merges on the sublime? Thou art not only great in thy manifestations between those whom God has ordained to be 'helpmates' one for another; but, in all thy modifications, thy power is felt above all others! Between man and his brother man, between sister and sister, parent and child, and in all thy relations, thy holy emanations work good, continually and forever! Oh, that thy benign influence was more frequently brought to bear, so that thou mightest take the place of the blood-stained

sword, the bitter, impassioned controversy, and the envenomed words of personal disputes; which bring forth nothing but bitterness and estrangement between man and man! When that time comes, then, and then only, will "the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; and the calf, and young lion, and the fatling together; and the little child shall lead them."

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINING SOME OF JIMMY'S SENTIMENTS IN REGARD TO A NATION'S DUTY TOWARDS ITS OWN SUBJECTS, AND THE SUBJECTS OF OTHER COUNTRIES; TOGETHER WITH AN INCIDENT, PROVING THAT THOSE GOOD-HEARTED PEOPLE, WHO ARE CONSTANTLY "OVERFLOWING WITH THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS," CAN ALWAYS FIND PLENTY OF DESERVING OBJECTS OF CHARITY NEAR AT HOME, WITHOUT PURSUING AN *ignis fatuus* RACE, UNCLASSICALLY TERMED "A WILD-GOOSE CHASE," AFTER THEM.

It was on a bright sunny morning, several weeks after the meeting in the Temple of Liberty, that Mr. Frank was walking through one of the beautiful squares in the city of Philadelphia. The green grass was just beginning to put on its deep livery; the trees of the square were becoming robed in their summer leaves; the gray squirrels chirped, gleesomely, on the ground; and the bright fountain threw up its jets of sparkling water, and scattered the spray around in a thin, silvery mist. The place, too, was thronged with children, who were running, romping, jumping ropes, driving hoops, and indulging in all the varieties of youthful sports, with childish glee and mirthfulness. But the innocent beau-

ties of the scene were entirely lost upon him. His mind was so completely absorbed in reflection, that he passed the various objects around him without noticing them; and, consequently, failed to perceive the presence of a gentleman directly in front of him, who was poised most adroitly on one foot, whilst he was describing some exceedingly tortuous hieroglyphics on the gravel walk, with the other, under the impression that he was writing. The result of this want of observation was, that he only became aware of his presence upon walking directly up against him, and by both tumbling together into the grass with a circumgyrating motion, most graphically described by the common term of "head over heels."

"My dear sir, I—I—really beg your pardon!" stammered Mr. Frank, as soon as he had disentangled his legs from a pair of the same articles, that belonged to the other gentleman. "I am extremely sorry that this accident has happened—it was my fault, altogether, and I really beg your pardon."

"Shure, sir, an' there's not the laste bit of nade of the same. It's meself that begs tin thousand pardons ov yer honor, for standin' in yer way, and causin' ye to fall over the likes o' me. Troth, sir, and iv I'd broke my neck, it 'ud have been no more nor I desarved — bad luck till me!" There was no mistaking the rich brogue and decided accent of the speaker.

"Jimmy O'Brien!" exclaimed Mr. Frank, grasping the speaker warmly by the hand, "is this you?"

"Troth, sir, and iv it's not meself that I am," replied Jimmy, "I'm very much desaived in me own opinion. And shure, it's plazed that I am," he added, "to see yer honor look so well."

"Well, yes, I am tolerably well," replied Mr. Frank. "How are you?"

"Nothin' to complain ov, as the ould lady said to the docther, when he wanted to blade her," replied Jimmy

"savin' that it's sorra a bit ov work that I've had since the day I helped Mr. Fitznoosle to finish his spache; and I nade scarcely tell yer honor, that livin' without workin' is not as aisy as one 'ud suppose, judgin' from the numbers that follers it."

"If that is the case," said Mr. Frank, "I suppose you would have no objections to engage in an ordinary service."

"I only wish anybody 'ud tempt me with an offer," replied Jimmy, warmly; "shure, if I wouldn't yaild to it, thin bad luck to me!"

"Well, Jimmy, I intend to go South," said Mr. Frank, "and shall want an attendant. Mr. Burton had intended to go with me, and take his servant along; but I have of late discovered some traits in his character which I do not like, and shall therefore not have him to accompany me. Now, if you would like to take a trip in that direction, I will hire you."

"Troth, sir, and I'll agree to that same with the greatest ov pleashur," replied Jimmy. "I'll foller yer honor to the ind of the airth!"

"And in return for your services," continued Mr. Frank, "I will pay all your expenses, and give you the same wages that you formerly received in this city."

Upon receiving this proposition, Jimmy suddenly, without any apparent cause, threw his old cap high into the air, and caught it dexterously on his foot, as it descended. He then danced about the gravel walk, in an exceedingly free and frisky manner, to the imminent danger of the numerous infantile specimens of the human family around; and after singing alternate lines of "Old hundred," "Och, love is the sowl of a nate Irishman," and "To the divil we'll pitch dull care," to a tune compounded of equal proportions of all three, he finally wound up by giving in his most emphatic adhesion to the bargain, under pain of a general forfeiture of all his rights, claims, and titles, to the world to come.

"Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, after they had walked away several blocks, and the former gentleman's paroxysm of joy had somewhat subsided, "perhaps we may meet with some slaves in the South, who are badly treated, and if we do, would you have any objections to assisting me in freeing them from the galling yoke of bondage?"

"Not the laste in the world!" replied Jimmy. "Shure, didn't I run away from dare, swate ould Ireland, the land ov me fathers, jist on account ov the burthinsome oppression; an', faith, my heart must be as black as a nagur's face, iv I wouldn't assist the poor an' the down-trodden, all the world over!"

"Such sentiments are highly creditable to you, Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, warmly.

"I'm glad to hear yer honor say so," replied Jimmy, with a low bow. "But, with all deferinse to yer superior larnin' an' judgmint, I think more good could be done by attemptin' somethin' for the oppressed, beggared, an' praste-ridden poor ov ould Ireland — for, sure, they stand more in nade ov it!"

"Yes, I have no doubt of that, at all," replied Mr. Frank, seriously; "but then, you know, Ireland forms no part of our country. The people of every nation have enough to do to regulate their own affairs."

"There's no manner ov question but that's sound doctrine," said Jimmy; "but thin ould England is kind enough to take a great concern in the slavery of this counthry; an' I don't know why we shouldn't return the feelin', especially seein' that the poor of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are ov the same color and religion as ourselves, and are much worse trated than the 'Merikin slaves. Don't all the lords and lirned mimbers ov Parlimint," he added, "spake continually about the abominable slave-traffic ov this country? Ain't the big newspapers filled with articles ag'inst it; and don't many ov their orators and trav'lers come here for the

very purpose of spakin' and writin' against its evils, and, at the same time, deny thir own poor, who are kept in a much more miserable condishun, the benefit ov thir time and talents? Sure, sich kindness desarves some return from the paple ov this country, and I hope they'll git it some time or other!"

"Well, yes, perhaps, Jimmy," replied Mr. Frank, evasively, for he did not exactly know whether he was in earnest, or, to use one of his own expressions, was only "badgerin'." "But if the people of England," he added, "see proper to neglect their duty as citizens to their own country, it is no reason why we should do the same. In fact, it is an additional argument in favor of all persons minding their own affairs. I, for my part, believe in the doctrine of doing as much as possible towards removing ignorance, suffering, and misery in our own land, before we carry our charity from home."

"Well, yis, that's sound Christian doctrine, that's sartin," replied Jimmy; "and iv it was carried out, ivery body 'ud have their hands full, in all parts ov the world; and misery would disappear, like the dust from the strates ov Jerusalem, by ivery man sweepin' before his own door—for poverty and sufferin' are found wherever we turn our eyes. Even here, in these blessed fray States, it's enough to make a haythen's heart blade, to see the misery and wretchedniss ov the poor, and yit all this is happiness, compared to what is seen in the ould country!"

Jimmy, like all true Irishmen, possessed, not only the gift of loquacity in an eminent degree, but he also possessed another very useful trait of Irish character, and that was, native shrewdness. He always had enough crude material on hand, to talk for hours, on nearly any subject; but he was also, at the same time, very quick of perceiving when he had said enough to suite the taste of the company. In the present instance, he observed that the free and copious notes with which he was adorning their topic of conversation, were

not very agreeable to Mr. Frank; and he therefore wisely postponed the details of several very interesting cases of suffering and final death, which had come under his personal notice, in the city of Brotherly Love, and which would have required but little of the extra philanthropy which was constantly effervescing, like so much scum, on the top of society, for their relief.

"My dear sir, please give me a shilling, and God will bless you!" exclaimed a woman, rushing out from a small alley, and placing herself directly in the way of Mr. Frank, in a manner which proved that she was no ordinary beggar. In addition to this abruptness of manner, there was something fearfully, indescribably desperate about her whole appearance.

Her countenance was pale, but wild and haggard. Her cheek-bones were high and prominent, and her full black eyes, which seemed sunken deeply into her head, glistened with a fearfully brilliant lustre. Mr. Frank gazed at her for a few moments, completely undecided how to act. The unearthly sparkle of her eye, the uncertain quiver of the lip, the trembling motion of her long, bony arm, as she thrust it almost into his face, sadly reminded him of some unfortunate beings whom he had seen in an insane asylum; and he thought it was probable that she might be one of these mind-wrecked creatures, who had escaped from confinement. Whilst he was debating this question, she watched the varying motions of his countenance with an anxiety truly painful to witness. Her sharp glances seemed as if they would not only read the first faint ray of hope, but as if they would actually penetrate into his mind, and search his inmost feelings. Finally, as if unable to endure the torturing suspense any longer, she threw herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, for God's sake, do not refuse me!" she exclaimed, in tones of sharp, painful anguish, which went like a dagger

to his heart; "I am no beggar! Heaven knows I never asked alms of mortal man before; but, oh, a mother's heart will do anything to save a child from starvation! Oh, give, give me but a single sixpence to buy food, and may Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you, and upon those you love, forever!"

"Come along, my old gal!" said a rough-looking, short, thick, heavily-built man, with a police-officer's badge on his coat-collar, and a rum-soaked nose on his face, as he grasped her roughly by the shoulder. "Come along, my old gal! None o' that sort of nonsense — we're up to that *dodge*, and a thing or two, and you can't come the *bluff* game over *this* child! You can bet high on *that!* So, if you don't want to take up lodgings on a board, at the expense of the city, you'd better make yourself scarce, and keep yourself in that state!"

For a moment, it seemed as if the poor creature would faint away beneath the brutal officer's rough grasp, and still rougher words. A dim mist gathered over her eyes, her pale face became, if possible, even more bloodless, a cold, clammy sweat covered her brow, and there was a low, heavy gasping for breath in her throat, which threatened suffocation. But it was but for a moment, and then a bright crimson flush passed over her cheek.

"Villain!" she exclaimed, as by one powerful effort she tore loose from the strong man's grasp, and stood looking at him with a flashing eye; "Villain! do you consider me a street vagrant?"

"Well, I don't consider you *any thing else!* — *I* don't," replied the conservator of the peace, with an accent and emphasis which was intended to be exceedingly consequential, but owing to the natural disposition of the animal, and several brandy-*smashes*, was decidedly rowdyish.

"Oh, God! has it come to this?" she murmured, as the unwonted excitement passed off, and she staggered towards

the street, into which she would have most inevitably fallen, if Mr. Frank had not caught her in his arms.

"She has got some of the *real* spirit," said the officer coolly, turning to Mr. Frank. "Most of these nymphs git tamed down directly; but then there's some, like this one, who's so high-strung that it takes a good long while before the fire burns out of 'em — and some few of 'em never loses their mettle. These wimmin is strange critters — *they* are!" he added, with a sigh, compounded of one part of philosophy and three of brandy.

"But then I suppose you're a stranger in this city, and ain't up to the *kinks*," continued the officer, with increased obsequiousness, as he took another view of his dress. There is nothing like a good coat, to recommend you to the favorable notice of a police-officer, but wo unto you if you are threadbare! you are certain of a night in the lock-up. "Now you see," he added, "this city is full of begging vagrants who follow it as a business, and the Mayor has given orders to have 'em all arrested, whenever we can catch 'em; so that ladies and gentlemen mayn't be annoyed in their walks. As this is the first time I've seen this precious 'un on the beat, I think I'll just let her pass with a gentle warnin' not to be seen on the *pavé* again."

"But, certainly, you do not consider her a common beggar," replied Mr. Frank, in a more than usually meek tone of voice; for, like some other good-minded persons, he labored under the mistaken impression that police-officers were gentlemen, who were chosen to act as guardians of the lives and property of citizens, on account of their well-known honesty and good moral character, instead of being appointed only in return for some low, mean, dirty, pot-house electioneering services, which they had rendered to their superiors in office, and equals in morals.

"No, sir!" said Jimmy, stepping briskly up in front of the officer, and answering for him in a very firm tone of voice;

"she is not—I know that. I know thim as begs for a thrade as well as ony man—an' she's none ov 'em. I've seen poverty an sufferin' too, yer honer, in all its forms, an' shure! I've heard that deep cry of agony that burst from her lips, too often, in ould Ireland, to be mistaken in it! It only comes from bladein' hearts that have concaled their misery in their own buzoms until it's consumin' the last drap ov their life's blood, like a ragin' fire. I've heard that same terrible sound," he continued, in a voice choked with sad recollections, "in the cabins, in the bogs, in the valleys, on the mountain-tops, and by the wayside, and its wild echoes are still ringing in me ears; and I can yit see wid me own eyes, the poor, starvin' creathurs, wid their wasted bodies, as they laid down thegither in heaps to die, widout a soul to close their eyes, or say, 'God bless ye!' Och! yer honer, there's somethin' about the rale cry of misery, that I can't describe to ye, but it goes strait to me heart, an' I can fale it workin' there, like a Spirit Power from the betther wurld!"

"You are right, Jimmy—you are right! Come, my poor woman," said Mr. Frank, turning to her, "I will go with you, and see what I can do to relieve your misery."

"Thank God!" gasped, rather than spoke, the poor trembling creature, as she clasped her bony hands, and raised her streaming eyes towards Heaven. "Thank God! my child, my hope, my support, may still live!"

"See here!" said the officer, laying his hand upon Mr. Frank's shoulder; "if you go with her and get your pocket picked, don't blame me, will ye?"

"Yis, an' see here, me walkin' whiskey-barrel!" replied Jimmy, shaking his fist under the officer's official-looking nasal appendage; "iv ye say anither word, an' git yer head broke, don't blame *me*, will ye? but charge the same to yer own account!"

"Come, Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, "it is against the law to threaten an officer, in the discharge of his duty."

"Discharge ov his duty!" exclaimed Jimmy, contemptuously. "Do ye call it dischargin' his duty, to be runnin' from one grog-shop to another, soaking his ugly carcass with rum; and instade of aidin' and protectin' the poor an' the destitute, to add abuse to the sufferin' which is already breakin' of their hearts? Av that's dischargin' his duty, the sooner he's frightened out of it's path, the better it'll be for the people — and himself, too, in the nixt world, where a police-officer's badge ain't an object of venerashun, as it's here!"

The alley into which the woman passed, followed by Mr. Frank and Jimmy, was a narrow, dirty, filthy passage, bounded on both sides by low, miserable, rotten houses. Into one of these she passed. The repulsive exterior of the dwelling induced Mr. Frank to think that perhaps the police-officer was right, and that the begging was only a device to entrap strangers into a pickpocket's den. He hesitated slightly, and looked back enquiringly at Jimmy, who read his thoughts in the expression of his face.

"Niver mind, only go on," he said. "Av thir's any foul work to be done, we'll let 'em know that fightin's a double-sided game, at which both parties can play."

On entering the room, he witnessed a scene which at once dispelled his rising suspicions. On the floor, or rather, on an old chaff-bag, lying on the floor, lay the *form* of a beautiful girl of about eighteen. Yes! the *form* lay there—it was all that remained. The spirit had fled to those happy realms "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." It had gone to inherit the inheritance of the poor. Hard labor, sickness, poverty, and unfeeling oppression, had done their work; and the pure spirit, which had struggled hard with the adverse waves of the world, for the sake of the mother she loved, and the darling sister who was still holding her head in her arms, and pressing her warm lips to her icy brow, had winged its way to a better world.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Frank, as his eyes fell on the face of that frail being, beautiful even in death. "Good God! it is too late—it is all over!"

"No, it is not *all* over!" replied the woman, in a low, hissing tone of voice; "it is not all over with those who overtasked her feeble powers, who refused to reward her for wearing out her precious life in adorning their bodies, and who turned me away from their door last night with a refusal to pay for her work, because they made a rule to pay only every six months, and could not be annoyed by their mantua-maker's calling for their money as soon as it was earned! It is not all over with *them!* They have got a bloody, bloody, bloody account to settle some day, that can't be put off!" she exclaimed, in a wild, piercing voice, "and may God measure out his judgment upon them, as they measured unto others!"

"Mother, mother, don't — oh don't speak so!" exclaimed the younger daughter, dropping her dead sister's head, and twining her arms around her mother's waist. "Oh, don't! if it is only for Mary's sake! It will pain her spirit in Heaven, to hear you speak thus! Her dying breath was spent in asking for forgiveness for her own sins, and for those who ill-treated us!"

"I know it—I know it!" replied the mother, bitterly; "but she was an angel whilst on earth, while I am not. I don't want to be! I can't pray for those who murdered your father — who murdered both your sisters, and who'll murder you and me too! Shall I pray for those for whom you and your sister in Heaven labored until she killed herself; and who then refused to pay us, to save her from starvation? No, no, a just God never intended that I should!"

"But, mother," said the fair girl, with a fearful shudder at her parent's blasphemous words, "you know that Christ says, 'Pray for those that despitefully use you;' and even when nailed to the cross, enduring sufferings compared to

DEATH OF THE SEAMSTRESS.

which our misery is happiness, he prayed his Father to 'forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Let us try to imitate his meek and lowly example. Every precept of religion——"

"Religion! religion!" she exclaimed, scornfully; "do not talk to me about *that!* I have seen enough of it! When we were rich, and went to the Rev. Dr. Fairface's church, in our carriage, then we were good Christians! As long as we were able to kneel down with him, and the rest of the congregation, to prayer, on crimson velvet cushions, and pay hundreds yearly to support him and his family in a false and pampered pride, then we were good Christians! But then, when your father failed—and failed honestly, by paying every dollar in his possession to his creditors — then we were no longer invited to church. Even when we met Dr. Fairface, his family, or any of the members of the congregation, in the street, they passed us without a bow of recognition, and shunned us as they would a walking pestilence. Finally, when your father died, and I begged him to preach the sermon, so that he might be buried in a decent, Christian-like manner, don't you remember how he refused, because, owing to our poverty, we had no physician attending him, and could, consequently, furnish no certificate as to the cause of his death. The holy saint was afraid he might sully the purity of his ermine by burying a poor man, who might have died of over-exertion and starvation! Don't preach religion to me!"

"But then I would suppose," said Mr. Frank, who entertained very much the same sentiments as the woman did, in regard to that spurious article which circulates currently for religion, "that you had many wealthy, charitable, and philanthropic individuals in this city, who would minister to the relief of the poor and destitute, out of pure feelings of humanity?"

"Yes, we have such persons," replied the woman, with a

cold sneer. "We have hundreds who will subscribe freely towards defraying the expenses of circulating the Gospel, which they scarcely ever read, and never obey themselves, amongst the heathen, for the mere purpose of getting their names into public print, 'so that they may be glorified of men'! We have plenty of men, too, who will spend their time and money in attempts to liberate the Southern slaves, who do not feel, and can never realize a single tithe of the misery and suffering of the poor of our city! We have myriads of philanthropists who will profusely lavish their means on any, so-called, 'Reform,' which will parade their names before the world, so that their vanity may be fed by men's praises; but we have few, *very few*, who take the trouble to go into the byways and alleys of our great den of misery, to meet and relieve the wretchedness at their doors, where they will be seen by the eye of God only! Oh, no! they won't do that — they can't afford to do business on credit — they can't wait for their reward in Heaven — they must have the cash down, in the shape of man's praise, 'on demand, and without defalcation!'"

"Pray compose yourself, Mrs. Woodville," said an amiable-looking young man, who had just entered unobserved, and who, as it appeared afterwards, had been the dead girl's physician. "Regrets cannot recall your daughter's spirit — nor should you resort to them, if they could. Mary is happier where she is than she was, or ever would have been, in this world."

"Who said I was regretting her death, Doctor? I am glad she is dead! Ha! ha! ha!" and the woman broke out abruptly into a wild, ringing laugh, which echoed through the chamber of death with a fearfully sepulchral and supernatural sound.

"Oh, mother! oh! as you love me, don't do *that!*" exclaimed her daughter, with an agonized emphasis on the last word, as if she thought it a sacrilege even to name a laugh

in the presence of her dead sister. "For Mary's — for my own — for Heaven's sake — don't!" she added, as a fearful shudder ran through her delicate frame.

"Why not, Emma? why not?" said the mother, hysterically. "Why should I not laugh when I am glad? I would be glad if we could both be buried with *her!* because we must both go the same way, and in the same manner, before long!"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, do something for the poor woman!" said Mr. Frank, catching the young doctor by the arm. "She is going crazy!"

"It is best, perhaps," replied the Doctor, slowly, "to let her unburthen her feelings — there is less risk to her mind, than by attempting to arrest them. To let her say all that she has got to say, will relieve her, and prevent subsequent danger."

"But it is too *terrible!*" said Mr. Frank.

"*Terrible?*" exclaimed the woman, who had only overheard this word. "Do you call *this* terrible? This is nothing! nothing! nothing! Do you see *that* face?" she screamed, as she drew the miniature of a beautiful young girl out of her bosom, and held it directly before his eyes. "That is the face of my oldest, my first-born, and my first-lost child!

"Would you like to know her history?—it's a short one," she added; but before he could answer, she continued, with a rapid utterance: "She supported the family — her sick parents and young sisters—by her needle, just as Mary, there, did before she died; and like her, too, she began to decline; her lungs became affected, and her strength failed rapidly. Just at this time, when we were all about to resign ourselves to despair, she saw a notice, in a daily paper, that, 'a young lady was wanted, to take care of an elderly gentleman, where the work would be light, and wages good.' We looked upon this as a bright beacon of hope. She left home, one fine morning, to make application for the station

of nurse, as she supposed. That day, the next, and another, and another, weeks and months passed, but she came not. We made all possible search for her, but in vain! We gave her up, with many bitter, bitter tears, as lost to us forever. A year had elapsed when, one night, I heard a light knock at the door. I opened it, and, oh God! there was my lost child! She had returned! Yes! she had come back to the arms of her mother! but how? Ruined! ruined! body and soul!"

"Ah! you begin to think *this is* terrible!" she exclaimed, in a tone of icy mockery, as she observed the cold sweat gathering over Mr. Frank's pale brow, and a low tremor thrill through his body. "Yes, it is — I'm glad you realize it. I need not tell you, that this advertisement was a bait, to decoy her into an infernal den, where she was kept confined by lock and key, for months, by one of our most wealthy merchants — the husband of a lovely woman; the father of six children; a prominent member of Dr. Fairface's church, and a liberal patron of all modern reforms! Violence, force, brutalized barbarity, at which the soul of the blackest fiend would shudder, accomplished their purpose, and then she was turned out, to come home to her poor mother's arms, to give birth to the fruits of shame, and to die! She and her babe are covered by the clay of Potter's-field! Is *that* terrible?"

"Oh! no! That's *nothing! nothing! nothing!*" she continued, in a tone of bitter irony. "If she had only been a slave in some Southern State, and had been thus ruined, body and soul, by her master, then the case would have been entirely different! What a pure fund of pious feeling would have suddenly become awakened in the breasts of our northern philanthropists! How deeply they would have sympathized with the poor unfortunate victim! How eloquently they would have denounced the whole system of slavery; and with what a holy indignation would they have

decried a government that permitted a state of society to exist, in which such damning crimes could be committed with impunity! But as it *was*, nothing was said or done. Nobody raised a hand or a voice in behalf of injured innocence, because doing so would have been merely performing an act of pure justice to a poor, fallen creature of their own race and color! There was no fanaticism to prompt it — no glory to be gained by it, in *this* world, and it might have required the sacrifice of some personal interest — so it wasn't done!"

"Come with me," said the young doctor, taking hold of Mr. Frank's arm. "This is no place for us; our presence only increases her frenzy. Emma," he added in a low tone, turning to the young girl, "try to compose your mother, as you best can. I will return soon, *alone*, and see what I can do for you."

"Thank you, Doctor — thank you!" said the girl; "you are indeed, like Luke, not only a physician to the body, but a physician to the soul."

"Was that all true which we heard?" said Mr. Frank to his companion, after they had got out into the street; "or was it merely the wild ravings of an over-excited brain?"

"God knows it is all too true!" replied the doctor, solemnly.

"What was done with the merchant?" enquired Mr. Frank, after a short pause, as he wiped the damp sweat from his face.

"Nothing!"

"Nothing! Is there no law in the land?"

"I believe there is," replied the doctor; "but it is like nearly everything else — those who want to use it must be able to pay for it, which our poor friend was not. Besides this, the death of the girl destroyed the proof; and so the diabolical author of her ruin escaped punishment."

"But then, I suppose," replied Mr. Frank, "he is univer-

sally despised and loathed in the community; and thus receives a small share of the punishment due to him."

"By no means," said the doctor; "he holds as high a position as he ever did. Scripture tells us that *charity* covereth a multitude of sins. I have no doubt it is so in the sight of God; but with men, *wealth* possesses similar virtues. It is true, it made a little excitement among the congregation of which he is a member, but it soon passed away. He always contributed freely towards the expenses of the church, and the minister, therefore, could not afford to lose him; so he gave the whole affair several good oleaginous coatings, and he thus retained his profitable member, instead of cutting him off and casting him into the fire, as Scripture teaches us should be done."

"Here, take this money!" said Mr. Frank, handing the young physician a roll of notes, as he was about to leave him; "give it to the poor woman, but do not tell her from whom it comes."

"In behalf of the widow and orphan, you have my deepest, heartfelt thanks!" exclaimed the doctor, grasping his hand warmly. "This will not only preserve the family from starvation, but it will insure the daughter a good burial, which no one deserves more than she does."

"Alas!" he added musingly, as if to himself, "if I could only have had these means in my power sooner, a different result might have followed."

"Excuse me, my young friend," said Mr. Frank; "but I supposed that you professional men had nearly always plenty of pecuniary means at command."

"I am sorry to say that your opinion is a very erroneous one," replied the doctor, with a faint smile. "Many of us young physicians are, in reality, as poor as the family we have just seen; although we manage, as we must do, to preserve a better exterior. But God only knows how we do it, at times! The large majority of people in this city who

can pay, employ only physicians who make a great display. They feel their vanity flattered by having their doctor drive up to the door with a carriage and a pair of fiery horses. It looks aristocratic; and induces their neighbors — and nearly everybody, here, lives for the purpose of making an impression on his neighbors — to believe that they move in the upper circles of society. The consequence of this is, that the poor members of the profession, who cannot make this ostentatious show, are kept down, often in an almost starving condition, by those who can; and who very frequently possess but very slender qualifications for the responsible duties which they assume. So you see the rich do with us what they do everywhere — they govern the poor, and frequently with no gentle sway."

After promising the doctor that he would call to see him that evening, Mr. Frank left him, and returned to his hotel with ideas considerably expanded, in regard to a certain portion of the misery which prevails in our great cities. What influence it had on his future course remains to be seen.

How many cases of destitution, poverty, misery, and death, caused directly or indirectly, by the neglect, cruelty, and avarice of Northern capitalists, are daily occurring in our large cities! How many young, beautiful, and innocent girls—the pride, the comfort, and often the only hope of their aged parents—are decoyed from their homes, and immolated in some infernal den, where their cries and their prayers are alike unheard and unheeded! Everybody is aware of some of these facts. We can scarcely look into a public journal without meeting with one or more of such cases. Our police records are filled with them, and yet the history of hundreds are unwritten and unknown, save to the fiendship perpetrators of them, and to the heart-broken and ruined victims of their infernal schemes and orgies! Can such acts occur with impunity? Will a civilized and Christian community tolerate such diabolical crimes? Will not every father and mother

tremble to think of the fate which *may* await their own daughters? Will not every true-hearted philanthropist, and every honest man, raise his hand and his voice against such things? Will not every citizen call aloud upon the officers of justice to ferret out such villany, and to visit it with the punishment which its heinousness so justly and imperatively demands?

Honest-hearted men! and virtuous-minded women! if in the purity of thought you think so, we pity your ignorant simplicity! Our *warm-hearted* philanthropists—those "friends to their race!" whose praises are constantly being sung by themselves and their satellites, not only here, but beyond the seas, have *no time* to devote to the eradication of *such* evils! Their physical and mental vision is suffering under a disease, termed by the doctors *presbyopy*, but more commonly known by the vulgar name of *long-sightedness*. They cannot see the suffering thousands around and amongst them. Their eyes are firmly directed towards the far South; their fertile minds are busily engaged in inventing imaginary evils there, and in magnifying those which *do* exist. Their hearts bleed only for the negro, their tears flow only for persons clothed in a *black* skin, and their money can only be expended for the relief of those, whose *real* condition is more free from misery, than that of the poor of our Northern cities! because in doing so, "they receive *men's* praises."

Who ever heard of them making any continued and systematic effort to ameliorate the condition of the over-worked and starving seamstresses in the North, or to secure to the unfortunate bond-children, apprentices, and operatives in our factories, the rights and blessings to which they are entitled? Who ever heard of them pursuing the licentious profligate and libertine, with the strong arm of the law, and demanding of him a reparation—trifling, as it always is, at best—for the inhuman and irreparable ruin of which he is the fiendish author? *No one!* Such things may have been done, but

not by *them!* *Their* minds are engrossed by but a single idea. Their time, money, and energies, are all absorbed in the attempt to effect a political reform, which at present is utterly impossible, and the ultimate accomplishment of which is defeated by their own fanatical efforts; whilst they entirely neglect to remedy those evils — equally great — which are fully within their reach! Yet they lay claim to a universal love for *all* the human family! Verily, consistency, thou *art* a jewel!

CHAPTER XI.

SLIGHTLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF NORTHERN SLAVERY; A SUBJECT HITHERTO ENTIRELY OVERLOOKED BY KIND-HEARTED PHILANTHROPISTS — BECAUSE IT DON'T PAY.

THE beautiful steamer, John Randolph, was lying at the wharf, at Philadelphia. She was just getting ready to pass down the river, on her trip to Richmond, Virginia. The passengers, freight, and baggage, were on board, the steam was up, the word was given, and everything was ready to cast loose.

Just at this moment a confused shout was heard, followed by cries of, "Head her off!" "Stop thief!" "Go it, boots!" and a negro girl was observed running down the street, directly towards the boat, followed by a crowd, composed, as such crowds usually are, of drunken police-officers, hangers-on about engine-houses, loafers about grog-shops, boys of all ages, sizes, and colors, and rowdies of all imaginable grades and characters.

Mr. Frank was standing on the deck, watching the tumult. As the girl approached nearer to the boat, he observed that she was the poor creature who had opened the door for him on his first visit to Mr. Burton. About the same moment that he recognised her, she caught a glimpse of him, and running over the connecting-plank, she sprang aboard the boat, rushed up to the place where he was standing, and falling down upon her knees before him, exclaimed, in the same piteous tones he had heard her make use of before:

"Oh, Massa, help me! do, oh, do! Don't let that man git me 'gin!—oh, don't! He'll kill me if he gits me! oh, I knows he will!"

Whilst she was yet imploring Mr. Frank to save her from some person unknown, Mr. Burton sprang upon the deck, and, without noticing him, rushed up to her, and seizing her rudely by the arm, attempted to drag her away. But a long train of abuse and protracted cruelty had rendered her desperate; and she clung to Mr. Frank's knees with a force which Heaven grants to weak beings only when they are driven to the verge of despair.

"Let go, Nell, let go!" he exclaimed, shaking her furiously, and attempting to tear her away by main force. "Let go, I tell you! If you don't, I'll teach you better, when I get you home, than to run away again!"

"Friend," said a tall man, whose weather-beaten face was nearly concealed by a broad-brimmed felt hat, stepping up to Mr. Burton, "don't you think, now, a leetle less roughness would answer the purpis jist as well? As a gin'ral rule, we don't treat our slaves that way, out in old Kintuck; and if occasionally one master out of a hundred does make a brute of himself, the Abolitionists make it ten times worse than it is, and publish it all over the country, as a sample of common occurrences in the slave States."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Burton, becoming perfectly livid with baffled rage, "will you be so kind as to mind your own

business? This girl," he added, shaking her again, with all his strength, for the double purpose of tearing her loose, and preventing her piteous appeals for protection, "is my bound servant, and she has attempted this same trick twice before, and so, you see, I am determined to have her back, no matter who opposes it!"

"And now, stranger," observed the Kentuckian, rubbing his huge fist under Mr. Burton's nasal organ, "I don't wish to hurt any livin' human critter's feelings, so I'll jist give you fair warnin' to let that gal go, for my fist has got an ugly habit of goin' off half-cocked—and when it does, it is nearly always sure to hit *somebody!*"

"Yis," said Jimmy, who had been attracted to the spot by the tumult, and whose countenance assumed a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect, from the bright prospects of 'a dacent fight.' "Yis, and iv that mild mode ov perswashun should fail to produce the nisissary effect, I might possibly be timpted to lift ye overboard, by way ov seein' whether a cold bath 'ud do ye any good! I've seen such thratemint do wonders in cases of shape-thaves, fightin' bull-tarriers, and other low blayguards!"

This additional argument of Jimmy's, however, was entirely unnecessary. The mere intimation of the unpleasant propensity of the Kentuckian's fist to go off at uncertain intervals, was sufficient to induce him to relinquish his hold without further delay.

"That girl," said Burton, appealing to the bystanders, as he placed a safe distance between himself and the gentleman with the self-acting fist, "is my servant. The law protects me in my right to her services; and I call upon you gentlemen present, to witness that I have been deterred from obtaining my rights by threats from this man."

"Yes, and you can call 'em to witness, that those threats meant exactly what they said," replied the Kentuckian, coolly discharging about a half-pint of concentrated tobacco-

juice from his mouth, "and, if anything, a leetle more. But as to your laws, I don't believe that they protect you any more when you treat your bound-children cruelly, than the laws with us do the master who abuses his slaves. Them's my sentiments, and you've got 'em gratis; and you can have yer eyes blacked, and nose cracked, for the same price, if you only say the word."

"No, the laws are opposed to cruelty and ill-treatment of all kinds," interposed a pale-faced, sharp-featured gentleman, who proved to be a lawyer. "But there is so much difficulty in obtaining the necessary proof, and so much reluctance on the part of those who are aware of the facts, and are generally neighbors, to prosecute the masters, who are often persons of high social standing, and thus provoke their enmity, for the only purpose of protecting poor and unknown children, that the law, in such cases, is usually nothing more than a mere dead letter. The consequences can be readily imagined."

"See here, my friend, will you be so kind as to tell me whether you were born and got your bringin'-up in this city?" enquired the Kentuckian, who began to entertain shrewd suspicions that the speaker might be some English tourist, who had crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of exaggerating everything that was bad, and misrepresenting everything that was good, in our social and political organization.

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir," replied the gentleman, with a mild smile. "I was born in this city, and have lived here all my lifetime, which now numbers nearly sixty years, and I feel as if I knew something about it. One thing I *do* know; and that is, that those poor bound-children are, in nearly all instances, not only entirely denied the benefits afforded by our world-renowned system of public education, and are thus, as a body, kept in the most grovelling and abject ignorance, but that their whole lives are spent amidst labor and drudgery, almost, oftentimes, entirely beyond their

powers of endurance. In return for their services, they are, too often, but half-clothed, half-fed, and treated with a cruelty that would produce indelible stains upon the character of even savages!

"In the course of my legal practice," continued the honest attorney, whilst a flush of virtuous indignation mantled over his face, "I have become acquainted with many cases, the mere details of which would be sufficient to make the most callous heart bleed with agony. Yet, what I have seen is a mere tithe of what I know to exist, almost unknown and uncredited by the community! Such children often run away, as appears to have been the case in this instance; others remain until the period of their indentures expires; whilst not a few, owing to the death, removal, or neglect of their original guardians, and their own ignorance of their rights, are kept in this miserable state of free slavery several years longer than they were articled for. When they are finally thrown out into the world, by one or other of these means, they are entirely ignorant of every mode of obtaining an honest livelihood; their minds have become brutalized by the harsh treatment received from their masters; and they return upon the community, prepared only for lives of low, vicious indulgences, or murderous revenge. Knowing these things, we should feel no surprise that our city is at the mercy of lawless companies of fighting firemen and organized bands of rowdies and assassins!"

"Wal, now, that's not an overly-allurin' picture of Northern society. It's *rather considerably* worse than slavery is with us," drawled out the Kentuckian, when the gentleman had finished his remarks. "Why don't the abolitionists turn their 'tention to it? What a rich field it would be for their dear, kind hearts to labor in; and what a good harvest they could reap, if the lab'rers were only a leetle more plentier! I should think it might absorb some of their extra philanthropy, which is forever popping out of their mouths, jist

like strong beer out of bottles, when the necks are knocked off!"

"But see here, stranger," he continued, "I go in for fair play, and no gougin', so we'll hear what this black gal's got to say; and, if it appears that you've treated her anyways near right, why I've no objections to your toteing her off again."

Mr. Burton, however, manifested no desire to hear Nell's story—perhaps on account of his being intimately acquainted with it already, and not caring about a needless repetition of facts, which might show up his feelings of philanthropy to others in a rather unfavorable light. So, after offering several excuses, which were not received, he attempted to leave the boat, with very much of the air of a disconcerted pickpocket, caught in the act of relieving a pocket; but the Kentuckian caught him gently by the arm, and, by a graduated increase of the pressure, as he attempted to free himself, he succeeded in retaining his company.

"See here, you gal," said the rough-spoken, yet good-hearted merchant, to Nell, who had secreted herself behind several gentlemen, and was most earnestly imploring them to kill her, rather than to allow Burton to take her back again. "See here, come and tell us how this man treated you."

"Oh! no — I can't! — 'deed I don't want to — I don't!" replied Nell, as she caught a momentary glimpse of Burton's threatening countenance.

"Come, now, don't be a fool!" he answered. "Nobody'll hurt you. It's easy enough for you to tell how hard he made you work, how well he clothed you, and how much he gave you to eat! But as for the clothing part," he added, looking at her tow-linen garment, "there's not much use in asking that; and, as far as the feedin' is consarned, your bony arms and sunken cheeks don't speak much in favor of any active fattenin' process. But, anyhow, let us know how he used you.'

"'Deed, Massa," replied Nell, trembling from head to foot, "I'd radder not! I did 'plain ob 'im las' week, and dis is wot I got for it," she added, as she unbuttoned her dress, exposing her chest, which was perfectly carved with fresh wounds, crossing each other in every direction, and looking as if they had been made with a heavy leather strap.

A low, deep, muttered groan of indignation, ran through the crowd, at the sight.

"Oh! don't let 'im take me back!" exclaimed the poor creature, appealing frantically to the persons around. "Don't, and God 'll bless you all! I'se not his slave — I b'longs to anoder man, 'way down in ole Virginny — 'deed I does! Massa took me away from 'im, and sed dat if I'd go wid 'im I needn't neber work nothin', no more!"

"Look here, my gal," said the Kentuckian, "what is your real master's name?"

"I doesn't 'member his name," she replied. "I'se forgot eberyt'ing, but I'd 'member 'im, if I'd ebber see 'im. Oh! dere he is!—dere he is!" she exclaimed, suddenly darting to the opposite end of the boat, and falling down at the feet of Doctor Manly, who stood there, leaning against the railing, and carefully observing what was going on.

"Oh, Massa! Massa! I'se *so* glad to see yer!" she exclaimed, catching hold of him with a tenacious grasp, and looking imploringly into his eyes. "Yer won't let Massa Burton take me any more, 'cause I doesn't b'long to 'im, and is yer slave jist the same as 'fore I runned off wid 'im. Yer was allers a good Massa to me, and yer won't let 'em hurt me now?"

"My slave? you my slave?" said the Doctor, in a tone of deep surprise. "I certainly do not remember ever having owned you. I should be extremely sorry to own such a miserable-looking creature as you are!"

"Oh, Massa! Massa! Oh! you hasn't forgot me? Doesn't yer 'member little Nell, dat use to catch de colt, and ride

'um out inter de fiel, down in ole Virginny, on de plantashun?"

"Why—yes—I believe I do," replied the Doctor, slowly, as a dim recollection of her, and her childish freaks, dawned upon his mind. "Yes, I remember you now, Nelly, but I must confess that freedom has wrought such a decided change in you for the worse, that I would never have known you from your mere appearance. I am not surprised that you do not relish your liberty."

"No 'deed, Massa, I doesn't like bein' free! Do, please do, take me 'long back! I doesn't want ter be Massa Burton's slave no more!"

"Well, if you are so anxious to go back with me, I do not see that I can refuse," he replied. "Besides, in your present condition, I think it would be a mere act of mercy to return you into slavery; although I must confess, that I do not wish to hold *any* human being in bondage—much less those who have once obtained their freedom. But where is this man Burton?" he added, looking around to see what had become of that amiable friend of the African race.

"He's made tracks," said the Kentuckian. "As soon as I let his arm go, he jumped ashore; and if he's troubled with any conscience, I s'pose he's gone and hung himself—if he hasn't, somebody ought to do it for him, for I don't know any person outside or inside of the penitentiary, who deserves it more than he does."

The connection of the steamboat with the wharf was now severed, and she glided down the river like a thing of life. The ladies on board levied a general contribution on their wardrobes, applied themselves assiduously to their needles, and by virtue of various alterings and modellings, taking-ups and taking-ins, fittings and refittings of dresses, soon succeeded in clothing her in quite a different style, and making her look something more like a human being.

For a few hours scarcely any other subject was spoken

of by the passengers; but its interest gradually died away, and in a very short time it was no longer alluded to. Every individual's mind was occupied with some business of a personal nature, and this, together with the fact that no particular political, or other capital, could be manufactured out of it, soon caused it to be almost entirely forgotten.

Had black Nell received her scars and ill-treatment from the hands of a slave-holder, and had Mr. Burton been her Southern master, pursuing her, and attempting to carry her back into slavery, every Abolition paper in the country would have sent forth column after column of exaggerated and highly-colored pictures of the case; every hired lecturer of the party, would have found in it material for any number of hyperbolical and inflammatory speeches; and every one of their political demagogues, north of Mason and Dixon's line, would have looked upon it as a perfect godsend, out of which to manufacture electioneering capital.

But the case was entirely different! Although she had been half-starved, abused and maltreated, in a manner seldom heard of among slave-owners; yet she was not a slave, in the *popular* sense of the word; and what does it matter how much wrong, how much misery, and how much suffering people are compelled to endure, if it is not the result of Southern slavery! She had only been treated as many hundreds of bound boys and girls, and children, who work in our large factories, are; and of course nobody was responsible for it! On the contrary, it was a source of the most lively gratification to know that she might have obtained redress at the hands of the laws of the free States; only it unfortunately happened, that she didn't know anything about those laws; and if she did, she had no money, means, or friends to enforce them for her; so that, in a *practical* point of view, they were about of as much benefit to her, as the dry sands of Arabia are to a drowning sailor, in the midst of the ocean! But then that don't matter—we live in a period

of the world in which people's ideas are governed by *names*, and not by *things;* and if this poor creature had been treated only half as cruelly by her slave-master, as she was by this mealy-mouthed, hypocritical scoundrel, the case would have assumed a quite different aspect; and there would have been no end to the streams of crocodile tears which would have been shed in her behalf. Verily, this *is* a strange world!

CHAPTER XII

SHOWING HOW A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN, WHO REJOICED IN THE TITLE OF M. C. AND EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY, STARTED OUT WITH A PROPOSITION TO PROVE SLAVERY A SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL BLESSING; BUT STOPPED SHORT OF IT, FOR REASONS HEREINAFTER MADE KNOWN.

Since he had left his home, Mr. Frank became every day more convinced that, although slavery was a great evil, there were other evils, connected with the ordinary social organization of society, which were almost, if not quite, as productive of misery. He had listened very attentively to Jimmy's plain and unvarnished description of the sufferings of the poor and starving inhabitants of Ireland; he had witnessed, with his own eyes, much of the degraded condition of the lower classes of the city; and he had observed, with pain, the vicious indulgences and deficient sense of moral responsibility which, to a great extent, pervaded the higher classes.

He had discovered, too, that much of the sympathy and fellow-feeling which was constantly professed by many, was a mere subterfuge to gain political power, or to cloak base and hypocritical motives; and he found that the worse than

enslaved condition of the apprentices and bound servants of the North, existed not only in a few isolated cases, but that there were hundreds in an even more abject and cruel situation than that of black Nell's with Mr. Burton. The more complete knowledge of these facts, which he had but lately learned, affected him deeply, and he felt convinced that the widest charity which man could possibly exert, could find deserving objects near at home; and nothing was truer than the words of our blessed Saviour, when he said, "Ye have the poor with you always." Whilst he felt convinced of this truth, he consoled himself with the reflection that he had never denied them that asked, or turned the needy empty from his door. How easy it is to reconcile our consciences to what we wish to do, and to reason ourselves into the belief that it is *right!*

If Mr. Frank had carried his thoughts a little farther, he would have discovered that he was spending a vast amount of time and money, for the mere purpose of liberating a few slaves, who would, at best, make a very questionable use of their liberty; whilst the same means, expended nearer home, might save many poor children of his own color from a death of starvation, remove them from a life of wretchedness, idleness, and crime, and place them in situations to become, in time, useful members of the community. But he never allowed his thoughts to indulge in this train of reflections. Yet he was, in reality, an honest, good-hearted man; and had the welfare of the whole human family deeply at heart.

The next day after the John Randolph left Philadelphia, was a beautiful spring morning; and the passengers had nearly all come on deck, to enjoy the fresh breezes of the sea. As is usual on such occasions, they arranged themselves into different groups, and engaged in conversation. In one group, amongst several others, were Mr. Frank, the Kentucky merchant, a Congressman from the North, and our friend, Dr. Manly. An allusion to the case of Nelly, and the

cruelty of Burton, incidentally opened the subject of slavery; which, in all parts of our country, and at all times, forms a fruitful subject for discussion.

"Slavery can be defended upon moral, political, and religious grounds," said the Congressman, in a tone of self-importance; as if his assertion was of more weight than that of any other man, who did not wear M. C. after his name. He felt his consequence, perhaps, more on account of a speech which he had made in Congress, during the past session, in which he attempted to prove that slavery was a moral and political blessing; and succeeded most admirably in proving himself, not only a consummate blockhead, but established beyond cavil his claims to being a low, servile, truckling demagogue. In return for this speech, and his vote, the Southern members patted him upon the back, praised his forensic talents, and promised to return the favor at the proper time; but at heart they despised him, as traitors to the cause of Truth always are despised. They knew well that he had uttered falsehoods, and perverted facts, of which not one in ten of them would have been guilty; yet, like nearly all other men, although they loathed the man and his lies, they were willing to avail themselves of his services.

"Yes," he continued, "when we once find that it can be defended upon moral, political, and religious grounds, it necessarily follows that it is a moral, political, and religious blessing."

"Wall, stranger," said the Kentuckian, "there's no manner of doubt about its bein' a blessin', if you can maintain the premises that you start out with—which I hope you can. I'll be under considerable obligations to you if you can. I'm a slave-holder myself, but I never could git my conscience to believe in the cussed system, though I tried hard, and I've about half a notion to 'mancipate, jist to git my mind rid of it; tho' I don't believe that would be 'zactly right, because I know free niggers in the North is a heap worse off than slaves with

us. But if you can prove that it's all as straight as you say, it'll be a double blessin' to me — it'll satisfy my conscience, and save me pretty considerable in the way of dollars and cents."

"Well, then," said the M. C., with an oratorical flourish; "in the first place, it is a well-known fact, that all nations of the earth, from the earliest antiquity down to the present day, have at some time or other held slaves."

"We know all that, stranger," said the Kentuckian, interrupting him; "but with all due deference to your larnin', that argument ain't worth a straw. All nations, from the earliest antiquity down to the present day, have been guilty, at some time or other, of cutting each other's throats, without any cause, except that of a desire to plunder each other; and have committed all manner of crimes and sins; but then, because as how they did it, it's no excuse for us to do the same."

"My dear sir," said the Congressman, in a tone of insulted pride, "will you be so kind as not to interrupt me. How can you expect me to carry on a train of reasoning, when I am liable to have my thoughts deranged every minute or two? When I am done, you can suggest any doubts you may entertain, and I will explain them then."

"Sartainly — of course — I beg your pardon," replied the Kentuckian. "But I'm not used to all the twists and dodges of what you statesmen term logic; and when so much is said, I always forgit about one-half, especially when it's tangled up a good deal, as all arguments in favor of slavery are. I am a plain fellow myself, and when I come across a p'int that's not clear, I like to stick a pin in it at once, so as to git it out of the way, and then take up the next. But never mind, jist drive ahead with your argemint."

"Now, before proceeding to the moral and political aspect of the question," continued the Congressman, in a tone of

great precision; "I will first attempt to prove that slavery is permitted, and even sanctified, by Divine Revelation."

"Wall, jist prove that p'int clear!" exclaimed the Kentuckian, dashing his hat vehemently down upon the deck; "jist prove that p'int, and I don't care a straw about you provin' the moral and political part! If the Bible supports the system, why I'll risk my salvation on what it says, and let the other part go in for what it's worth."

"It is now universally admitted," continued the M. C., "that the negro race is descended from Ham, and the Bible tells us that his descendants 'shall be the servants of servants, and hewers of wood and drawers of water;' and if the Bible is true — and I would be the last man to doubt it — it necessarily follows that slavery is right."

"See here, stranger," said the honest merchant; "are you sure that passage relates to our American niggers? I have read it too, and I sometimes think that it relates to some of our Northern 'prentices and bond-children that lawyer spoke of yisterday."

"Oh, no!" said the Congressman, laughing at the Kentuckian's ignorance; "it certainly means the blacks. I maintained this ground last winter, in a speech which I made in Congress, and it was pretty generally admitted to be the correct view."

"Wall, that's rather a consolin' view of the subject," said the merchant, slowly, as if attempting to convince himself of it. "If Scripture says that they shall be servants of servants, and haul wood and water, and all that, why of course it can't be wrong to keep them as slaves; and I b'lieve I'll jist keep mine to fulfil the words of the Bible." The Kentuckian found, what many other people have discovered, that there is nothing easier in the world, than to convince ourselves of the right to pursue our interests; and that to do so, required but very slender arguments.

"Stranger," said the Kentuckian, after a long pause, which

was occupied in deep reflection, "if you ever git out to old Kintuck, just stop with John Styles, of Roaring Run, and you'll always find the latch-string hangin' out, and one of my best horses at your service. You've saved me several thousand dollars, for I began to think that slavery was wrong, and I was determined to 'mancipate; but now I see that it's all as straight as a crooked gun, and as clear as mud. Since the country's pretty well settled," he added, as if a new idea had struck him, "we don't do much in the way of hewing wood and hauling water, so that part of the text don't meet my case quite as well as it might. You couldn't find a passage in the good book, in favor of puttin' 'em to raising corn and picken tobacker, could you?"

"Well, no — not exactly in so many words," replied his friend; "but 'hewing wood and drawing water' means the same thing in substance. It means that they shall be your servants, and it matters not if you have no wood to cut, if you put them to picking tobacco—it is all the same thing in the end—one is as much work as the other."

"I'm much obliged to you," said the Kentuckian, gratefully, "for clarin' up these dark points. I never tho't much about larnin', and considered that a feller was better off without it, but now I see it's of some pretty considerable use."

"Especially," said Dr. Manly, entering into the conversation, "when we want it to defend some rotten subject which we cannot reconcile to our sentiments of common honesty, or common sense!"

"You do not pretend to say that this is the case with slavery?" said the Congressman, scornfully.

"I most certainly do," replied the Doctor, "and as a man raised among slaves, as an owner of them, and having devoted much time and attention to the subject, I think I know perhaps more in relation to it than persons less familiar with it. I know all about it, and that is much more than I want to know. It is revolting to every dictate of religion, morals,

or common law. The slaves are as much human beings as we are, and although their skin is darker than our own, they have souls the same as we have; and how can it be possible that we have a right to treat them as cattle? It requires no metaphysical reasoning to prove this. 'The still small voice that stirs within us,' is sufficient to convince any honest man."

"Wall, Mister," said the Kentuckian, "the fact is, that little voice you speak about, is the very thing that told me it was wrong; but I am willing to yield my own convictions to the Scriptures, at all times — 'twouldn't be right to go ag'in 'em, no-how. And from what this gentleman says, it's clear that they allow slavery."

"Different people understand the same thing differently," said Manly. "When Scripture says, that 'they shall be the servants of servants, and hewers of wood and drawers of water,' it does not mean that it is *right* that they should be reduced to this condition. It says too, that the descendants of 'Ishmael shall be wild men; that their hands shall be against every man, and every man's hand against them;' yet it does not follow that this is *right*. The Bible also contains prophecies that the Jews would crucify the Son of God, but it does not appear that it was right for them to do so. Christ himself says, that in the latter days, 'there shall be wars and rumors of war,' and 'that many false prophets shall arise, and say, "Lo, here is Christ, or there is Christ," and shall deceive many;' but our friend would scarcely say that such things were enjoined by Divine Revelation."

"That's a fact," said the Kentuckian, "and knocks all his fine arguments into a cocked hat. Jist a minute ago I tho't slavery was all right, and now I see it's all wrong, and has no kinder sort o' foundation. There are so many strong arguments now-a-days, for and against everything, that I'll be hanged if a feller knows what to believe; and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some slippery-tongued chap should prove

some day, that I ought to be a slave myself, and my niggers own me — and after all, I don't know but what it might be near right — 'turn about is fair play' in old Kentuck, and I 'spose everywhere else."

The honest Kentucky merchant's mind was composed of that kind of material which becomes confused by reasoning. Such people should never attempt to argue, because it only mystifies them. The only way for them to arrive at correct conclusions is, to trust to the whispering voice of their conscience, and they need not fear the result; it will be sure to lead them right. A wise Providence has implanted in every mind a sense of right and wrong, that requires no learning to mature it.

"Such passages of Scripture," continued Manly, warmly, "are mere prophecies, and not commandments. But if we look to the opposite side, we shall find positive injunctions against oppression, and 'coveting anything which is thy neighbor's;' and is not a man's freedom more valuable than any worldly possessions? Moreover, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' and this is certainly somewhat at variance with our views of slavery; unless we should occasionally exchange, and let him hold us in the same state. That evil has been and is in the world, and that Scripture declares that it shall be so, until the end of time, is no reason that we should indulge in it. 'Woe unto the world for offences! For it needs be that offences must come, but woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh!'"

"You certainly make out a strong case against slavery," said Mr. Frank, mildly; "but if you feel what you portray so eloquently, why do you not practise the doctrine which you teach?"

"How can I practise it?"

"By simply emancipating your slaves," replied Mr. Frank.

"That might remove the stigma of slavery from me," replied Manly, "but it would be of very doubtful benefit to

the slave. In some of your boasted free States you have passed laws forbidding the black man to enter their borders, and in those in which no such laws exist, he is treated like a degraded being, and he feels it and lives up to the sentiment by reducing himself to a much more miserable condition than the slave of the South. Such acts, and such feelings, are sad commentaries on the pure motives and Christian love of those who urge us to emancipate!"

"Yes," said the Kentuckian, who was exceedingly anxious to smooth over his own short-comings, by assailing those of others, and thus reconcile his conscience to the beam in his own eye, whilst he was looking for the mote in others. "Yes, that's the p'int—first prepare a proper asylum for the slave, before asking us to give him up."

"But, friend," said Manly, laying his hand on the merchant's shoulder, and speaking in a very impressive manner, "these mutual recriminations never result in any good. Northern men undoubtedly have evils enough near at home, to demand all their attention, without interfering with our institutions; but this is no reason why we should not attempt to remove those which surround us. I, for my part, have made up my mind to educate my slaves so as to fit them for freedom, and then to emancipate them. I know they will not be benefited by this act in the present state of society, but, nevertheless, I will thus remove a load from my conscience, which sits heavily upon it."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus," said Mr. Frank, grasping Manly's hand, and shaking it warmly, "and would that the South had many more men like you!"

"And there would be hundreds and thousands more like me," said the Doctor, bitterly, "had it not been for the injudicious and uncharitable course of Northern fanatics. In the days of Jefferson, Randolph, and Pinckney, there was a strong feeling prevalent throughout Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and part of Kentucky, in favor of emancipation. Their speeches and writings were gradually preparing the

public mind for it; and when the great Henry Clay reached the zenith of his glory, it would only have required his practical aid, to have engrafted his plan of gradual emancipation upon the groundwork they had prepared; and those States would now be in the way of working out the freedom of the slave. The moral force of their example would have operated on State after State, until this whole great Republic would be, as it should be, a land of liberty for *all*. That this is not the case now, the slave need only thank his injudicious friends—if friends they are—the Abolitionists of the North. Their insane attacks upon the morals, motives, honor, and power of the slave-holder, have retarded the cause of liberty for many long years."

"But it seems to me," replied Mr. Frank, who began to have a dreamy perception of the truth of some of his remarks, "that you censure the Abolitionists too severely. Have you not just now said yourself, in substance, nearly everything that they urge against slavery?"

"So I have," replied Manly; "but it should be remembered that the Abolitionists add enough insult and opprobrium to argument to incense better beings than mere mortal men. Besides, we hear from one another what we would not do from strangers. This is a natural feeling of man. Look to our two great parties, and see how they slander and vilify each other's candidates; yet, if a foreigner should dare to make use of a single tithe of their misrepresentations in regard to either one, he would bring down on his head the concentrated indignation of both. It is the same with us—sectional feeling once embittered, is much more enduring than even national hatred. I know this is all wrong, but human nature is made of such frail materials everywhere. Even in the holy cause of religion, curses never lead to conversion; neither do they convince people of their social and political sins."

Nobody replied to these remarks, because nobody knew what to say; and the subject was dropped.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH MR. FRANK AND JIMMY CROSS THE RUBICON, VULGARLY TERMED MASON AND DIXON'S LINE, AND ENTER INTO THE CONFINES OF OLD VIRGINIA, AND THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

During the remainder of the voyage, Mr. Frank and the young physician were nearly always in each other's company. The pure, honest motives of the former, which beamed forth in every expression of his countenance, and manifested themselves in every tone of his voice; and the plain, practical common sense of the latter, which was equally evident, produced mutually agreeable impressions, which ended in Mr. Frank's acceptance of an invitation to accompany the Doctor home as his guest.

When the boat reached the wharf at Richmond, the Doctor's carriage was in waiting, to take them to his plantation, which was situated several miles from the river. Mr. Frank, himself, and Nelly, took their places on the inside; whilst to Jimmy was allotted a seat on the box, by the side of the black driver, who was as ugly a specimen of Ethiopia's productions, as mortal man ever placed his eyes upon. In stature, he was short, thick, and dumpy, giving to his gait an exceedingly waddling motion. His face was large, perfectly round, of a deep shining black; and looked more like a full moon laboring under a total eclipse, than anything else to which we can compare it. His cheeks were full and projecting; and whenever he moved a muscle of his face, they shook with a tremulous quiver, like two huge masses of black currant jelly. His nose, which harmonised perfectly with his cheeks, was as broad as it was long, and as thick as it was broad, and

radiated gradually towards every part of his face; whilst his mouth, bounded by its two red lips, looked like a large lacerated wound extending from ear to ear; and gave rise to the impression, whenever he opened it, that the top of his head was about to fall off. These personal features were not lost upon Jimmy; and after getting on the box, he sat gazing at him for several minutes in mute astonishment.

"See here, Snowball," he said, after looking at him until the tears started into his eyes, without producing the slightest effect upon the object stared at; "now I dare say ye're somethin' of a ladies' man?"

"Why—yes—I'se all dat! I'se happy to say dat I occupies a superpreminent posishun in de estimashun and 'fecshuns ob de fair sec gen'ally!" replied the driver, with a broad grin of pardonable pride.

"Be jabers! I jist knew that same the very minnit I clapped me eyes on yer purty face!" said Jimmy, with a knowing wink.

"Yer mus' be a gemman of perfound 'scriminative powers!" said the Ethiopian Adonis, with a low bow.

"Av coorse I am," replied Jimmy. "I've travelled through nearly all forain parts of the world, and am somethin' of a ladies'-man meself; so ye see I've every raison to judge. These milk-faced chaps, called poits, may palaver jist as they plaze aboot the power of the eye; shure, the ladies—God bless 'em!—knows better; for faith, don't they always fall in love with a jintleman whose mouth is puckered up, as if it was forever waterin' for a kiss? The blessid minnit that I saw that hundrid-horse-power, patent-suction-pump mouth of yourn, I knowed that one half of the girls in these parts were crazy aboot yer."

By a free use of the "blarney," Jimmy succeeded, before they had half accomplished their journey, in not only convincing him that he was the handsomest individual of the human species, but he actually wormed every secret that he

ever possessed, out of him; and learned as much of his master's plantation as if he had lived on it all the days of his life.

"And now, me jewil," said Jimmy, after he had gleaned all the information out of him he could think of, "I don't wish to same inquisitive, but iv it wouldn't be contrary to the rules of Virginny politeness, I should like to be afther askin' yer name. It's convaynient to know who ye're talkin' to; and besides that, I should like to write it in goold letters in my autobiography, benayth that of the Duchess of Fustianhead."

"My name," said the sable gentleman, with an air of the most conscious dignity and importance; "my name is Marcus Cæsar Augustus Adolphus, of Greenwood Place, in de State ob ole Virginny."

"W-h-e-w! the divil ye say?" said Jimmy, with a prolonged whistle. "Why how, in the name of St. Patrick, can a poor nagur like yourself afford to wear so long a name? It'll cost rather much to put it in goold letters, so I'll jist cut the head and tail off, and call ye Caysar. And now, Caysar, me jewil, I 'spose ye'd like to know me own name?"

"If I might condescend to so 'squsite a pleasure," said the American namesake of the Roman hero, with a gracious smile.

"Well, see here, Caysar, me boy," replied Jimmy; "I don't care to afford ye that *same* pleashure, only I'm afraid the sudden delight 'll be too great for yer poor, wake, black narves, and throw ye into the middle of next wake, and infantile convulshuns. Me name is James O'Brien, ov the town ov Kildoan, County Clare, in Ireland; and I'm a lineal descindant, through several circuitous routes, of the Caysars and Ptolomies, who settled in Erin about the yare one, and were, ivery mother's son of 'em, rale kings and princes, of the true blood royil!"

"Well now! I nebber *did!*" exclaimed the Virginian Cæ-

AUGUSTUS ADOLPHUS AND JIMMY COMPARING NOTES.

sar Augustus, in the most profound astonishment at the idea of Jimmy's remote ancestry.

"No, and ye niver *will!*" replied Jimmy, significantly; "if ye do, jist tell me about it, will ye? See here, Caysar and Co.," he added, pointing to a huge negro in an adjoining tobacco-field, who was leaning on his hoe, as a very convenient support, "what's that nagur doin' over thare?"

"He's bin hoin' ob 'baccer," replied Cæsar, "but he's takin' ob a rest now."

"Faith, and I tho't he was performin' the importint duty ov action as a scarecrow, an' was supportin' his lazy equilibrium with the hoe-handle! Troth, iv he was in the North, or in ould Ireland, it's little time he'd have for that same watchin' ov birds!"

"Wot, is de laber more arderous in de land ob liberty, dan wid us?" enquired Cæsar, in unfeigned astonishment, as he wiped his forehead with a highly-scented cambric handkerchief.

"Ye'd better take me word and b'lave it," replied Jimmy, "thin to go and thry it for yersilf. Ye've got plinty ov liberty thare to do nothin', and starve; but whin it comes to work, ye've got to do more in one day, than ye lazy Virginny nagurs do in a whole wake."

"Why, I'se utterly 'sprized and 'stonished!" said Cæsar, with an incredulous look, and eyes expanded to the size of an ordinary dinner-plate. "I tho't in de blessed free States, niggers were nebber called 'pon to 'scend to laber, but were 'sported by de Bobolitionists, free gratis and for nuthin', and were toted to all de gran' meetuns and percesshuns in de country."

"Och! may all the saints purtict yer innersense!" exclaimed Jimmy, with a look of deep compassion. "Shure, me precious child, yer ideas are as grane as yer skin's black — an' that's sayin' a good dale. Faith, it's little the Aboli-

tionists care about yer black hides — it's their own skins they're lookin' afther all the while."

"Dat possible?" gasped Cæsar Augustus, as his eyes assumed a peculiar fixed and glaring expression, which by no means improved his personal beauty.

"It's not only *possible*, me innersint darlin'," replied the descendant of the Cæsars and Ptolomies, "but it's a stubborn, undeniable fact, which ye'd find out to yer sorrow, if ye were thrown on their tinder marcies. Shure, don't they spind money enough in writin' and printin' ov books, holdin' meetuns, and payin' blayguard spakers, to go about lyin', to buy thousands of ye poor divils, who are groanin' under the miseries of slavery, and growin' so fat that yer eyes are beginnin' to go shet, and yer brains are so complately covered wid it, that it takes half an hour for yer ideas to rache the surface!" This latter portion of his remarks was accompanied by numerous significant nods and winks at the lump of fat at his side, and was evidently intended for his personal benefit; but that dignitary entirely failed to notice its tendency, perhaps on account of the impenetrable coating to which Jimmy alluded.

"Now iv they were in airnest about yer welfare," continued Jimmy, "ye say, instid ov makin' yer masters angry, by rayson ov abusin' thim, they'd take the money they spind, and purchase ye, and allow ye to enjoy the blessins ov liberty. By these manes they could buy out one State afther another, and after a while, whin they got stronger, they could compel the remaneder to give up the thrade. So ye say, me boy, it's all gammon!" and, by way of heightening his comprehensive powers, he ran the sharp point of his elbow facetiously into his ribs, which act of jocularity came very near pitching him headforemost from the box.

"But den, why does dey do anythin' at all?" he enquired, as soon as he had recovered his balance, and the temporary

supply of atmospheric air which had been knocked out of his body.

"The rayson ov that's all very clare," replied Jimmy; "some of 'em wants to go to the legislater, some to Congress, some wants to be gov'nirs or constables, and other high offisers, and so they try to git up a new set of principles to make capital on, and to git a party to vote for 'em. Thin a good many of 'em wants to be called 'Rayformers,' and 'Phaylantropests," and show off much better than they are, and how good they are, compared with other people. Did ye niver see at meetuns—av ye've got any ov thim things in this haythen land—how the biggest rascals always pray the loudest for poor sinners' sowls; and sigh as iv their kind hearts was jist goin' to burst, by account ov the wickedness ov the world?"

"Well, I b'leives I has hobserbed dat phernomener," replied Cæsar, carrying his thoughts back to numerous camp-meetings, at which even his dull powers of comprehension noticed, that those who prayed the most anxiously for others, nearly always forgot to practise what they preached.

"Now, me darlin'," said Jimmy, "it's jist the same way with the Aberlishunists. They don't care a bit more for your black skins thin these same rascals do about poor sinners—it's thimselves they want to glorify!"

"I'se 'stremely sorry to hear you say so," said Cæsar, with a deep, long sigh; "for I had hoped, some day or todder, to change my present benighted state for dat ob a free colored gemman ob de Norf."

"And by me sowl, me darlin'!" exclaimed Jimmy, with true Irish energy, "ye'd better consider twice before ye undertake that same wunst; unless ye're particulery in love with hard work, little payin', and less aitin'—things which don't same raysonable, judgin' from yer looks. Now, jist permit me to give ye a friend's advice," he continued, dropping his voice to a low, emphatic whisper, and applying his

mouth close to his ear; "iv ye know what's good for ye, ye'll jist try to reconcile yer rebellious nature to the horrors of slavery, perfumed handkerchers, broadcloth coats, cassimir pants, and nuthin' to do. Sich things are terrible outrages on our better feelin's, but thin they're nuthin' to the condishun of the fray nagurs.

"In less thin three months after ye'd cross Mason and Dixon's line, that cambric nose-wiper ov yours 'ud be convarted into a tow-rag; yer brodcloth coat 'ud turn to linsey-woolsey; yer casismir pants 'ud change to hard-times; and ye'd be compelled to work until that fat ov yours would melt, and rise up in clouds, like fogs on the say-shore in the mornin'. So, me dear child," he continued, with a sly leer in both eyes, "jist try to bear yer hard fate with Christian fortitude and resignashun, iv it was only for the sake of savin' yer precious bacon."

Cæsar Augustus knew nothing of liberty, except what he had gleaned from a few Abolitionist works, which had fallen into his hands; and his ideas were, that the free colored people of the North lived in the same ease and splendor that free white people did in the South. He thought that they were never compelled to labor, and that the Abolitionists gave them plenty to eat and drink, treated them as equals in every respect, and gave them money to spend whenever they wanted it. The picture painted by Jimmy was entirely new to him, and threw his thoughts into a quite different channel. Whilst he was thus lost in reflection, Jimmy employed the time in taking a minute survey of every part of his body, much in the same manner as a naturalist would study some strange *lusus natura*. After occupying himself thus for some time, he turned around to his companion, as if a new thought had just struck him.

"See here, Caysar," he said, "how's yer precious health?"

"Berry good, t'ank yer; berry good!" replied that lumi-

nary, somewhat astonished at the abruptness of the question; "how's yer own?"

"Don't throuble yerself about mine," said Jimmy. "Me health's good, always was good, and always will be good; so ye needn't ask any questions, in future, about it. I wouldn't have asked ye, only I thought perhaps ye might be laborin' under dropsy."

"Why, wat in de worl' made you tink ob dat?" enquired Cæsar, in some alarm.

"Nothin'—only I never seen a poor person swell up like you," he replied, "except onst, in ould Ireland. Ould Pat Maloney, who lived nixt cabin to us, began all at onst to fatten up widout anybody knowin' how. He had no more to ate than his nabors; and as for stalin' it, nobody had any more nor himself, so ye see his case was a grate mystery to the naborhood, until, at last, a docther come along, and examined him; and sed that he was turnin' into wather, be account of not havin' enough solid food to ate. And faith, so it was; for when he died we tapped him, and took away four big buckets full. I was afraid ye might be goin' the same way. But thin, ye say," he continued, running his fist into Cæsar's abdominal regions, with a force that came near producing a permanent derangement of his respiratory organs, "yer's is solid, and ov coorse must be healthy."

Just at this moment, the carriage turned off from the road at a right angle, and passed into a long lane, which wound between two dense rows of huge poplars, up to Dr. Manly's residence. After making the turn, Jimmy observed that the lane was completely blocked up, at its upper end, by a crowd of negroes of both sexes, and all ages and sizes; who were dancing, singing, hallooing, and shouting, much in the same manner as chorus-singers do in an Italian Opera, and with about the same harmonious unison of sound. His first impression was that they were a marauding band of slaves, who were about to attack the carriage; and he began to roll up

his sleeves, in anticipation of a nice little row. These agreeable delusions were, however, sadly dispelled by Cæsar informing him that they were the slaves on the plantation who were coming out to welcome their master home.

"And shure," said Jimmy, in reply to this intelligence, "where's their chains and fetters?"

"Chains and fetters?" enquired Cæsar, in profound ignorance of what Jimmy alluded to.

"Yis, their chains and fetters!" said Jimmy; "the irons they wear around their ankles, to kape 'em from runnin' off. Do ye understand now, ye bright child of wisdom?"

"Why — no — I mus' 'fess I doesn't 'zactly comprehend yer," said Cæsar, shutting his eyes, so that his mental operations would not be interfered with by external causes.

"No! ye don't, eh? Well, ye will afther awhile," said Jimmy, in a tone half pitiful, and half contemptuous; "ye will afther awhile. It takes some time for a simple idea to pass through the fat of yer brain; and thin it takes some time for another one to git up through it, to the sarface, aginst gravity. By chains—fetters—manacles—irons—balls," he added, making use of all the words he had ever heard, to hasten his perceptions, "I mane those things which the Aberlishunists tell us masters use for the purpose of punishin' and kapein' ye black divils in subjecshun."

"Oh! yes — yes — I understands 'um now!" said Cæsar, slowly, as if he wasn't quite sure whether he did or not.

"Ye do, eh? do ye? I'm glad ov it! What a wonderful chap ye are, to be shure!" said Jimmy; "I wonder whether one or two of thim same articles around yer ankles, for a wake or two, wouldn't improve yer knowledge of 'em, slightly!"

"De truf ob it is," said Cæsar, knowingly, "dem sort o' doin's aint to be 'scovered nowhare in Ole Virginny, as I knows on!"

"See here, Caysar, don't betray yer illustrious namesake

by lyin'!" said Jimmy, shaking his fist at him. "Ye don't pertind to say that all this talk about chains and fetters is nothin' but lies?"

"Well—no—not 'zactly dat," said Cæsar; "dey is kind ob mental 'ventions—a kind of *metap'orical figures* ob language, as Parson Jones used to say."

"Och! that's the kink, is it? Well, now, see here, my Roman héro," said Jimmy, in a deep tone of solemn conviction, catching him by the arm, and drawing him up close to him, "these Aberlishunists are *guilty of more fagures of spache besides that same!*" and as he concluded this mysterious remark, he pushed him off at arm's length, and looked steadily in his face, to see what impression this original idea had made upon him. It seemed to have produced the desired effect; for he nodded assent at least a dozen times, and rolled up the whites of his eyes, in profound admiration of its truth.

By this time, the carriage was so completely surrounded by the crowd, that it was utterly impossible to proceed, without running the risk of driving over some of the younger members of it. Doctor Manly, therefore, requested Mr. Frank to alight, and walk with him to the house. As soon as he stepped out, another shout, longer and louder than any preceding one, arose; and the slaves crowded around him with the utmost eagerness. It was truly a gratifying sight, to see the feelings of pure attachment which they manifested towards their young master. Cries, whose sincerity could not be doubted, of "God bless you, Massa!" and "Long life to you, Massa!" rose from every lip that was old enough to speak, as he passed along, patting the younger ones on the head, and shaking hands with the older ones; and enquiring anxiously about their health and happiness.

"And now, boys," he said, when he had passed through the crowd, "go and enjoy yourselves. You may spend the rest of the day as a holiday." These remarks were received with

loud exclamations of, "T'ank you, Massa; yer de same good Massa ye al'ays was!" and other highly eulogistic encomiums.

"And, in return for your Master's kindness," said Jimmy, with a dignified wave of the hand, "don't take so many holiday hours on work-days as yer in the habit of doin', ye bloody black varmints! and be shure, too, ye don't git drunk, and kick up a row, and bate each other's noses as flat as pancakes, as many of ye same to have done before."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, as he took the Doctor's arm, to walk up to the house, "I don't think I shall want you, particularly, to-day; so you can enjoy yourself as you see proper."

"I'm much obleeged til yer honor. Long life til ye!" said Jimmy, with a low bow, as he followed Marcus Cæsar Augustus Adolphus. "And iv I catch any iv these varnished haythens," he said, turning around, "abusin' their master's kindness, and kickin' up a row, I'll tache 'em the sublime principles of a dacent Irish knockdown, by way of improvin' their manners."

Dr. Manly and Mr. Frank now retired to the house, whilst the crowd returned to their quarters, carrying black Nelly with them; who forthwith became a perfect oracle in relation to Northern manners and customs. It is true, her field of observation was somewhat limited — never having been extended beyond Mrs. Burton's lower kitchen; but then her ideas, by not being divided over a large surface, were more forcible and graphic, as far as they extended, and were as interesting to her auditors, as if she had made the tour of all the free States, as a genuine fugitive lion.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROVING THAT 'ACTION AND REACTION ARE MUTUAL,' IS AS TRUE OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY AS IT IS OF ORDINARY DYNAMICS.

Doctor Manly and Mr. Frank were seated beneath the cooling shade of the large trees, which were freely studded over the lawn, in front of the house. They were discussing the ever-fruitful subject of slavery; and, although the one was a slave-holder, and the other an Underground Mail-agent, travelling *incog.*, there was a remarkable unison of sentiment between them upon many points. The Doctor admitted the full extent of the evil, and acknowledged it to be his moral duty to emancipate, although he felt convinced that, in doing so, he would place his slaves in a situation which would be productive, to them, of a much greater amount of misery than slavery itself.

On the other hand, Mr. Frank began to see that, in their *social* condition, the slaves, as a mass, were much better provided for than the free blacks of the North; and that there was less real misery amongst them than amongst the poor whites of our large cities. In fact, he began to feel that, if it was not for the religious aspect, and, perhaps, political tendency of slavery, it would be much better that it should not be interfered with at all. Whilst they were conversing upon the subject, they observed a horseman galloping through the fields, towards the house, at an easy canter.

"There comes neighbor Lincoln," said the Doctor, pointing towards him; "and although, twenty-five years ago, he was just upon the point of unconditionally emancipating his large number of slaves, he is now most bitterly opposed to

any scheme that favors it; and is noted as one of the most hot-headed fire-eaters in the State. He is most violently opposed to both Abolitionism and Colonizationism, and, hearing of my return, he has no doubt come over to enquire in regard to the state of Northern feeling."

As the Doctor finished speaking, Lincoln rode up to the gate, sprang from his horse, and threw the bridle over the paling. Although he was a man of upwards of sixty years of age, he possessed all the strength, activity, and energy of a man of forty-five, and, in fact, did not look older.

"Well, Doctor," he exclaimed, shaking the young man's hand with a vehemence less agreeable than well-meant, "I'm glad to see you back again, and to see you look so well; I was beginning to get alarmed on account of your absence. I was afraid those crazy Abolitionists had converted you *quite*, and made a lecturer of you—ha! ha! ha!" and the fiery old gentleman laughed heartily at the absurdity of his own idea.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Doctor, "but what I am more convinced than ever that slavery is wrong; but I can assure you that the Abolitionists have had but very little to do with strengthening my convictions."

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Lincoln; "nonsense, Doctor! I tell you it's all stuff! moonshine! milk and molasses! When I was your age, I entertained just such sentiments. I used to listen to old Tom Jefferson and John Randolph, talking about slavery, until they had completely convinced me, and if it hadn't been for the abuse, lies, and attacks of those milk-faced, broad-brimmed, shad-bellied traitors of the North, I'd actually have kicked every one of my boys off of the plantation some fine morning, before breakfast. But then they cured me up in a little less than no time, upon the principle of—of—what the d—l do you call it?"

"Counter-irritation?" suggested the Doctor.

"Yes, that's it! Counter-irritation—ha! ha! ha! 'Two diseases can't exist with the same intensity, in the same body,

at the same time,' as you said when you applied a blister to black Joe's head, to remove the inflammation on the inside—and it did it too, that's the best of it, just as effectually as the Abolitionists' irritation on the surface, drove out of my mind all sickening qualms in regard to slavery."

"But setting those abuses aside," interposed Mr. Frank, mildly, "do you not think that slavery is contrary to Divine Revelation, and at variance with the principles of human rights?"

"Principles of human rights may go to thunder, for all I care!" exclaimed the old fire-eater, in a tone that completely frightened Mr. Frank from the field of argument, as a similar course has many another man, and left it entirely to himself and the Doctor. "I tell you, sir!" he exclaimed, as he paced rapidly about the lawn, and gesticulated like an insane King Richard, "I tell you, sir, self-defence is the first law of nature; and principles of human rights, and all other rights, are wrongs; and anything else that you can or ever will think of, must give way to it!"

"But what has self-defence got to do with the question?" enquired the Doctor.

"Everything, sir! everything!" replied the testy old gentleman, coming to a sudden halt, and beating time with his heel in a very energetic manner. "It has so much to do with it, that we have been for years just in the position of men fighting for their political existence. The Abolitionists were not satisfied with abusing us, and telling all sorts of lies about our cruelty; but they published thousands of incendiary books, taking exceptional cases of cruelty, and converting them into the rule, and then sent them amongst the slaves, stimulating them to revolt and murder their masters! In addition to this, they organized a distinct political party for the purpose of gaining the ascendency, or holding the balance of power; so that they might legislate for their own exclusive benefit.

"This once accomplished, I should like to have seen a measure passed for the benefit of the South, or a President elected from our section of the country, or our citizens receiving a just share in the distribution of government offices! And, to tell the truth, I must confess they caught us napping! but we awakened just in time; we became organized, and I guess by this time they've discovered that we are not the fools they thought we were! — Ha! ha! ha!" and the old gentleman laughed heartily at the manner in which he thought the South had ultimately gained the victory.

"Mr. Lincoln," said the Doctor, after he had finished his laugh to his own satisfaction, "will you permit me to ask you one or two questions?"

"No! I won't do any such thing, Doctor! — I'm not that simple!" he replied. "I know you too well. You won't be satisfied with one or two, but you'll go on asking me a whole half-a-dozen as usual, and get me to give contradictory answers, so as to corner me up. No! you can't come the Yankee over me in that manner, mind I tell you!"

"But, Mr. Lincoln, but certainly——"

"There's no use in butting about it, I tell you," interposed Lincoln, tartly; "I won't stand it!"

"Yes, but you remember——"

"Well, but I *don't* remember, and I *won't* remember!" he replied, doggedly, "so you may ask just as many questions as you see proper, and I'll do just as I please about answering them."

"Very good," said the Doctor, who was perfectly acquainted with his friend's character, and knew that he had gained his point, as soon as he could get him to listen patiently. "When you intended to emancipate your slaves, you surely thought it was wrong to hold them?"

"Of course I did — what of that?"

"If it was wrong for you to hold them then," continued the Doctor, "I cannot for the life of me see why you should

be influenced to change your opinion, just because some unprincipled and fanatical men abused you at the same time that they asked you to do what your own judgment told you was right!"

"I just expected that question," replied Lincoln, "and I'll answer it in a few words. Doctor, you know I owe you a professional bill of some twelve months' standing, which ought to have been paid long ago."

"Yes, I know, but that don't matter," replied the Doctor, in the blandest tones of even a doctor's bland voice.

"I know it don't," replied Lincoln. "But what I was going to say was, that you earned it honestly; you attended faithfully, and saved several of my boys, as well as my son Tom; and I am willing to pay it, no matter how heavy it is, because it's as honest a debt as I ever owed. Now, any moment that you say, 'Mr. Lincoln, I wish you would pay that bill,' the money's at your service. But if you'd present a loaded revolver at my head, and say, 'Lincoln, you're an infernal rascal! pay that bill you owe me, or I'll blow your brains out!' do you think I'd do it? No, I'd see you hanged first!"

"But if such a case should arise, don't you think it would be advisable to pay the bill, and save your brains?" said the Doctor, laughing.

"No! it wouldn't," replied Lincoln, warmly. "I would rather blow them out myself, than be forced into a measure. So you see I don't care a straw whether slavery is right or wrong; I'm in for it, upon the principle of self-defence. I intend to keep niggers, and to encourage others in keeping them, for the purpose of acting as a check upon Northern aggression."

"You see the feeling in the South," said the Doctor, turning to Mr. Frank. "This has all been produced by senseless action — senseless, because it was premature, and carried to extremes. If no more political distinction had been made

between slave States and free States, than is made between the commercial States of the sea-border, the manufacturing States of New-England, and the agricultural States of the interior of our country, this unfortunate issue would never have been raised; and the seeds of liberty, sown by Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Clay, and others, would have fell upon good soil, taken deep root, and 'brought forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some an hundred-fold.'"

"I must acknowledge," said Mr. Frank, "that I begin to see this subject in a somewhat different light;" and he was going on to make some other remarks, not in strict consistence with his character as an Agent in the Underground Line, when he was interrupted by Mr. Lincoln exclaiming, in his usual impetuous manner:—

"Halloo! what in thunder have we got here?"

This interrogato-exclamatory ejaculation was called forth by the presence of a huge negro, who had approached unnoticed during the conversation, and now stood bare-headed before the Doctor, attempting to attract his attention by bowing in a most grotesque and humiliating manner. Before anybody could say a word, Mr. Lincoln went off again at random.

"Why, Doctor!" he exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if that ain't your man Tom! Halloo, Tom!" he continued, shaking him by the shoulder; "where the mischief did you come from? I thought that by this time you were far enough beyond the St. Lawrence, in the nigger's land of Canaan!"

"Why, I do really believe it is Tom!" said the Doctor, good-humoredly, after taking a long look at him; "I thought you had escaped into Canada?"

"No, Massa Doctor," replied Tom, who was no other than our former friend, Mr. Dixey's coadjutor. "I'se come back, an' begs yer pardin," he added, falling upon his knees, "for runnin' off from yer—I'll nebber do de like, if yer only forgib me dis time! You may whip me, Massa—do anyt'ing

to me; but jis lef me come back, and lib and die on de ole plantashun!"

"Well, Tom," replied the Doctor, "you may stay here if you want to; but as to whipping you, or anybody else, you know I never do that. You can do just as you please, Tom. You can remain here exactly as you were before, or you can run away whenever you want to, without my pursuing you—so you can suit yourself."

"Oh! yer a berry good, kind Massa, and I'll nebber leab yer agin! You allers was good to us," continued Tom, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "and I wos berry wicked to run away from yer—but den I wos punished 'nough for it—'deed I wos!"

"Yes, and for fear you wasn't," growled Lincoln, "if you belonged to me, I'd just give you a little more, so as to have my conscience perfectly satisfied that the accounts were well-balanced. So you didn't find the North what it is cracked-up to be for niggers, eh, Tom?" he added, contemptuously. "Your friends didn't clothe your nakedness, feed you when hungry, minister unto you when sick, put you in their best beds, allow you to eat at the same table, give you plenty of money to spend, support you in a life of idleness, and treat you, upon the whole, a little better than if you had been their own natural-born son?"

"No, 'deed they didn't—'ceptin' Mr. Frank here," he replied, grasping that gentleman's extended hand. "He treated me well; but as for de res' ob dem, dey used me worse dan we does dogs down in Ole Virginny."

"And so you found," said the Doctor, "what everybody else has, who knows Mr. Frank, that he is a perfect gentleman?"

"'Deed he is dat—'ceptin' yerself, he is de only rale gemman I ebber seed," replied Tom.

"What the d—l do you consider me, then, Tom?" ex-

claimed Lincoln, shaking his heavy riding-whip at him in a threatening manner.

"I—I—'deed I doesn't know!—I—I—"

"Well, never mind expressing your opinion upon that point," said the Doctor, laughing. "I am afraid it would not be very edifying. You may go down to the quarters now, and I'll speak to you to-morrow morning."

"I'se much obliged to yer, Massa! God bless yer!" he said; and making another very low salaam, he departed.

"It's very strange," said the Doctor, in a musing tone to Mr. Frank, after Lincoln had departed, "It's very strange that, just at the very time that I am preparing to emancipate, the only negroes that ever ran away from me should wish to return to slavery. It is very strange!"

Mr. Frank made no reply. After having been a frequent witness of the condition of the free negroes, and of that of those on the Doctor's plantation, he didn't think it was strange at all; but he did not like to make an open expression of his sentiments—so he very wisely said nothing.

CHAPTER XV.

TREATING OF A NEGRO BALL, FOLLOWED BY AN INDIGNATION MEETING IN THE OLD DOMINION STATE; AND SHOWING THAT SUCH THINGS ARE CONDUCTED THERE VERY MUCH AS THEY ARE CONDUCTED EVERYWHERE ELSE.

"HARK!" said Mr. Frank to Doctor Manly, as they were strolling leisurely, by moonlight, near a small grove that bounded on the negro-quarters; "hark! what noise is that?"

This enquiry was called forth by the confused sounds of some half-dozen cracked fiddles, an indefinite number of old banjos, triangles and tamborines, mingled with wild snatches of negro songs, utterly devoid of rhyme or reason; each of which seemed to vie with the other in the attempt to produce the greatest possible amount of noise; and served to impress Mr. Frank with the idea that some Southern brass-band had become insane, or that a lunatic asylum had suddenly discharged its contents upon the community.

"O! that's my people," replied the Doctor, carelessly. "I thought there was something in the wind this afternoon. I saw messengers running, in hot haste, in every direction, and I supposed that they were going to give notice to their friends on the neighboring plantations of some approaching jollification. From the number of old violins, banjos, and other instruments of 'divine music' in active operation, it appears that their invitations have met with cordial responses."

"But what does it mean?" enquired Mr. Frank, in a tone of unfeigned surprise; for his mind had hitherto been so completely filled up with ideas of "chains, fetters, stripes, scars, and negro groans," as to entirely preclude his realizing such a thing as a negro-frolic, or any other kind of enjoyment.

"I cannot say exactly," replied the Doctor; "but I suppose that they are so perfectly delighted with the return of myself, Nelly, and especially Tom, who was a perfect oracle amongst them, previous to his disgracing himself by running away, that they have determined to celebrate this triple god-send in a more than usually enthusiastic manner."

"But you certainly do not allow such things?" said Mr. Frank, in a tone of vague and abstracted astonishment, which plainly indicated that he didn't exactly know whether he was dreaming, or whether he was the victim of some strange mental hallucination.

"Most certainly I do," replied the Doctor. "Why not? Next week, probably, there will be a frolic amongst the negroes of a neighboring plantation; the week following, at another place; and so they keep it going in regular rotation. Occasionally, however, some hot-headed old fire-eater, like neighbor Lincoln, becomes so much embittered by Northern agitation, as to deny his slaves all those amusements in which they so heartily delight; and thus wreaks upon their unoffending heads his feelings of wrath, because he cannot get a chance at the Abolitionists, and for fear — to use one of his own terms — that he might burst, if he did not give vent to them upon somebody.

"They not only have their parties almost whenever they please," continued the Doctor, noticing Mr. Frank's looks of dumb-founded astonishment, "but there prevails as much cliquing, exclusiveness, and coquetry amongst them, as there does in similar assemblages amongst the 'upper-ten' of the North. Who shall be invited, and who shall not be, are subjects of as prolonged and anxious consideration here, as they are with scheming mammas and their aspiring daughters in your large cities. Even when assembled together, you will find — if you take the trouble to look — that the party is composed of various circles, each of which has an existence independent of the others. Those who are hired out to work

on adjoining places, those who cultivate corn or tobacco, those who attend to their owners' horses, those who work about the kitchen, and those who are brought in more immediate connection with their masters, by virtue of waiting on the table, or on the front-door; all form as many different classes as the families of the butcher, grocer, the retail dry goods merchant, the wholesale dry-goods man, the lawyer, the doctor, and the retired millionaire, do with you; and each one would feel itself just as much insulted and degraded by associating on terms of intimacy with those below it. So you see, my friend, society will naturally resolve itself into *castes* everywhere; and it is often a not over-easy task to discover where the most exclusiveness and tyranny prevails."

"I must confess that I am perfectly lost in astonishment!" said Mr. Frank, although there was not the least occasion for such a confession; his open mouth, dilated eyes, and general expanded countenance, testified most abundantly to the fact, without any words to comfirm it. "Why, if I should go home, and tell such things to my friends, they would either doubt my veracity or my sanity!"

"Of course many of them would," replied the Doctor. "I have often, myself, attempted to convince some of your fanatics of the happy social condition of our slaves, as a *mass;* but I do not believe I ever succeeded, in a single individual case. Though they did not say so — perhaps because they doubted the propriety of such an open expression of sentiment — I could very plainly see that they did not believe a word that I told them. But, suppose we conceal ourselves amongst these trees, so as to afford you an opportunity of seeing them enjoy themselves in their own way."

Following this suggestion of the Doctor, they concealed themselves in a position where, owing to the overhanging of the branches, they could observe all the merriment, without being seen in return. To describe the scene, would be utterly impossible. If some fifty pens should traverse over

the same sheet, in every direction; or a whole press-full of type should be knocked into *pi*, and then committed to paper, the impression might serve to convey some faint idea of the confusion which prevailed; although we do not, of course, wish to pledge ourselves in regard to the clearness of the ideas which the reader might thus obtain.

Old negroes, young negroes, middle-aged negroes; black negroes, yellow negroes, cream-colored negroes; long negroes, short negroes, and fat negroes; blind negroes, lame negroes, and deaf negroes; and negroes of nearly every variety, shape, and hue under the sun, were all engaged in the most arduous enjoyment; and what added most strikingly to the exhilarating nature of the occasion, was, that each one seemed to be engaged in enjoying him, or herself, on an individual and independent account, without any reference to others. Some shouted, yelled, and laughed, in every possible intonation of voice; some sang, with the full force of their vocal organs, all sorts, and no sorts, of negro melodies, many of which possessed the very common merit of being independent of rhyme or reason; whilst nearly all ran, scampered, jumped, and whirled themselves and others about in the most wild and fantastic manner, under the agreeable delusion that they were dancing in energetic obedience to the strains of music, which were sawed and thumped out of the various instruments in a manner which, if it lacked the merit of harmony, possessed the superior characteristics of force and variety.

Mr. Frank and the Doctor watched these amusements for a considerable length of time — so long, in fact, that the former finally suggested the propriety of their being checked, for fear some might fall victims to their excessive feelings of enjoyment — things of which he had read in the books. In truth, his fears were not altogether groundless, for already large numbers of the dancers had given out, from pure exhaustion.

The manner in which they retired from the giddy mazes of the dance was somewhat peculiar. The males would throw themselves down upon the green sod, roll about in perfect *abandon*, and toss their elevated pedal extremities into the air, in a way which was decidedly unsafe for those who ventured within a respectable kicking distance; whilst the females — owing to the modesty of the sex, which prevails everywhere — contented themselves with more temperate manifestations of their feelings, and would drop down, incontinently, into promiscuous heaps, resorting, at the same time, to a liberal use of their fans, by way of replenishing their exhausted respiratory organs.

The musicians, however, were the persons who seemed to be the most affected by their labors. From the earliest part of the evening, up to the close of the festivities, they labored with an energetic devotion to duty, perhaps unequalled in the historical annals of ancient or modern orchestras. But the strongest physical powers, even when added to the most enthusiastic love of music, can be pushed beyond human endurance; and as the evening wore on, this fact became more and more apparent. At first, they sawed, thumped, and blowed in a manner that promised no abatement; but gradually their heads sunk to one side, and finally fell completely over on their shoulders. Their eyes, which were directed diagonally upwards and outwards, became fixed and glaring, and occasionally quite closed, as if their minds wished to close their portals of light, and revel alone in surfeited enjoyments; whilst their tongues hung loosely out of their mouths, and the saliva flowed over their chins in a constant trickling stream. The perspiration, too, rose up in vapory mists, forming a dense cloud, and rendering the atmosphere highly perfumed for miles around, with its odoriferous emanations. Notwithstanding these alarming symptoms—which the Doctor assured Mr. Frank were not very dangerous — they one and

all expressed themselves highly delighted, and "mos' ded, wid de superfluity ob de refin'd 'joyment ob de 'cassion."

Our friend Jimmy, who had some slight experience in conducting wakes and weddings in old Ireland, entered fully into the spirit of the scene. He engaged in the dance with true Irish energy, performed all the various steps of jig, hornpipe, straight-four, quadrille, polka, and waltz, all to the same tune, and to the mingled astonishment and admiration of his sable companions. Whenever any of the buxom wenches came within reaching distance, his native gallantry evinced itself by catching them around the waist, and whirling them through the air with much of the grace and lightness of dropsical fairies in petticoats. Although the greater part of his attentions were absorbed by the fairer part of creation, he by no means neglected the negro gallants, but, on the contrary, let no opportunity pass him of running his fist into their capacious paunches, and striking the toes of his heavy boots against their shins, merely, as he said, "by way ov lettin' 'em know he was about and kickin'."

After the greater part of the dancers had thrown themselves down into heaps, perfectly satiated with enjoyment, Marcus Augustus Cæsar Adolphus, who, as usual, acted as Master of Ceremonies, mounted on a stump, for want of a better rostrum, and waving his hand through the air, in a dignified manner, commanded a halt. His words produced, as if by magic, the desired effect. The music ceased, the loud conversation and boisterous laugh were hushed in an instant, and all eyes were turned upon him.

"Feller citizens, an' brudder an' sister niggers!" said that dignified character, wiping the torrents of perspiration from his face; "de return ob our kind Massa is allers, under all circumstancis, a matter of perfound plesshur to us all. But his return wid Nelly, who is here 'pon my left, an' Tom, whom I'se proud to hab on my right—bof ob whom we had looked

'pon as los' forebber — is de amplust cause for de deepest gratitude, dat black or wite mortils is capable ob feelin'. Dese feelins, permit me to obsirve, hab bin testified by de niggers ob Glenwood Place, 'sisted by dere neighborin' frens, in de mos complete and sumptuous manner, dis berry ebenin', and to de 'streme satisfacshun ob all de ladies and gemmen present on de 'casion!" At this point of his speech he was greeted with loud cries of "Yah! yah!" "Dat's a fac!" "De niggers ob Oakland, and dere Massa, forebber!" and various other equally strong evidences of friendly sentiment, to all of which he bowed very low, as orators always do on such occasions, and continued: —

"But, feller niggers, Solomon says, dere is a time for all tings. Dere is a time to be merry, and a time to be sad; dere is a time ter play, and dere is a time ter work; an' lasly, dere is a time for plesshur, and dere is a time for bizness. An' now, feller citizens and brudder niggers, I'se 'proachin de subjec for which I rose to 'dress yer."

At this announcement, a general buzz of attention was manifested. The musicians drew in their tongues, but, absorbed in anxious expectation, they forgot to shut their mouths; the ladies began to assort themselves out of their heaps; those who were lying down raised themselves up on their elbows; and those who had not got lower than their elbows, suddenly jerked themselves up into the perpendicular position with an agility equalled only by old performers on the 'saw-dust.'

"We hab enjoyed," he continued, "de plesshur we felt for Massa's return; an' now we will 'tend to de bizness 'fore dis respec'able an' highly 'telligent meetin'. You all see our belubed brudder an' sister, Tom and Nelly, here afore us. Many ob you has learned from deir own lips de manner ob treatment dey reseved ob de Aberlitionists, who is allers tryin to git us to runaway from de miseries of slavery, and plenty to eat, to de blessin's ob liberty, an berry faverable

chances ob starvin' to death. Now, de objec' ob dis meetin'," he added, "'posed, as I hab sed, ob de respec'able an' 'telligent ob Ole Virginny, is to 'spress in a decided an' formal manner, de feelin's ob indignashun which we feel for dere conduc'; and ter take measures to frown down de tyranny of de mas'rs ob de Norf, an' to 'minister aid an' comfort to de downtrodden bond-children, 'prentices, factory-boys, sewin'-girls, and oder poor persuns ob dat secshun, widout regard to coler or condishun; 'cause as how dey is de same flesh an' blood as we is, an' has de same rights ter enjoyment. For de perpus ob strikin' awe an' terror into de buzems of dese tyran's, it am necessary dat dis meetin' be organized in a proper an powerful manner. To do dis, it will be 'quired in de fust place, to 'lect a President to preside ober its deliberashuns."

"An' I recomen's de honerable gemman hisself, as de properest pusson for de pre-ement stashun!" exclaimed Cleopatra Virginia, who was not only the belle of the plantation, but the 'heart's idol' of Cæsar's affections. This nomination was followed by all sorts of shouting and laughing, all which, however, seemed to be confirmatory of the recommendation—at least Cæsar so construed it; for as soon as a partial degree of silence was restored, he responded in a tone of mock-humility and diffidence, which Mr. Frank had often heard imitated in popular assemblages of the North, under similar circumstances.

"My frien's," he said, bowing very low, "I'se under de deepest obligashuns to you, for dis 'ditional mark ob yer 'steem. You hab already el'vated me to de stashun ob mass'r ob ceremonies at yer balls — a sitiwation sufficient for de proudest ambishun, an' 'tirely beyon' my talents or aspirashuns; an' now dat you's conferred dis new honer 'pon me, I'se so oberw'elmed wid gratitude, dat I can't 'spress my 'motions; but in 'turn permit me to say, dat I'll 'charge de

'sponsible duties pertainin' to dat high offis, to de best ob my humble 'bilities.

"An' now, 'fore I closes my remarks, my frien's, permit me to pledge my word, for fear some 'spiren nigger may turn up his nose, dat de active part dat I hab taken in openin' dis meetin' wasn't wid de view ob reapin' any honer from it, as its fust offiser." This small explanation by way of defining "his position," was elicited by the expression of the countenance of a negro from a neighboring plantation, who had hitherto been a candidate for Cleopatra Virginia's affections. As soon as Cæsar Augustus announced himself elected, this gentleman's face assumed an appearance of the most profound disgust; and his nose, which was, in its natural condition, more than usually flat even for a negro, became very much twisted to one side, and finally turned itself directly up in contempt, looking not unlike a large meat-hook which had undergone a long process of smoking, or an inverted corkscrew.

"Yis, an' av there's any jintleman here," said Jimmy, suddenly rising up, and throwing himself into a good sparring attitude, "who doubts my friend Caysar's pledged word, I'll be extramely happy to give him a small prove ov his mistake!"

As nobody either doubted Cæsar's word, or called upon Jimmy for proof, he exchanged his looks of defiance for those of the utmost diffidence in regard to his opinion, and continued in a very mild tone of voice, with the view of coaxing somebody into a dissenting opinion. "But troth, if this very same sarcumstance had happened in Ireland, or in the fray States, it 'ud look mighty suspicious. There, sure, it's a very common thing for a jintleman who wishes to immortalize himself, to git up a meetin' on his own account, open it with a spache, and thin gits—not a swate-heart—but some cousin, or nephew, or politikal friend, or some other low blaguard, to nominate him for President; an' thin

declare himself elected, as our friend here has. An' thin, too, they git up and return their thanks to the meetin' for honers they had cut and dried for days and forced on thimselves; and express their unaltherable convicshuns that thir talents are not sufficient for the stashun; and end by acceptin' it, and promisin' to do what they kin. But thin, that's in the North, and this's in the South, and I don't b'lave our distinguished friend 'ud be guilty of so mane an acth; but, nivirtheless, I'll be happy to be corricted if I'm in the wrong."

Nobody, however, expressed a desire to correct him, and even the gentleman who had so strangely screwed up his nose, immediately took the turn out of it, and attempted to look as if he was not only satisfied, but perfectly delighted with the whole proceedings.

The meeting then appointed a large number of vice-presidents, and several secretaries; after which the President formally introduced Nelly to the meeting, who gave a very affecting, though not over-clear account of the treatment which she had received from Mrs. Burton; from which it appeared that she was compelled to work during nearly the whole of the day and night, and when she did get a few hours of sleep, she was obliged to lie down on a miserable bed, so short, that her limbs were perfectly cramped up. It also appeared in evidence, that she was but half clothed, half fed, and half beaten to death. When she showed her scars, a deep groan ran through the assemblage, somewhat resembling sounds which we have heard in an Abolition meeting, on the exhibition of a pair of heavy handcuffs, which were made by some learned and ingenious Yankee blacksmith, and palmed off as having been taken from a runaway slave; with the only exception that in the former case they were more natural, and seemed to come from the heart, instead of proceeding only from the back part of the mouth, as was the case in the latter instances.

Tom next stepped forward, and told how he was alternately the dupe, victim, and tool, of Northern fanatics; and how, finally, he had resolved to return to the South, as the best place for the black race, in their present condition. The illustrious namesake of the Roman and Swedish heroes now arose, and offered a series of resolutions, denouncing the course pursued by the Abolitionists towards the slave, urging upon them the importance of treating their servants better; and advocated the propriety of sending a letter to the white ladies of the North, by the ladies of the South, urging upon them the duty of attempting, by every means in their power, to lessen the misery which they find in their own social system. These measures seemed to meet with general favor, especially that which related to writing a letter of exhortation —all of the fair sex present, headed by the fat old cook, expressing a unanimous desire to lend the influence of their names to the work. These resolutions were all duly passed; after which the President dissolved the meeting, and the audience retired to their quarters, deeply impressed with the miserable condition of the free negroes north of Mason and Dixon's line.

"Doctor," said Mr. Frank, as they turned towards the house, "is your treatment of your slaves a fair example of their general treatment in the South?"

"Yes, I should suppose it was," he replied. "I have travelled through all the slave States, and have seen them treated at times better, and occasionally, worse; but I keep my people as they are pretty generally kept — not in indolence, nor in undue severity."

"Well, then," said Mr. Frank, emphatically, "there is not the difference between the poor of both colors in the North, and the slaves of the South, that I thought there was."

"Exceptin'," said Jimmy, who had accidentally overheard these remarks, "that here the nagurs grow fat on little work

an' plenty to ate, wid thir minds torminted by reflictin' on miseries they don't fale; whilst the poor in the North are half starved, and half worked to death, but at the same time enjoy the blessin' ov knowin' that they possess great rights and privileges, which don't do 'em ony good!"

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH MR. FRANK LAYS DOWN THE FIRST PLANK IN HIS IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION PLATFORM, AND MR. DIXEY ARRANGES THE IMPORTANT PRELIMINARY STEPS OF A GRETNA GREEN JOURNEY; THE SUCCESS OF BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE MADE KNOWN IN DUE TIME.

Several days after the occurrence of the events recorded in the last chapter, Dr. Manly was unexpectedly required to leave home for New Orleans, to attend to some important business. Before leaving, he told Mr. Frank to consider his place and its conveniences at his disposal; and begged that he would act, in all respects, as if he was its owner.

The next day after he left, Mr. Frank was walking alone over the plantation of our fire-eating friend, Mr. Lincoln. His own observations had satisfied him that the general condition of the slaves was more free from misery than that of the same class of persons in the North, but, nevertheless, he very correctly looked upon the principle of holding human beings in bondage, as a wrong, which, though it might be ameliorated, could not be converted into right, notwithstanding any social advantages which might be thrown around it.

In addition to this, he remembered that he was an Agent on the Underground Line, and that the Society would be looking to him to labor in the cause of freedom. He there-

fore determined to lose no more time, but at once try to retrieve his reputation, which must have already suffered, by attempting to forward some slaves by the first opportunity, as a small consignment, to be followed up by subsequent shipments. Luckily, at this moment, he saw a huge, buxom negro wench approaching him, whom he recognized as one of Mr. Lincoln's slaves; and at once determined to ascertain her views in regard to taking a trip to the North. When she came near him, she bowed very low, and was about to pass on her way, had he not stopped her.

"You look as if you had been hard at work," he said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, Massa, me worked berry hard," was the reply.

"I suppose your master is none of the best?" said Mr. Frank, enquiringly.

"Oh, yes, him am one ob de bes' Massas in de worl'," she replied; "only he gits fits on 'im sometimes, and den he makes us work wus dan de Massas make free niggers work in de Norf. He's got one ob 'em on him now."

"It is an abominable state of society," said Mr. Frank, warmly, to himself, "that places man in a position to tyrannize over his fellow at his pleasure, or whenever his fits of caprice may prompt him. But what is the cause of his present fit?" he added, by way of enquiry.

"De same ole cause!" replied the woman. "Dere's a Bobolitionist over at Massa Dr. Manly's, an' he's ben talkin' to Massa, an' he's got angry 'gin, an' makes us work all de harder for it. I wish de Bobolitionists was all ded, or hung, or drowned in de ribber—*I* does!"

"Ah! yes — hem! — you do, eh?" said Mr. Frank, not knowing exactly what to say, in reply to this kind wish for the personal disposition of himself and his friends. "But then," he added, "if you were in the North, you would not be liable to be abused according to every fit of your

owner. There you could be your own mistress, and could do as you pleased. How would you like to go there?"

"Me go dere!" she replied, drawing herself up with an air of offended dignity. "Me go dere? no indeed! To hear Tom and Suse tell 'bout dere treatment, an' to see de scars on poor little Nell's back, am rekommendashun 'nuf for dis chile! If yer cotch *dis* nigger cuttin' up any ob dem shines ob nonsense, you jist put in de papers, dat Cecelia Belvida am clean gone out ob her senses — yer kin do dat, *sartin!*"

When Mr. Frank made up his mind to accomplish a certain purpose, difficulties, instead of deterring, only stimulated him in his exertions. In the present instance, he had determined to induce Cecelia Belinda to escape, and instead of relinquishing his idea when she discountenanced it, he set himself industriously to work to prove to her what rights she had in a moral sense; and how much happier she would be if she was free and her own mistress. In doing so, we do not pretend to say that he invented any entirely new facts; but we do know, that he drew copiously on his imagination to adorn those which he had, and finally succeeded in convincing her that the North was an earthly paradise—a bright land of Canaan for the fugitive; not only overflowing with milk and honey, but perfectly inundated with happy runaways.

Influenced by such arguments, as many hundreds of her race have been to their sorrow, she finally promised to meet him at midnight, at her master's gate, to fly with him to this land of refuge.

Having accomplished this much in the cause of freedom, he proceeded homeward with a light heart, honestly believing that, if he had done little or nothing towards the social happiness of the slave, he had done more towards the advancement of a great *principle*, in which all minor evils became absorbed.

The path which led to Dr. Manly's residence, passed by a small summer-house, situated on the outskirts of Mr. Lincoln's plantation. As he approached it, he heard the sound of voices issuing from it, the tones of which seemed familiar to his ear; and on getting near enough, he observed through the lattice-work, to his utter astonishment, the person of his *quondam* friend Mr. Dixey, engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Lincoln's only daughter, a beautiful girl of some sixteen summers.

He knew enough of Dixey's character to know that he was not an over-desirable companion for any young lady of her age; and his first impulse was to expose him at once, but, upon a second consideration, he came to the very wise conclusion to defer it for the present, for fear of its leading to a double exposition, which might show up his own position in the Underground Mail Department, in an unpleasant light. He therefore passed on his way, unnoticed by Mr. Dixey and his fair companion.

If we were a learned novel writer, we would now pass on, leaving the reader in profound ignorance of what Mr. Dixey said or did on the present occasion, and thus produce a very dark, mysterious, and complicated plot, to be exploded at some future period. Such ingenious literary ambuscades in works of fiction produce the double effect of overwhelming the reader in a maze of intricacy and doubt, and of giving the author an immense amount of work to clear away the rubbish, so as to expose the whole affair suddenly to view. We, however, deal only in facts, and shall therefore make no attempts at concealment. We look upon our readers as bosom friends — which they most certainly are, if they have perseveringly followed us thus far — and we would scorn to keep any fact from them which is known to ourselves!

"Oh, Mary, my dear!" said Dixey, as he raised his companion's fair hand to his lips, "why will you delay the hour that shall make me blest above all men? Why will you not

fly with me, at once, to my home in the North?" Why Dixey located his home in the North, we have no means of knowing. His whole stock of real estate was invested in sundry castles built in the air; and, for the sake of convenience, he might just as well have placed his residence in the region where he was, as in any other quarter of the globe.

"But, oh! you know, William," she said, smiling affectionately through her tears, "that it is a hard, hard thing, to leave my father, who always was the kindest of parents to me, and who has hitherto never opposed a single wish of my heart!"

"If he has your happiness so much at heart," replied Dixey, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "why does he now oppose the only measure which can possibly advance it?"

"Oh! do not speak disrespectfully of him," said the young girl, looking fondly into Dixey's grey eyes, which were vainly attempting to beam with love; "we must allow for his strong feelings. He has become prejudiced against your section of the country, and will not place confidence in any person coming from it. He says your letters of introduction are entirely satisfactory, and that he believes you to be a perfect gentleman; but that he will never consent to my marriage with you, or any other gentleman from the North."

The reader may be somewhat surprised at the statement that Mr. Lincoln considered Dixey a perfect gentleman; but if he takes the trouble to look around him, he will find that society is perfectly inundated with spurious imitations, which frequently pass more currently than the genuine coin itself. His ready defence of slavery in all its aspects, and the numerous respectable letters of introduction which he had brought with him, and which, to save trouble to the persons whose names were signed to them, he had written himself, without any previous consultation with them, placed him as high in that gentleman's estimation as any man, coming from beyond the vexated line, possibly could be placed.

"If he has said that he will never agree to your marrying a Northern man," said Dixey, persuasively, "what is the use of waiting for a consent, which we never can obtain? He only opposes our union out of feelings of false pride. He has pledged his word that he will not give his consent, and he is determined not to break it. When the event is once over, he will not hesitate a moment to forgive you; whilst at the same time, he can declare that he never consented to it, and thus save appearances."

"Do you really think so?" said Mary, who knew that her father's character was composed of more pride and prejudice, than either of principle, or wilful obstinacy.

"I know it," replied Dixey, firmly. "I know his character too well, to doubt it for a moment."

"If I only felt sure of that," she answered, in a tone which implied that she was already more than half-sure of it, "I would not hesitate a single moment."

There was not much persuasion required on the part of Dixey, to make her perfectly sure of it, and to get her to promise to elope with him that very night. When the heart is willing, the mind is easily convinced.

"Here we go again," said Dixey, as he wended his way towards a neighboring tavern. "There is nothing like perseverance. Philosophers say it surmounts all difficulties; and I hope the old coves are right. If they ain't, I'm spending my precious time and talents to very little purpose. Now, here, I'm just on the verge of getting a fortune, if some confounded unlucky affair don't turn up again to snatch it away, just as I reach out to grasp it.

"But then, after all," he added, "I don't know whether that Emma Frank affair wasn't the best thing that could have happened. I never could bear her confounded dignity; and I know she had strong feelings, which might have caused me some trouble before I'd got her properly tamed down. It will be quite different with Mary—she's young, and of course

easily managed. Besides that, she loves me as devotedly as girls of sixteen always do the first man that talks soft nonsense to them; and, although I don't believe much in the Platonic quality of the article, it may be of some use in its place—especially if it induces her to get up better dinners for her 'liege lord.'"

"Jimmy," said Mr. Frank to that gentleman, whom he met on his return home, walking arm-in-arm with the American Cæsar Augustus, "I shall want you to go with me on a short journey, this evening."

"I'm convayniant, sir," replied Jimmy, with a low bow.

"Jimmy," continued Mr. Frank, in a low, mysterious voice, as soon as Cæsar Augustus had got out of hearing distance, "I intend to put a poor, wretched negro-girl in the way of obtaining her freedom to-night, and shall want your assistance."

"I'm intirely at your sarvice; an' iv there's ony jintleman that might show opposishun to extendin' 'the arrear ov fraydom,' jist give me the wurd, an' I'll suit the action to it!" said Jimmy, jumping about as buoyantly as if he was dancing on a spring-board, and, at the same time, performing some very energetic rectilinear motions with his fists, through the air.

"I hope we shall be able to get along without any thing of that kind," said Mr. Frank, with a faint smile at Jimmy's gymnastic evolutions.

"Maybe we may, and maybe we mayn't," said Jimmy, dubiously. "I think, meself, that the chances are greatly in favor that we mayn't; and, in case that the laste necessity might arise, it's best, ye know, to be provided for it."

"And as for that black letther," he added, after a short pause, which was occupied in turning up the cuffs of his coat, "that is to go by the Mail-line, I hope she'll enjoy it more thin some others who've thravelled that same route before her."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mr. Frank, with as

much sternness in his voice and manner as he was capable of assuming.

"I mane, sir — that is, I hope," — replied Jimmy, rather incoherently, "that thase divils of slave-howlders won't catch her; that's what I mane."

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Mr. Frank, as if he thought there was something more meant.

"Yis, divil the wurd more or less," said Jimmy, with a slightly-perceptible leer in his countenance.

"And now, Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, after giving some directions, "you can occupy your time, during the interval, as you please: — only be sure to meet me at the proper time and place."

"Yis, yer honor, I'll be there. Ye can take yer oath on that!" replied Jimmy, as he turned on his heel and walked away, to the tune of, "My dark-hair'd girl, I've promis'd thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

DESCRIBING HOW MR. FRANK AND JIMMY PICKED UP THE WRONG PASSENGER; AND HOW THEY ENTERTAINED EACH OTHER ON THE WAY. ALSO, SHOWING HOW THEY FINALLY NARROWED THE ACTIVE SPHERE OF THEIR LABORS, AND RETIRED INTO PRIVATE LIFE, AT THE EXPENSE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The night was dark and gloomy, as the carriage, containing Mr. Frank and Jimmy, stopped near the residence of Mr. Lincoln. Large, dark, heavy masses of clouds covered the sky; great drops of rain pattered heavily on the earth, and low, deep, muttering peals of thunder rumbled fearfully overhead.

"Ugh! by my sowl, but it's a dirthy night!" said Jimmy, as he stepped out of the carriage, and tumbled, headforemost, against a tree."

"Yes, it's a dark night, Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, attempting to follow suit. "It's as dark as the horrors of slavery."

"Or a nagur's face," added Jimmy, by way of additional illustration of the subject.

"But still the beacon-light of liberty burns brightly," continued Mr. Frank, "and throws its cheerful beams around the darkest spot!" What more he was going to say, we know not, for, unfortunately for him, just at this moment, he struck his foot against something in the dark, and fell, face foremost, into a large mud-hole.

"Faith," said Jimmy, raising him up by the hand, whilst he discharged huge mouthfuls of black Virginia mud; "faith, an' iv it 'ud have thrown a few more of thim same bright rays on that mud-howl, it 'd have bin a convayniance to all hands."

"Never mind, Jimmy — never mind!" said Mr. Frank, in a tone of voice rendered somewhat guttural, owing to the words coming in contact, as they passed up, with some soft mud on its way down; "we must not mind trifles."

"Shure, an' I don't mind 'em at all, meself," said Jimmy, "av your honor don't."

"And now, remain here until I return," said Mr. Frank, as he groped his way towards the appointed place of meeting.

Owing to the darkness, he searched in vain for the gate. After groping around in various directions, at one time tumbling into a mud-hole, then running up against a fence, and occasionally dashing his head against a tree, in a highly suicidal manner, he finally thought he heard a sound, as if it proceeded from the rustling of a dress near him.

"Hist!" he said, placing his hand above his eyes, and attempting to peer into the surrounding darkness.

"Here!" answered a person, in a low tone, touching him on the shoulder.

"Ah! yes — all right — quietly!" said Mr. Frank, taking hold of her arm, and leading her towards the carriage.

"O, I was so much alarmed for fear we would miss each other in the dark!" said his companion, in a tone of voice which possessed a sweetness he had not noticed during the conversation of the day. He, however, ascribed the change altogether to the prospect of liberty.

"Yes," he said to himself, "just give these poor creatures liberty, and we will soon hear no more about their degraded condition. Freedom will elevate their souls, expand their minds, refine their feelings, and exalt their sensibilities, to an equality with the white race!"

As they proceeded, he thought she leaned more heavily upon his arm, and at times he heard a low sob; but he had no time to waste in soothing her, all his senses being required to enable him to find his way back to the carriage.

"Och! murther! here we are!" said Jimmy, as Mr. Frank stumbled up against him, and ran the edge of his broad-brimmed hat dexterously into the corner of his eye; "but I am afther thinkin I'd a-become aware of your prisence, widout that strikin' proof ov it!"

"And now," said Mr. Frank, as he raised his charge in his arms, and deposited her in the carriage, "Jimmy, just get in, and take care of the poor creature, whilst I take my place by the side of the driver, to guard against danger."

"Yis, yer honor!" replied Jimmy, as he stepped in and took his seat as far from the fugitive as the limits of the vehicle would permit.

The driver cracked his whip, the horses sprang forward, and the carriage rolled rapidly away. Notwithstanding the rattling of the wheels, and the muttering noise of the thunder, which was rumbling continually overhead, Jimmy could hear, very distinctly, that his companion was sobbing violently. He, however, made no attempt to console her, for the simple reason that he thought if she was not satisfied with her previous state, she deserved to be miserable.

"Ye'd betther save some ov thim tares!" he said at last, discovering that her grief seemed to grow stronger by its own exertions; "for troth, you'll have more use for 'em before long!"

"O God!" she exclaimed frantically, and sobbing more violently than before; "where—where *is* he?"

"*He? he?* what he? Is it the boss ye mane?" said Jimmy, in a tone of impudent enquiry, which evinced but very little sympathy.

"Yes! yes! your master! if you are *his* servant," she said, warmly.

Well, I *am* his servant—or I may rather say, his travellin' companion," added Jimmy, with a consequential air; "and he's on the outside, lookin' out for the blayguards that may

be afther pursuin' ov us; an' he's doin' this all for yer sake —more's the pity!"

"Yes, all for my sake! O, how kind! how noble! how disinterested! How can I ever repay him?" burst passionately from the lips of the runaway.

"Och! don't throuble yourself about repayin' him, my darlin'!" said Jimmy. "Ye'd betther be thinkin' ov how ye shall iver repay thim who raised ye, and cared for ye all yer life; who fed ye, clothed ye, and let ye do jist what ye plazed; and from whom yer runnin' off, to a place where ye'll niver have it half so good! Ye'd betther let yer thoughts run a little in that line, me jewil!"

Here the sobbing became so violent as to border strongly on the hysterical; whilst a rapid pattering of heels on the carriage floor, afforded very agreeable prospects of an approaching convulsion.

"See here, me darlin'!" continued Jimmy, who was excessively annoyed by the noise, "av it would answer the same pirpose, I'd be obliged to ye if ye'd kape time to yer music wid yer hands. It 'ud correspond more wid the books, to say nothin' about the delicacy of the thing!" His suggestion, however, was unheeded; and, as if in perfect contempt of all authority, the pattering became more frequent than before; whilst the sobbing, which grew more violent, was occasionally relieved by a loud, clear, ringing laugh.

"Anything for the sake of a variety," said Jimmy; "but thin, for my part, I'd prefer the cryin' and laughin' not bein' mixed up together in the same mess — but thin that, I suppose, depinds more upon the taste ov the performer, than ov the audience."

After giving vent to this highly philosophical opinion, Jimmy was about composing himself for a nap, when the clattering sound of pursuing horsemen was heard, mingled with shouts, which grew louder and louder every moment. The driver cracked his whip freely, the horses plunged madly

forward, and, for a few minutes, it seemed as if they gained upon their pursuers. Suddenly a violent shock occurred, the carriage rocked fearfully from side to side, then sank deeply into the mire. It was in vain that the driver plied the lash. The horses reared, jumped, plunged, and exerted their strength to the utmost, but the vehicle was too deeply imbedded to move.

Finding this mode of escape was impossible, Mr. Frank sprang from the box and opened the door, with the determination to make another attempt to rescue his charge.

"Quick! quick!" he exclaimed, springing into the carriage, "or it will be too late!"

But it was too late. Already they were surrounded by some half-dozen horsemen, two of whom dismounted and entered the carriage at the same time; whilst the remainder sat upon their horses with cocked pistols, prepared for any emergency. Just at this moment one threw open a dark lantern which he carried in his hand. Its light flashed out brightly, lighting up all surrounding objects, and disclosing, to Jimmy's utter astonishment, that the fugitive, who had fainted away in his arms, was perfectly white.

"May the holy saints protict us!" he exclaimed, crossing himself most devoutly over his forehead, face, chin, chest, and every other accessible part of his body. "Och! holy virgin, but she's a *white nagur!*"

"Good God! what does all this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Frank, who was not quite sure but that the female in his arms was the spirit of the departed Cecelia Belinda, and that it had been conjured up out of its resting-place by the mysterious raps to which we have already alluded.

"Halloo, Lincoln!" exclaimed the man with the lantern, to the old fire-eater, who was yet on horseback, "come here! Dam-me if this ain't your daughter!"

Lincoln needed no second invitation. In a space of time scarcely appreciable, he had dismounted from his horse,

rushed up to the carriage, and beheld his daughter lying in a fainting-fit, in the arms of Mr. Frank.

"See here!" he exclaimed, presenting the muzzle of his cocked pistol directly over the site occupied by the organ of destructiveness in that gentleman's head, "what the d—l does all this mean?"

"I might as well ask you that question myself," replied Mr. Frank, who was just as much surprised at the state of affairs as Lincoln, only his astonishment took on a less violent character.

"What! do you mean to insult me to my face?" exclaimed the fiery old slave-holder, foaming with rage; "do you mean to say that you don't know anything about what you've done yourself?"

"I certainly cannot understand things," replied Mr. Frank, in a bewildered tone of voice. "I know nothing, except ———"

"Except what?" gasped Lincoln, "except what? Speak quickly!"

"Except that I thought I was running off with one of your slaves, and now I find it is your daughter," he answered, boldly, and evidently much relieved by unburthening his mind of all he knew.

"Where, where am I?" muttered the young lady, opening her eyes slowly, and gazing wildly around. "Where is Mr. Dixey? Oh! say, where is *he*?" she exclaimed, frantically.

"Gone to the d—l, for all I know!" exclaimed her father, passionately. "If he hasn't got him, he's most awfully cheated out of his dues; and I'll bring a suit at once, to put him in possession of his just rights — d—n me if I don't!"

"Oh, father! father! Oh! you have certainly not killed him? Oh! say you have not! Oh, God! if he's only safe, then let me die!" and she began to gasp hysterically, as if she really meant to do what she said.

"No, d—n him, no!" exclaimed her father. "I havn't

killed him! But I ought to kill somebody, and would, too, d—n me if I wouldn't, if I only knew who! I'd feel a great deal better on it! It would be a great relief to my feelings!"

"There are tracks ahead," said one of the men, returning from a reconnoitre of the road, "showing that another carriage passed along here before this one; and my opinion is, that this old cove here had made arrangements to run off with the black gal; whilst that smooth-faced chap, Dixey, was goin' to carry off your daughter at the same time; but, owing to the darkness, by a mistake, each one got the wrong passenger."

"You're right, Barber — you're right!" said Lincoln, grasping his hand, and shaking it warmly; "why the d—l didn't I think of this long ago? Your cool judgment is worth more than all my fire."

"And I'd propose," continued Barber, "that some of us give chase after the other party, whilst the rest take this amiable old gentleman, and his servant here, and lodge them in prison."

"Or iv the jintlemon would prefir it," said Jimmy, stepping briskly forward, "I'd have no personal objecshuns to fightin' it out on the spot, widout further throuble; provided they're willin' to show fair play, an' come up to the chalk-mark one at a time!"

Jimmy's compromise proposition was, however, not accepted, and the suggestion to provide accommodations for himself and his master at the expense of the county, was adopted in its place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROVING MOST CLEARLY THE MANNER IN WHICH A DARK NIGHT THREW MR. DIXEY INTO DARK SOCIETY; AND HOW HE ONLY BECAME ENLIGHTENED WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE TO REPAIR HIS ERROR.

We need scarcely inform the reader that the view which Barber took of the case was the correct one. Dixey, in his over-anxiety not to be too late, arrived at the place designated at least an hour before the appointed time. Cecelia Belinda, for want of a timepiece, was compelled to regulate her movements by her own judgment, which, unfortunately, was considerably ahead of the regular time. The consequence was, that when Dixey reached the place, he found what he supposed to be his heart's idol in waiting. Owing to the darkness, he could not see distinctly, but he entertained no doubt that the white dress, which was perceptible through the surrounding gloom, contained her fair form, and he at once threw himself into a theatrical attitude, opened his superior extremities to their full capacity, and exclaimed, in a voice of tenderness, that would have shamed any modern performer of Romeo:—

"Come to my arms, dearest!"

Thus earnestly implored, Cecelia Belinda responded with the utmost readiness, and not only threw herself into his arms, but hung around his neck, and kissed him with a lavish fondness altogether unexpected. Nothing could have exceeded the gallantry and tenderness with which he escorted her to the carriage, and nothing could have surpassed the loving and devoted manner in which he seated himself by her side, and twined his arm around her waist, whilst she

nestled her head upon his bosom, less like a "frightened fawn," than with "a freedom that brooked no restraint."

"Oh, dearest!" exclaimed Dixey, as he embraced her with a passionate fondness which was warmly reciprocated, "this is the happiest moment of my life! I never knew what happiness was before! Life, hitherto, has been a dreary, barren waste, without a bright spot for the mind to linger upon! But the pure, hallowed enjoyment of the present will wash away all traces of the past, and its memory will remain fresh within my soul whilst life shall last." Whether the being at his side, who seemed to afford him so much happiness, had a surplus amount of affection on hand, which she wished to dispose of, or whether she felt that his memory of the present would be strengthened in the future by additional endearments, we know not; but we *do* know that she followed up the close of his remarks with an embrace which, if his mind was half as susceptible of impressions as his body was, no earthly power could ever efface.

We will not carry our readers through all the vows and promises which our friend Dixey made; neither will we enter into a detail of the fond embraces which he lavished most profusely during the remaining stages of the journey. If they have never been the actors in a love-scene, got up especially for their private entertainment, to make them acquainted with the minutiæ of one, in advance, might destroy the zest of the affair when the occasion does transpire, as we hope it will to all in due time. And if, on the contrary, they have passed through that delightful stage of transition, when our material part seems to convert itself into a spiritual being, which mingles with a kindred spirit, so that we scarcely know whether we are ourselves or somebody else; when we seem to be swerving between heaven and earth, and partaking of the mingled pleasures of both; and when we feel as though we would be perfectly willing to die for the devoted being at our side, yet are, at the same time, most

anxious to live, only for the sake of the same person; if they have passed through this halcyon period, which comes but once, they can imagine better than we can describe — to borrow a phrase from novel-writers — the delicate nature of the scene, over which we draw the curtain, and shut the carriage-door.

For the benefit of our lady-readers, whom we are now, as we always have been, exceedingly anxious to please, we may, however, be allowed to say, that the charming Cecelia Belinda received all his endearments and vows of love without replying by words—a non-committal policy which ladies never adopt *before* or *after* this important event in their lives. But though she spoke not, yet still her feelings betrayed themselves in her gestures. We are told that, "There is an eloquence in action, beyond the power of words;" and, if this is the case, we are happy to say that she was, perhaps, the most eloquent of her sex.

But hark! what sounds are those? They are the same pattering of horses' hoofs, the same wild shouts of the horsemen, the same clicking of pistols, and the same surrounding of the carriage, as we have witnessed in the pursuit of Mr. Frank.

"Fear not, my dear," said Dixey, with a tremor in his voice, which was not calculated to infuse much courage into others; "fear not; as long as I have an arm to raise, it shall be raised in your defence!" and suiting the action to the word, he raised his arm, which, from the effects of rage, or, perhaps, some other cause, trembled in a manner which promised but little protection to herself, or anybody else.

"Oh, dere is Massa Lincoln!" exclaimed his companion, as she heard the not over-mild tones of that gentleman's voice, expressing an earnest desire to drink somebody's blood forthwith, by way of allaying a kind of burning sensation of thirst which he felt.

"Who? What? Can I believe my senses?" exclaimed

Dixey, bewildered by the peculiar accent and pronunciation of his companion.

"Why, me sed 'im am Massa Lincoln; an' all dat me's got to say is, dat he'll play de debil wid us, dat's sartain!" was the reply.

"See here! and who the devil are you, pray?" exclaimed Dixey, still unwilling to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Me? why me is yer belubed Cecelia Belinda — don't yer know?"

Dixey did not wait for further explanation, but muttering, in a low, desperate tone of voice, the mercantile phrase, "Sold! sold! sold! and damned cheap, too!" he sprang from the carriage, and rushed into the nearest corn-field, followed by a couple of pistol-bullets, which whistled sharply by his head. But the darkness of the night favored his escape, and he soon placed a safe distance between himself and his pursuers, who, after a vain pursuit, returned with Cecelia Belinda to the residence of Lincoln.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHOWING HOW MR. FRANK WENT OUT OF PRIVATE LIFE, AND HOW MR. DIXEY WENT INTO IT, TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER MATTERS, ONLY TO BE LEARNED BY READING THIS CHAPTER.

Emma Frank was sitting alone in the open veranda of her father's house, enjoying the beauties of the day. The rays of the sun beamed bright and warm; but there was a cool, gentle breeze stirring mildly amidst the tree-tops, tempering the otherwise excessive noonday heat. A dim, smoky, hazy vapor hung in the air, not only shading the sun, but enveloping all surrounding objects in an obscure aerial perspective, and rendering the scene beautifully mild and bewitching. The rumbling noise of the neighboring mill seemed changed into a heavy, lazy sound; whilst the murmuring of the distant waterfall fell upon the ear, like a sweet strain of music wafted from afar; and even the warbling songs of the forest-birds seemed to be softened in their notes.

Everything, animate and inanimate, seemed to combine to render the scene calm, mild, and fairy-like. Emma's mind was in harmonious unison with the objects around her. She was neither awake nor asleep; she was neither in a revery, nor in a dream; but her thoughts, abandoned to themselves, seemed to roam at pleasure through the realms of the past; at one moment carrying her back to her childhood hours, and all their innocent gaieties; the next, suddenly skipping over the long interval of years, they hurried her to the scenes of yesterday. Then, again, they rambled fleetingly over her whole life, touching with light, yet vivid colors, the brightest and happiest periods of her existence; and then, whilst her mind was feasting on these delightful moments snatched from the past, they again flew to

some other oasis on life's desert, only to flee from it in the same manner—thus forming in themselves a not unapt parody on the realities of life itself.

But amidst all these dreamy musings — which seem to separate the spirit from its earthly tabernacle — there was a mysterious foreboding, an undefinable dread of some impending evil, constantly before her mind. She had not heard from her father since he had left the city of Brotherly Love, and she feared that, perhaps, some accident might have befallen him.

"Here is a letter and a paper for you, Miss Emma," said a servant, approaching and handing her a couple of packages. She glanced hastily over the envelopes, and though they bore the postmark of Richmond, the direction was not in the handwriting of her father. With a trembling hand she opened the letter, and read as follows:

"I hope you will excuse the liberty which I take in again addressing you, when you find that the motives which prompt me are pure. Your father was arrested a few days ago, for attempting to entice a negro-woman from her master, and is now lodged in prison, in the town of N——, twenty-five miles from this place. My object in informing you of this fact is, to give you an opportunity of taking the necessary steps for his early liberation, which is a matter of considerable importance, knowing, as we all do, that Southern prisons are not noted for their salubrity; and that they have, in fact, not unfrequently produced the liberation of their inmates from all earthly troubles, in the course of a few days.

"With sentiments of high regard,

"I remain your most obedient servant,

"William R. Dixey."

"It is false!" exclaimed Emma, as she crushed the letter in her hand. "The base miscreant has determined to seek revenge by attempting to wound my feelings in this manner!

But, fortunately, I know him too well, to be thus imposed upon!" Casting the letter aside, she opened the paper. The first article which attracted her attention was a paragraph surrounded by ink-lines. It read:

"ABOLITIONISTS ABOUT!—A few nights ago, one of the female slaves of our friend, Robert Lincoln, Esq., disappeared very suddenly. Immediate pursuit was made, and she was soon overtaken in the select company of a broad-brimmed 'philanthropist,' who was attempting to forward her through upon the Underground Railroad. The fellow, who gave his name as Mr. Frank, was fortunately secured, and was lodged in the county-jail, where we hope his feelings of 'universal love' will be restricted in future to a more limited sphere of operations."

Dixey had reached that happy state in which he became conscious that his own unsupported word was entirely below par, and that, to ensure any credit for it, it must have a good endorsement. He, therefore, very wisely fortified his letter by the accompanying paper. Thus supported, no room was left for Emma to doubt it. She, however, lost no time in vain regrets; but made immediate preparations to visit her father, to do what she could to liberate him; and if she failed in this, to at least ameliorate the horrors of his imprisonment.

Only a few weeks had elapsed since Mr. Frank and Jimmy had entered prison, but the effects of confinement were already plainly visible on the person of the former. Nor was this surprising. The cell in which they were lodged was a most miserable one, even for a Southern prison. It was a narrow, low, dirty, damp place. At the lower end of it was a small hole in the wall, about the size of a man's head, through which the light of Heaven struggled dimly; and its sides were completely covered with a heavy, damp mould, from which the water dropped in constant streams. The only furniture was a bed; which was made by placing a few

narrow boards side by side, spreading a little straw over them, and covering the whole with some rough tow-linen. This contrivance answered the double purpose of a couch at night, and a place to sit upon by day. Mr. Frank was sitting on one side of it, with his face buried deeply in his hands, as if he was absorbed in some painful reflections; whilst Jimmy was engaged in a war of extermination with the bed-bugs, waged through the instrumentality of an old steel-pen, which he thrust dexterously through their chests, to the dulcet notes of "Erin go bragh!"

"Jimmy," said Mr. Frank, raising his head, and looking at his companion with a sad, melancholy smile, "you seem to take it very easy."

"Aisy, shure, is it ye mane?" replied Jimmy, making a desperate plunge at a full-blooded bug, which dodged the weapon most skilfully; "troth, ye'd betther try it yerself, av ye think that! It's harder work nor ye think for!" he continued, wiping the torrents of perspiration from his face.

"I did not mean that, exactly," replied Mr. Frank, with a look in which kindness and compassion were beautifully blended. "When I spoke of your taking it easy, I meant that you were reconciled to your present disagreeable situation."

"Faith, an' why shouldn't I, seein' that there's no prospect of gittin' into a more agrayable one?" replied Jimmy, with the utmost philosophical indifference.

"I am glad that you are so much of a philosopher, Jimmy," said Mr. Frank; "but I, for my part, can never forgive myself for being the cause of your incarceration in this miserable place."

"Now, shure, don't let thim same thoughts throuble yer honor," he replied; "it's worse accommodations nor these here that I was used to in the ould counthry!"

"You do not pretend to say that you were in prison there?" said Mr. Frank, in a tone of surprise.

"No, not exactly in prison; but I was in a sitiwation that a prison 'ud have been a palace to!" replied Jimmy, with the utmost complacency.

"Is it possible!" said Mr. Frank, his mind suddenly reverting to inquisitions, thumb-screws, racks, and other delicate arguments, formerly adduced by zealous and pious priests, in favor of religion.

"It's not only possible, but it's a lamentable truth, which many a poor divil would be willing to deny, iv he only could make himself b'lave it.

"It's thrue, this little parlor," he added, taking a bird's-eye view of the cell, "is rather poorly vintilated, and the roof's rather low, but thin it's wather-proof, and is betther nor the cabins in Ireland, through the houls of which ye could throw yer hat, brim and all; and the greater part of which are not encumbered wid any roof at all; which same is a grate savin' of straw. Thin, as to cold praties, dry bread, and wather, shure it's not the kind of food to grow fat on; but faith, it's much preferable to cold wather alone, which exparience has proved wid us, does not support life any too well. Thin, there's a comfortable difference betwane havin' yer vittles brought to yer room, widout any throuble on yer part, of huntin' or beggin' for thim over the whole parish, widout findin' any. In troth, I'd rather take up my perminint risidence here, or what is betther still, be one of that old fire-ater's nagurs, and live comfortably, than starve as a fray man in Ireland — av it wasn't for the *principle* ov the thing, don't ye see?" Jimmy emphasized the word *principle* very strongly, and cast a sly leer at Mr. Frank; but the latter gentleman made no reply. Perhaps he began to think, himself, that a principle should hold some relation to its practical application.

"Come in!" said Jimmy, in reply to a slight tap upon the door; "under the present domistic arrangements we're always

at home to company — provided it's of a respictable character."

The sharp clicking of the lock was heard, the heavy door grated harshly on its rusty hinges, and a beautiful young girl entered the room. Jimmy's first impression on her entry was, that she was a fairy who had come to liberate them; but when he saw her throw her arms around Mr. Frank's neck, and embrace him with the warmest evidences of affection, he came to the conclusion that her constitution was decidedly more earthly than aerial; and he began to wonder whether she would extend her endearments to the whole company, and, if so, why she didn't commence with him, and end with Mr. Frank.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the young girl, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "this is a dreadful—dreadful situation for you to be in!"

"Yes, my child, it is," he replied, as the tears rose to his eyes, "but it is a just punishment for my folly. Had I been guided by reason, instead of allowing myself to be carried away by fanatical impulses, I would not be here. I might have known that the cause of freedom could not be accelerated by carrying off slaves from their masters; and I might also have known, what I have since discovered, that the real condition of the slave is one of happiness, compared with that of the poor of many European countries, and even of our own great cities; and that, however wrong it might be as a principle, to hold them in this state, it was inflicting a greater wrong upon them, to suddenly turn them out upon the world, to rely upon their own resources. But it is past now, and, as is the case in nearly everything else, we see our errors when it is too late to repair them."

"But is there no prospect of getting free from this miserable place?" she replied, as she looked around the filthy cell, and shuddered at the sight.

"Yes, I have some reasonable hope," he replied; "a young

friend of mine, a large slave-holder, has promised to attempt to get the prosecution stopped. He was absent when this unfortunate affair occurred; but he returned this morning, and called upon me immediately. He has gone over to see Mr. Lincoln, and I expect him back every moment."

"He must be a noble-souled man!" replied Emma, warmly. "What is his name?"

"His name is Manly—Doctor Manly," replied her father, "and he is indeed one of the noblest of God's creation!"

At the mention of this name, Emma became very pale, a dim mist gathered over her eyes, and she would have fallen fainting to the floor, if Jimmy had not observed her appearance, and caught her in his arms.

"Emma, Emma, my child! what in the name of Heaven is the matter with you?" exclaimed Mr. Frank. But Emma answered not, for the simple reason that her mind was unconscious of sound.

"Troth," said Jimmy, "it's plain enough what's the mather wid her. The very name of Docther was too much for her dilicate narves. She at once associated it with bladin', cuppin', blisterin', calomel, and other murtherous implimints of the thrade!"

"Pshaw! nonsense, Jimmy!" replied Mr. Frank, petulantly, "it was not that. It is this close, damp, filthy air, that has thrown her into this swoon. Yes, it must have been that," he added, firmly, as she slowly opened her eyes.

"Well, maybe it was," replied Jimmy, in a dogged tone, which evidently conveyed the impression that he intended to believe just what he pleased. "Well, maybe it was, but thin why didn't she faint as soon as she came in? Didn't I see, that jist whin you mintioned the word 'Docther,' she turned deadly pale, as well she might, for sure that same word has had the same effect on many a poor soul, that might have lived for many a long year!" and with this satisfactory

explanation, he renewed his hostilities, which had been temporarily suspended, against the bedbugs.

Loud voices were now heard on the outside of the door, and the next moment it was opened, and Dr. Manly, accompanied by Lincoln, entered. On observing Emma, they both paused for a moment, as if not knowing how to proceed; but Mr. Frank stepped forward and relieved their embarrassment, by introducing her to them as his daughter. Before this ceremony was over, the Doctor had seized her hand, whilst his black eye flashed with a deep lustre, and his whole countenance became radiant with delight.

"Emma, my dear, God bless you!" he exclaimed, in a voice in which emotion was strongly blended with delight. "I little expected this pleasure!"

"Nor I, I can assure you," replied Emma, in a low whisper, as he led her to the opposite side of the cell.

During these strange proceedings, Mr. Frank stood transfixed to the spot like a person bewildered in a dream; whilst Jimmy and Lincoln, who were standing face to face, exchanged a complete volley of expressive and emphatic telegraphic signs from side to side. The former's body was thrown into a violent state of commotion, giving rise to all kinds of contortions. He bent his left arm into a right-angle, so as to convert it into an imaginary fiddle, whilst with the steel-pen in his right, he kept sawing backwards and forwards, as if he was most laboriously engaged in discoursing some sweet melodious sounds. Of course this music was wholly pantomimic, but it must have been exceedingly varied, for its performer jumped around on one leg, in a highly agile and fantastic manner; whilst he performed with the remaining leg and foot a vast number of steps in the air, embracing hornpipes, jigs, hoe-downs, waltzes, polkas, besides any amount of other saltatory evolutions; many of which were previously entirely unknown to the dancing community. In addition to this, his countenance beamed with smiles, and his head

nodded from side to side, and then perpendicularly upwards and downwards, in as perfect admiration of the whole affair, as if it had been got up for his own especial benefit, and he was the principal party concerned.

Mr. Lincoln's gestures were equally expressive and varied. He slapped every accessible part of his body in the most emphatic manner, as if he was about performing a regular Juba-dance with an omission of the steps. Having gone through this with a proper degree of energy, he threw his palm-leaf hat into a corner, and commenced scratching his head with both hands, with a vehemence that led to the belief that that part of his corporeal territory had been suddenly invaded by a marauding band of blood-thirsty animals, and then wound up the whole by *damning* in the most decided manner, and without any appreciable reason, that portion of the planetary system which he supposed presided over his individual destinies.

"Well! well! if that don't beat all the novels that were ever written all hollow, I'm *one* fool!" he exclaimed, with a strong emphasis on the unit, as if he was not quite sure but that, in such an event, he might be half-a-dozen fools. "I've heard the girls read and talk about love at first sight, but I never believed it before!"

"Now av that little illustrashun don't clare up your doubts on that point," replied Jimmy, "yer convershun's past prayin' for; and ye may jist as well resign yerself to infidelity and pickled cabbage, for the remainder ov yer nat'ral life!"

"It's the most violent case I ever heard tell of," he continued, not noticing Jimmy's remarks; "acute in all its symptoms. Hang me," he added, as the Doctor pressed the lady's hand in both of his, and looked as if he was almost dying with a desire to kiss it, "hang me, if I don't believe that young disciple of Galen, Hippocrates and Calomel, is going stark mad! His case must be looked into!" What measures the fiery old gentleman would have taken in regard

to the case are entirely unknown; for just at the very moment that he came to the sage conclusion to look into it, the Doctor himself became aware of the impropriety of his conduct, and turned around in a highly confused manner to address Mr. Frank.

"My dear friend," he said, "I really beg your pardon for my inconsiderate conduct. But I know you will excuse me when I tell you that I and your daughter are old friends. I became acquainted with her during my little trip to the North, and I can really say, that the happiest hours spent during my absence were spent in her company.

"But," he continued, "I am happy to say, that I have been successful in my attempts to obtain your liberty, and now hold in my hand your discharge from custody, which I obtained owing to the abandonment of the prosecution — an act of kindness on the part of Mr. Lincoln."

"It's all a lie!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, slapping Mr. Frank firmly on the shoulder; "there's not a word of truth in it. You're not indebted to me for any kindness whatever. I hadn't intended to liberate you at all; and I don't now, never did, and what's more, never will, ask any credit when I don't deserve it! You can chalk down the whole affair in your ledger of gratitude to the Doctor there—he deserves it all. He came over to my house this morning, and talked to me by the hour. He said so much about mercy, honor, forgiveness, and all that sort of thing, that he finally got me completely befogged, and wheedled my consent out of me before I knew what I was about; although I knew all the time that I was right and he was wrong. But he's got the gift of making 'the worse appear the better reason,' whilst I can't argue and defend positions which I know to be true. So don't let him make you believe that you're indebted to me at all!" and having thus honestly disclaimed a credit which ninety-nine men in a hundred would have been willing to assume, he clapped his palm-leaf on his head, pulled it

down firmly over his eyes, and having bid them "good-bye," and told the Doctor, in a low whisper, "not to let that Abolitionist's daughter play the d—l with his heart-strings," he left the prison.

"Mr. Lincoln is a strange man," said the Doctor, as soon as that gentleman had shut the door of the cell; "but his roughness is all on the exterior, and, laying his prejudices aside, he is as kind and warm-hearted a man as ever breathed the breath of life."

"And even his errors," replied Mr. Frank, with a contemplative sigh, which was a credit to his feelings, "are merged into virtues by the honesty of his motives. Over such men's failings, Heaven smiles its forgiveness."

"And now," said the Doctor, turning to all present, "it is time to leave this loathsome place. My carriage is at the door, and waiting to take you over to my residence."

This proposition was at once accepted; and the Doctor left the cell, with Mr. Frank on one side and Emma at the other, whilst Jimmy brought up the rear.

"And now, by my sowl!" said the latter gentleman, as he reached the door, and turned around to take a last view of the domestic retreat which he was about vacating, "yer a nice little retrate from the cares an' anxieties ov a public life; but iv ye iver catch me here agin, on the same charge, may yer blood-thirsty tenants blade the last dhrap ov blood out ov me!"

"I am very glad to see that you are relieved from confinement," said the jailor, grasping Mr. Frank's hand warmly, as he passed out.

"An' av it affords ye so much pleasure, faith, why didn't ye jist forgit to lock the door, some fine evenin', and trust to our own ingenuity to relase ourselves?" enquired Jimmy, who thought that functionary exercised unlimited control over all the tenants of the prison.

"I am, however, very sorry to say," continued the jailor, who was really a good-hearted man, and, unlike other land-

lords, rejoiced in vacant rooms, "that your cell will not remain long unoccupied;" and, whilst he was speaking, a couple of officers came along, between whom Mr. Dixey was walking, with an air of the utmost *nonchalance.*

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Frank?" he said, in his usual free-and-easy way, as soon as he observed him. "This is a little like politics—rotation in office, ha! ha! ha! The *outs* take the places of the *ins*, and the *ins* take the places of the *outs;* although I must confess I wasn't an aspirant in the present case. But then, '*Vox populi, vox Dei,*'" he added, as a slight grin blended itself with a sarcastic smile, which played around his lips; "and, called upon by 'the powers that be,' I was compelled to accept, though I did so at a great sacrifice to my private feelings."

"But thin it's consolation to yer patriotic feelin's, to remimber," said Jimmy, "that yer doin' it for the good ov the counthry. Me compliments to the bedbugs, if ye plaze," he added, as Dixey passed on; "for, faith, it's fine livin' they'll have, iv thir anyways fond of whiskey; for, shure, it's more ov that thin blood they'll git out ov yir purty carcus. Be jabers! wouldn't it be fun to see 'em rollin' about, dead dhrunk, from tappin' o' that chap, and thinkin' it was pure blood all the time! Och! murther!" and Jimmy laughed, in a perfect rapture of delight, at the mere imagination of the Bacchanalian feast in store for the tenants of the cell.

"Did you ascertain upon what charge Dixey was brought here?" enquired Mr. Frank of Jimmy, as they were about leaving the prison-yard.

"Yis, yer honor, I did," replied that gentleman, who had a wonderful talent of discovering anything and everything that it was possible to discover. "It was by account of a little financierin' movement. An attempt to inflate the paper courrency of the counthry, by putting a new issue into circulashun, conthrary to law—a mode of spekulashun which strikes me as very profitable, av thir wasn't some little prejudices existin' in the minds ov the payple against it."

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH THE READER DISCOVERS THAT IN TRAVELLING THROUGH THIS LITTLE WORK, HE HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY TREADING UPON *mined* GROUND, WHICH EXPLODES VERY SUDDENLY, WITHOUT DOING ANY HARM.

"WELL, my friend," said Dr. Manly to Mr. Frank, a few days after the events recorded in our last chapter, as he was seated with him and Emma, in the parlor; "your imprisonment has not been the worst thing that could have happened. It is an old saying, 'that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good;' and your bad luck in the present case has most certainly been my good luck, for it has very materially hastened the hour which shall crown my happiness.

"By the way," he added, "I have made out free papers for all my people, so that there can be no objection to our marriage on that ground; but I prefer it should be kept a secret until after that event. I have not yet signed them, because there were no persons here to witness it; but there comes Lincoln, and he may join you in attesting the fact."

"Good morning! How are you?" exclaimed the fiery old gentleman, as he entered the room, shook hands most energetically with Mr. Frank and the Doctor, at the same moment, and then walked up to Emma, and kissed her with a heartiness which proved that he did it more because he liked the operation, than for mere form's sake. "But then there's no use in asking that question, you all look so remarkably well."

"It would be a pity if we did not look well," said the Doctor, with a meaning look at Emma, who, as in duty

bound, blushed very red. "But," he continued, "you have arrived very opportunely, Mr. Lincoln. I have a little favor to ask of you, which I hope you will not refuse to grant."

"Certainly not—I'll do anything for you, Doctor, but turn Abolitionist," replied Lincoln, warmly; "but hang me if I'll do that, for you or anybody else!"

"Well no, I don't ask that!" replied the Doctor, laughing. "I could scarcely expect you to comply with such a request. What I wish is, that you would sign a few papers, as I intend to get married——"

"The d——l you do! Well, I saw the other day, that the symptoms were pretty violent; but I didn't think the fatal termination was so near at hand. But then, these acute cases go off very suddenly sometimes, eh, Doctor?" and the old gentleman winked knowingly, with both eyes, as if he had said something extremely witty.

When Mr. Lincoln was made acquainted with the nature of the papers which he was to sign, he went off into a series of explosive expressions, which we will not attempt to commit to print, for fear that spontaneous combustion might ensue, and consume the little which we have already written. He, however, finally appended his name to the instruments; accompanied not only with a most emphatic protest, but with a learned medical opinion, in which nothing was very clear, except that he considered that women and insanity stood to each other in the direct relation of cause and effect.

After finishing this little act, he suddenly seized the Doctor by the arm, and hurried him from the room with an abruptness astonishing even in him. Just as he reached the door, however, a kind of glimmering perception of the impropriety of his conduct flashed upon his mind.

"Don't be alarmed!" he said to Emma, poking his head back through the half-closed door. "I don't intend to run away with this precious young disciple of Galen — at least, if I do, I'll come back and marry you myself!" and to prove

that he was in earnest in what he said, he swore in words which we do not care about repeating, that if he didn't, he'd make a meal of his head for his next dinner.

"Doctor," he said in a solemn voice, as soon as he had closed the door, "have you told that young girl—or fairy—or angel—or whatever you choose to call her, who you are?"

"Why, no—not exactly—no, I cannot say that I did," replied Manly, in a faltering tone.

"And why didn't you?" replied Lincoln, earnestly.

"For two of the best reasons in the world," replied the Doctor. "In the first place, I know she is not so bigoted as to care about my parentage; she loves me for myself, and for myself only: and in the second place, I did not tell her who I am, because I do not know."

"The last reason is a good one," replied Lincoln, "but the first is not worth a copper. Of course you look upon this young lady—and she is about as fine a girl as I ever saw that was raised in the North—as a pure disinterested being——"

"I hope you do not consider her in any other light?" said the Doctor, hastily, as a deep flush rose to his cheek.

"Oh no—certainly not! of course not! It wouldn't be safe to venture upon such an ungallant opinion," replied Lincoln. "But notwithstanding all her purity of heart, I think it is best to start out with her upon a clear understanding. Fair explanations never cause any ill-feelings, whilst concealments are always bad. If she should discover hereafter, as she probably will, that you are only the adopted son of my old friend, although she may not love you the less, she will lose confidence in you, to a certain extent. Knowing that you concealed one important matter from her, she'll think you'll conceal others; and thus will be destroyed that mutual confidence which alone can render the married state happy."

"You are right, Mr. Lincoln," said the Doctor, slowly, as the truth of these remarks seemed to impress themselves on

his mind; "I am glad you reminded me of this. I will tell her all I know of my past history, without further delay."

"You'd better, if you know what's good for you," replied Lincoln. "I know women just as well as any man. They are queer creatures. They'll overlook any little indiscretions you may chance to be guilty of, if you tell it to them yourself; but they'll play the devil with you for the very same thing, if they find it out from others. You'd better profit by my experience, my dear fellow, mind I tell you! They are queer creatures—infernal queer creatures—the whole tribe of 'em, from black Dinah up to the angels in silks and satins! Good morning, my boy!"

"Now," he continued, muttering to himself, as he walked rapidly away; "if he just tells her all about his early arrival in these diggins, why the chances are as ten to one, that the very romance of the thing will make her think that he is the lost child of some great European duke or count, who was travelling through our country; whilst, if she finds it out from others, three months after being married, she'll bet her head on it, that he was the foundling of some unlucky girl; or at least the child of an old fish-huckster, who put him out to board on the public, for want of anything to eat at home. I know women—hang me if I don't!" he added, in a tone of bitterness, which evidently implied that his knowledge was tinged with some not over-agreeable reminiscences of the past.

"Our friend, Mr. Lincoln, has called my attention to a matter which it would perhaps be better to explain, before any irrevocable steps are taken in regard to our union," said the Doctor, in a serious tone, as he re-entered the room.

"Anything that you please," replied Emma, becoming suddenly very pale, as the thought of some mysterious revelation flashed across her mind.

"Well then, in the first place," he observed, "let me in-

form you that my name is an assumed one, nor do I know what my real one is. All that I know, in regard to myself, I learned several years ago from the lips of my foster-father, whose name I bear, and who has bequeathed to me all his property. I always supposed that I was his son, until a short time previous to his death, when he called me into his room, and told me all that he knew about my early history—which was but very little. The substance was, that one evening he was called down to the cabin of one of the negro women, who was taken sick very suddenly. When he reached her room, she had barely sufficient strength remaining to tell him, before she died, that she had a white child concealed in the adjoining room, whom she had found wandering alone in the streets of Richmond, and had taken home with her. She was going on to give some further information in regard to my earlier history, but the hand of death was already closing fast upon her. She made a desperate attempt to speak, but the rattle in her throat choked her utterance, and she fell back dead.

"How long she had kept me with her, it is impossible to say; for so careful was she to conceal me, that none of the negroes in the quarter had ever seen me; and as she was generally considered somewhat of a sorceress, their superstitious fears prevented their entering her cabin, even when they did hear cries issuing from it. When my foster-father found me, I was apparently between four and five years of age, and knew nothing of my parents or myself, except that my name was Edwin.

"From that moment up to the period of his death, he treated me with the utmost kindness, and when, some years ago, he lost his wife and only child, a daughter about eighteen months of age, by the burning of 'The Belle of the West,' he adopted me as his sole heir and child.

"I thought it would be better," continued the Doctor, after a short pause, "that this fact should be explained to you now,

so that if any objection should arise from my unknown parentage, it might not be discovered when it would only be too late to remove it."

"If that is all you have got to say," replied Emma, looking fondly into his face, "it constitutes no objection in my eyes. I love you not on account of any real or supposed parents; I love you not for your wealth, but I love you for yourself only; and I would love you just as truly, if it were proven that you were the child of a beggar."

"But what is the matter with my father?" she exclaimed, as she turned to look at him, and saw that his countenance was deadly pale, whilst his eyes became wild and glaring, and his ashy lip quivered violently.

"Nothing—nothing, my dear—there is nothing the matter with me," he faltered, as he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow with a trembling hand. "Only, Doctor—have you no other evidence of your parentage?—no other clue?—no suspicion?"

"Nothing, except this miniature," he replied, taking a small gold case out of a side-drawer in the room, "which was found in old Dorcas's cabin, a few days after her death, and was supposed, perhaps, to be that of my mother."

"Let me see it!" gasped Mr. Frank, snatching it with convulsive eagerness out of his hand. He glanced rapidly at it, and then throwing his arms around the Doctor's neck, and falling with his face on his shoulder, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion—

"My son! my son!—my long-lost son! Oh God! thou hast answered my prayers!" he added, as the tears streamed down his cheeks, and he fell back into a chair, entirely overcome by the intensity of his feelings.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Mr. Frank wept, not the tears of weakness, but tears of joy and gratitude to God. The Doctor wept, in thankfulness, because the cloud which had obscured his early life, had now

passed away, and he knew who and from whence he was; whilst Emma wept, because those whom she loved wept.

Mr. Frank explained in a few words how, many years previously, whilst his wife was on a visit to the South, in hopes of regaining her health, her little son wandered away from her, for a moment, in the streets of Richmond; and although she immediately instituted the most rigid search, she was never able to obtain the least trace of him. The account which he had just heard, taken in connection with her miniature, proved, most conclusively, that the Doctor was his son, whom he had long lamented as lost to him forever in this world.

When Mr. Frank had connected these few links together, which made the chain of evidence complete, a deep shade of sadness passed over the young man's countenance.

"Father," he said, in a tone of deep emotion, "father, this moment of holy re-union is full of pleasure and of pain, and, to confess the true state of my feelings, I must acknowledge that I scarcely know which is the greater. Whilst I have *found a father* and *gained a sister*, I have *lost a wife!*"

"Let us thank God, my dear brother," said Emma, throwing her arms around his neck, and kissing him affectionately, "that we have made the discovery *now!* O God!" she added, with a fearful shudder, "how terrible it would have been, if we had not learned our relationship until it had been too late!"

"Yes—yes," he said in a low tone, as if communing with himself, as he clasped his hands, and looked heavenward, "God be praised for revealing these things unto us in time!"

"And all my feelings," said Emma, as she twined her arms around his neck, and looked up, with a sweet smile, into his manly countenance, "shall be changed into a sister's love; and whilst I shall feel proud that I have so noble a brother, I will ever hope, that the next lady who may win his heart, may be more worthy of his love than his humble sister."

"Come, my children," said Mr. Frank, as he motioned

them to seats, "farther concealment is worse than useless. We have made *one* important discovery this morning, thank God! But it is only the *half* of the whole truth. Emma is not my real daughter—she is—as you were—only an adopted child."

"What?—How?—Can it be possible?" exclaimed Emma; "and I—I—have——"

"Kissed my son for your brother, you mean," added Mr. Frank, with a faint smile, sweetly tinged with melancholy. "Well, never mind that, my dear. The Doctor understands your motives and will give you the proper credit for them."

"Most certainly," replied the Doctor; "but pray go on, father, I am completely bewildered; I scarcely know whether I am laboring under a wild, confused dream, or whether we are the real actors in some strange drama."

"It is a strange drama, my son," replied Mr. Frank, "but it is a drama of real life. You say, that the wife and daughter of the gentleman who adopted you, were lost by the explosion and burning of the Belle of the West; I was a passenger on that ill-fated boat, and I well remember the incidents of that terrible accident.

"There was only one lady on board, so she must have been your foster-mother. During the whole of the trip, she was confined to her berth-room by sickness. In consequence of this, her child became the idol of the remaining passengers, who almost disputed with each other for the pleasure of caring for it. Through some strange freak of fancy, frequently witnessed in children, the little girl attached herself more especially to me, and was sitting on my lap, on deck, just at the moment that the fearful explosion occurred.

"My first thoughts were directed towards the child's sick mother; and I attempted to enter the cabin, in search of her; but the huge volumes of smoke and steam, which poured out through the doors, not only completely baffled all my efforts, but proved, at the same time, that her doom was already

sealed, and that her life had passed beyond the reach of mortal aid. But this was no time for inaction. The boat was already on fire, and the flames were spreading rapidly. I seized a heavy plank which I found lying on deck, threw it overboard, and then, taking the child under my arm, I leaped over after it.

"I was fortunate enough to reach it, and had already swum several hundred yards, when I found myself suddenly surrounded by a large number of drift-logs, which had broken loose from a raft. For some time, I continued to ward them off with my arms; but, owing to their large size, and the force with which the rapid current dashed them against me, I finally became completely exhausted. Another huge, square piece of timber came dashing fearfully towards me. My arm was already so dreadfully bruised, lacerated, and lamed, that I knew I could not guard off the threatened blow. I raised the child up with one hand, whilst I attempted to save myself by diving under the water, so as to allow the log to pass over me. But it was too late. I felt a sudden powerful shock through my whole body; a stunning, ringing noise flew through my head, and I knew no more.

"When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself lying in a comfortable room of a small house near the river. Upon making enquiry, I learned that a couple of hardy boatmen, who had seen me struggling in the water, hastened to my assistance, and reached me a few moments after the log struck me, and thus succeeded in saving my life and that of the child. I, however, only escaped one danger to fall into another. The injuries which I received produced violent inflammation of the brain, in the delirium of which I remained unconscious for several weeks, before the disease yielded; and, finally, when convalescence did set in, it was a long time before I was able to leave my room.

"After I had fully recovered, I endeavored, in vain, to learn anything about the mother of the child. The most

careful and extended enquiries failed to elicit any clue in regard to her name or residence, and I finally abandoned all my efforts to trace her in despair. Having lost my only child, I looked upon this as a godsend, and adopted the girl as my own. This, together with what you previously knew, will enable you to judge, as well as I can, of your relative positions."

"The last few minutes," said the Doctor, advancing and taking Emma's hand, "have made such sudden and unexpected changes in our positions in life, that it would be almost hazardous to say who, or what we are. But, amidst all the confusion," he added, with a faint smile, "one thing seems pretty clear, and that is, that I am entirely relieved from the odium of being a slave-holder, without any exertion on my part; and that you are now the sole possessor of all this real and *personal* estate, which, a short time ago, I believed belonged exclusively to me."

"And all of which, I beg of you," replied Emma, "to keep as your own, and to dispose of it in the same noble manner as you had intended to do. There is no use in refusing," she added, as she observed the Doctor shake his head; "when a man marries a lady, he takes her with *all* her incumbrances; and if you do not see proper to do so, you can refuse both!"

Whether he did or did not refuse both, we leave the reader to conjecture; or, if he prefers it, to ascertain from the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE DOCTOR AND EMMA GET MARRIED, AND SINK AT ONCE INTO INSIGNIFICANT, DULL, MATTER-OF-FACT PEOPLE; IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH, THEY ARE IMMEDIATELY ABANDONED TO THEIR FATE BY THE AUTHOR.

THE wedding-day at length arrived, but there was no unwonted bustle or excitement at Glenwood Place; and a stranger would scarcely have known that anything unusual was about to occur. There was none of that lavish and ostentatious display so usual upon such occasions. Everything was conducted in a plain, simple, republican manner, witnessed amongst the higher classes, only in the earlier period of our country's history.

The families of the neighboring planters, who had been invited, took their places on one side of the hall, whilst the slaves arranged themselves on the opposite side. The bridegroom and bride took their station in the centre, unsupported by a needless array of bridemen and bridesmaids. A venerable minister, who had for many years acted as spiritual adviser of master and slave, now entered. He joined the hands of the bride and bridegroom; then, in a pure and simple manner, pronounced the holy words of the marriage ceremony, and they were *man and wife.* The benediction followed, in which the man of God did not ask for impossible blessings, and for happiness to attend them, which is never allotted to mortals here below; but he prayed as one who was aware 'that God knoweth what we stand in need of, before we ask him.' He prayed that they might always walk in the commandments of the Most High; that their lives might be so spent as to prove a lamp and a light to those around them; that they might prove to be good stew-

ards in all things confided to their trust; so that finally, when the Great Bridegroom should come, they might be greeted with the joyful sound of "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

After the close of this holy ceremony, the friends gathered around the happy couple; and although there were no presents of glittering baubles, or gaudy dresses, there were precious offerings of kind wishes, more valuable in their sight, and in the sight of God, than all the wealth of this world. One after another the slaves advanced, and grasping their proffered hands, murmured, not in tones of "abject servitude," but in language of deep, heart-felt sincerity, "God bless yer, Massa!" "God bless yer, Missis!"

"My friends," said the Doctor, turning to his slaves after these congratulations were over, whilst the tears rose to his eyes, and his voice became husky with honorable emotion, "my friends, you have often heard me say that the principle of slavery was wrong; that no man had a moral or religious right to hold his fellow-man in bondage; and that I would liberate you as soon as I could see the least prospect of placing you in as happy a social position as you enjoy in your present condition. That time, I must confess, has not yet arrived; but as the weight of slavery rests heavily upon me, I will defer the hour of your liberation no longer. To-day, whilst it will be held sacred by us as the day of our union, may it be equally sanctified by you as the day which severed your bonds to mortal man! You are henceforth and forever free — free as I am! and may God, whose Divine hand is over all his creatures, so watch over you, that your liberty may prove a blessing to you, instead of a curse—as, alas! it too often does!"

This annunciation of their freedom was not received with those demonstrations of lively joy which Mr. Frank had expected. There was no cheering—no shouting—no enthusiasm manifested; but, on the contrary, looks of blank asto-

nishment and sadness were depicted upon every countenance. They first gazed in vacant surprise at their master; then at each other; and finally, all their woolly heads seemed to be seized with violent symptoms of St. Vitus's dance, and commenced shaking in energetic and harmonious concert.

"What in the world does all this mean?" said Mr. Frank, turning enquiringly to every man in the room, in regular rotation.

"I'll *tell* you what it means, sir!" replied Mr. Lincoln, slapping him on the back with a degree of force only applicable to cases in which fish-bones have gone down the wrong way. "I'll tell you what it means. It means, that these poor creatures have got more sense than their master, and all his friends and advisers! That's what it means, sir! They know nothing about principles of human rights, or human wrongs, and care much less. Their natural instinct teaches them that contentment is happiness; and they prefer living in their present happy manner, deprived of their inalienable rights, to living miserably, and in the enjoyment of liberty, which don't provide bread and butter to fill their hungry mouths, however pleasant it may be to talk about. That's what they mean, and there is some sense in their meaning, too; which is more than can be said of some wiser people's acts!"

"Massa," said Tom, in a very humble tone of voice, as he advanced in front of his companions, and made a low bow, "Massa, I know I dun berry wrong ter run away from yer; but I'se 'pented on it — 'deed I has, Massa; and if yer only won't turn me off, I'll serve yer faithful all me life. It may hab bin wrong, and I t'ink it was, to make slaves of us in de fust place; but it would be worse, Massa; to turn us away now, so dat we must beg, or steal, or starve to death. 'Deed, Massa, I'se seed 'nuff ob de libin' ob de free niggers ob de North, and I doesn't want ter go 'mongst 'em no more."

"I can't do much in de way ob makin' a speech, Massa,"

said the humble namesake of the Roman and Swedish heroes, as he waddled forward, somewhat in the manner of a black Daniel Lambert, "but Tom's 'spresshun ob sentiment 'sponds to mine 'zactly. We's all happy and contented here, and we hopes Massa will let us lib and die on de ole plantashun, where we was born, and where we's bin all raised, and spent so many happy days!"

These simple feelings seemed to be shared by all; and with one accord they begged not to be turned away. The more industrious and faithful reminded their young master of their former services — those who had often neglected his orders and refused to follow his advice, now promised, with tears in their eyes, to do better; and all seemed to look forward to emancipation, as one of the greatest evils that could possibly befall them.

"What *can* I do? What *shall* I do?" said the Doctor, turning to his young wife, with deep perplexity visible in every tone and gesture. "I am sure their happiness, next to your own, is nearest to my heart, and I wish to do what is right towards them, if God grants me knowledge to see my way clear!"

"Well, d—n it!" burst from the lips of Lincoln, who was pacing rapidly about the room, and giving vent to numerous explosive sounds, in direct opposition to the eighth commandment, and without any special reference to any person, place, or thing. "D—n it! if you've got their happiness so much at heart, grant them what they want! I've got a nigger who is only happy when he is up to his eyes in mud, digging ditches; so I give him all the ditches on the place to dig, merely to promote his peace of mind. Another is only contented when he is rubbing down my horses; so I keep him continually at that; and one of my wenches is as savage as a female hyæna, if she hasn't constantly got some old ladles, pans, or dishes, to scour; so I keep her engaged in that line, although she creates a consumption of tin-ware that has

made the fortune of more than one Yankee tin-pedlar. Some men are only happy when they are tied to the apron-strings of a woman; whilst others, more sensible, like myself, feel themselves decidedly more comfortable, when they are out of sight of the fairer portion of creation!

"Now, my dear fellow," he continued, accompanying the laying down of each affirmative position with a blow upon the table, which savored strongly of the Spiritual Rapping order, "I contend that no man, or set of men, can be unhappy when they've got all that they want. Now, these boys have always been perfectly happy in their present condition, and all that they ask is, to be let alone—to live and die where they have been born; and, in the meantime, to enjoy themselves in hoeing corn, picking tobacco, eating as much as they can carry, going wherever they please, singing Lucy Neal to their heart's content, dancing Juba, and holding darkey fandangos whenever they choose!"

"Dat's 'um! dat's 'um!" cried out a large number of voices, in harmonious unison, and tones of C-sharp. "Dat's jist what we wanted ter say, only we didn't know how! Only speak ter 'im, Massa Lincoln, he'll hear you—we know he will!"

"You've been ministering to their happiness for years, without knowing it," he continued, with the same fiery energy of voice and manner, "and all the time you were embittering your life by reflecting over evils which they didn't feel. Taking these facts into consideration, together with the misery which you see your mere proposal to free them has created, the path of duty must be very plain to you. If it is not, I don't see what's the use in having eyes to see, ears to hear, or brains to understand with; or in my making the longest speech I ever made in my life, merely to prove facts which must be self-evident to any man of sense!"

"Your remarks contain much truth," said the Doctor, slowly and deliberately. "But, boys," he added, turning to

the slaves, "I have fully made up my mind, to hold no more slaves; but if you prefer it, you may all remain on the plantation nearly in the same state as you have been before. I will make no change in your condition, except that each man, woman, and child, shall have free-papers; so that, if at any time any should wish to leave, they can do so without any further trouble. Now, I wish you all to understand that you are as free as I am; that you can leave me now, or any time hereafter; and that, if you remain with me, you do so on your own free-will and accord, as freemen, in every sense of the word, and not as property."

The effect of this speech was electrical. They forgot all rules of decorum or propriety, in their wild delirium of transport; and broke out into a loud, simultaneous shout of enthusiasm, which attested their feelings more strongly than the most burning words of eloquence could have done. When this ebullition of feeling had partially subsided, they caught each other in their arms, poured forth mutual congratulations, and invoked blessing after blessing upon the heads of their young master and mistress, in rude language and broken words; but with a heartfelt sincerity, which, we have no doubt, secured a welcome reception for them in the holy place to which they were addressed.

"My friends," said Mr. Frank, at the close of the festivities of the evening, "I have learned many useful lessons during the past few months; and, although I am now perfectly convinced that great reforms are not the work of a few days or years, and that violence and vilification work nothing but evil, I still shall never regret the time when I became an 'Agent on the Underground Mail-line.' My experience as such, has taught me that we should never denounce things of which we are comparatively ignorant; that we should not impugn the motives of others, without being acquainted with them; that misery and suffering are met with all over the

wide world; and that the true man of God, and friend of his fellow-creatures, can always find deserving objects of charity near him, sufficient to engross all the nobler feelings of the heart.

"I have learned, too, that wild, visionary, and abstract views, in regard to men and things, no matter how logically founded or ably supported, are of but very little utility, unless they can be rendered subservient to practical purposes; and that words of embittered animosity, and senseless, premature agitation, will never work out great reforms. There are but two means by which moral revolutions can be effected. One is the all-convincing power of Truth and Love; the other is the irresistible argument of Physical Force. In the present enlightened era of the world, the latter is very justly excluded from the field of moral reforms; and the former can only be serviceable when so used as to convince the head, whilst it wins the heart, by the same gentle arguments of 'love, peace on earth, and good-will unto *all* men,' which even the Supreme Godhead, in its infinite wisdom, saw proper to address to man, his creature and vassal, by the mouth of his only-begotten and dearly-beloved Son."

As Mr. Frank closed these remarks, he filled his glass — an example followed by all present — and again arose to address them.

"My friends," he resumed, in a low, husky voice, as he held his glass up with a trembling hand, and the tears started to his eyes; "my friends, in the enthusiasm of a mistaken and honest zeal, I have done things which I deeply regret; but I will leave it to the Great Searcher of all hearts, to say how far I am to be punished for errors which have been prompted by good motives. And now, before we part, permit me to propose: That the discordant feelings, and sectional strife, in our otherwise happy country, may soon give way to renewed feelings of fraternal and national affec-

tion; so that the croaking notes of the raven may disappear forever, and 'the voice of the turtle may again be heard in the land.'"

This sentiment was drunk with the genial warmth and open frankness of true Virginian feeling, and soon after the bridal-party broke up. During the ceremony of leave-taking, no hand was grasped more warmly than that of Mr. Frank; and amongst the many pleasant incidents of the day, nothing was more prominent in the minds of the guests, or lingered longer in their memories, than the mild, benevolent expression of his countenance, and his unaffected words of open candor and fellow-feeling.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHICH ENDS OUR BOOK TO OUR OWN SATISFACTION, AND, WE HOPE, TO THE SATISFACTION OF EVERYBODY ELSE.

It is always a sad, melancholy thing to part from the kind friends whom we meet with in the daily transactions of real life, and who have remained faithful to us during all its eventful vicissitudes. But the dull routine of business, interest, pleasure, newer connections, and last, but most inexorable of all, the unstaying hand of death, is constantly tearing asunder the warmest ties; inflicting fresh wounds before the older ones have had time to heal; opening pores of grief anew, just as they were about to close forever, and so mingling the cup of pleasure with the bitter dregs of pain, that our smiles are continually blended with our tears, and the one shines through the other, chastened and brightened, like the hues of the bow of promise through the silvery and brilliant mist of a summer shower.

In like manner, we are now called upon, by the closing scene of this little volume, to take leave of our friends, who, though creatures of the mind, have their counterparts in the physical world; and to bid them and our kind readers an affectionate and perhaps final adieu. Before doing so, however, in accordance with a time-honored custom, and out of respect to the small band of readers who may have labored with us through this work, we will close with a brief notice of the final disposition of our *dramatis personæ*.

The Doctor and his amiable wife are still residing on their plantation at Glenwood Place, where their free hospitality renders their house the favorite resort of both neighbors and strangers. Both are recipients of that genial love, which warm hearts always intuitively and sympathetically offer to kindred souls; and both bless, and are blessed, by the pure spirit of love and truth, which emanates from their bosoms, and spreads its rays through every portion of the little sphere in which they move. Misery — save such as God, in his wisdom, sends upon all — is unknown in their little realm; because their ever-ready hands are the first to check its invasion. Would to God that we, one and all, would go and do likewise! If we did, what a paradise would be made of this world! Poverty would be divested of its stings; suffering would lose its pangs; grief would be assuaged by hope; joy moderated by love; sin diminished by the holy associations thrown around it; and man would become, what God intended him to be, the brother of his fellow-man, and the obedient child of Heaven.

In addition to his careful watch over his household, the Doctor continues to practise the holy duties of his profession; and his skill and talents have, through the blessing of Providence, done as much towards the relief of physical suffering, as his good heart has towards the cure of moral ills. He continues to blend sweet words and pleasant smiles with bitter pills and nauseous draughts in such scientific propor-

tions, that the most fastidious patient swallows his drugs without a grimace, and scarcely knows whether it is the Doctor's medicine or his manners that effects the cure.

Mr. Frank sold his property in the North, and is living with his children, endeared to all around him by the same noble virtues, and pure motives, which have characterized him through life. He says his cup of happiness is full to the brim; and although quite a large number of warm-hearted widows, prompted by feelings *solely* relevant to his *own* good, and by that noble sympathy, not wholly peculiar to true Virginians, have in divers ways, covertly and openly, by stratagem and open warfare, by siege and assault, attempted to make the contents overflow, he has, so far, been able to resist their strong seductive temptations, and to entrench himself, in common with his now bosom friend, Mr. Lincoln, in the perilous position of single-blessedness.

He is also quite a favorite amongst the young married ladies; and is, in consequence, frequently called upon to act in the responsible station of godfather, at infantile christenings. We have never had the pleasure of being present at any of these august ceremonies; but can form some idea of the satisfaction which he renders, by the geometrical ratio of the increasing calls which are made upon him. So difficult, at times — on account of press of business — is it to secure his attendance, that he is frequently engaged several months in advance of the juvenile's earthly appearance; and we have heard of cases in which his services were held in reserve, even as early as the marriage eve. In a large majority of the cases, when the pledge of affection is of the male species, his name is appropriated to its use; which fully accounts for the hitherto unknown fact, that, in searching the list of arrivals at hotels, or the catalogues of medical or literary students at colleges, we always find more names commencing with 'Frank,' purporting to be from Virginia, than from all the other States of the Union. In these cases, too, he

always feels himself under obligations to provide a red flannel petticoat, and an oil-chintz frock, for his juvenile namesake; and to kiss it over its whole face, whenever he happens to meet it, without any prejudice for or against clean or dirty cheeks; which compound acts have had the double effect of very materially raising the price of prints, and lowering that of soap.

Jimmy has taken up his abode with Mr. Frank, and is a privileged character, not only there, but on all the neighboring plantations. His blunt, ready, off-hand Irish character meets with a ready response from Virginian frankness; and he is, in consequence, a welcome visitor wherever he goes. He associates equally with master and slave; and is, apparently, as free, and enjoys himself as much with the one as with the other. He looks upon slavery as a happy state of existence; for the twofold reason, that it leaves the mind free from care, and affords a full scope to the exercise of saltatory powers, in which, next to a negro, no man delights more than he does. Entertaining these views, he is most decidedly opposed to emancipation, and when a slave occasionally expresses dissatisfaction with his situation, he freely offers to pay all his expenses to Ireland, "by way," he says, "ov givin' him a practical illustrashun of fray slavery, under the power of a fray constitushun, and the glorious Magny Karty."

Mr. Burton has been reinstated, as Agent, on the Underground Line, but has carefully excluded the vicinity of Glenwood from his routes. His lady is still president of various philanthropic sewing societies; and both "let their good works so shine before the world, that they may be seen of men," and keep their evil deeds so carefully concealed, that nobody can see them; each of which, when taken separately, is very good in the way of example, whatever may be said

in regard to its morality. But then, as the world goes, this don't matter: *things are nothing, appearances everything.*

Not long ago, the Doctor was called upon to go a considerable distance to see a man who was represented to be very sick. On his arrival, he found him laboring under a severe attack of that dreadful disease, *mania-à-potu.* He exerted all his skill to save the wretched victim, but in vain. The 'pitcher was broken at the fountain,' — the current of life was ebbing rapidly away, and in a few hours after he first saw him, he died with the most horrible imprecations on his lips, and amidst imaginary scenes too fearfully terrible to be described. Nothing was found upon his person but a small bottle, with a few drops of liquor in it, and several unpaid bills, showing that his name was *Dixey.*

During the past twenty-five years, the question of slavery has been productive of more fruitless and angry controversy, than any other subject which has ever engaged the attention of the people of this country. Hireling lecturers, kept in constant pay by our Abolition societies, have been sent out through the length and breadth of the land; fanatical newspapers have been published; inflammatory speeches have been made upon the floor of Congress; incendiary tracts have been disseminated; novels, founded upon isolated cases, have been written; and every other means that misguided enthusiasm could prompt, or fanatical ingenuity could invent, have been called into requisition to magnify its evils — and with what good effect? Only to create and embitter a corresponding opposition and fanaticism on the part of the slave-holding community, and to render the condition of our negro population more oppressive and hopeless than it was before.

The question of slavery is certainly a momentous one, and requires a careful consideration from every Christian and

patriot. In doing so, the first thought that naturally suggests itself to the mind is, *is it an evil?*

Considered as a question of moral right or wrong, there can be but one answer. *It is an evil.* The negro is certainly entitled to the same rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that we are, and anything which deprives him of these rights must be wrong, and is therefore an evil. The arguments to establish this point are innumerable, but the proposition is so self-evident that it would be a mere waste of words to attempt to prove it. It was viewed in this light by the wise and patriotic framers of our Constitution, and by nearly the entire population of this country. It has been only of comparatively late years that it has been defended as a social, moral, and political blessing.

"But slavery is not only an evil to the slave, but it is an evil to the master, and to the whole country. One good hired laborer, under proper management, is capable of doing as much work, in the same time, as three or four Southern slaves are able to perform; yet this additional number of persons must live at the expense of their owner, and from the products of the soil. The consequence is seen in the general impoverishment of the land, which is gradually taking place in the slave-States. Thousands, aye! and millions of acres of ground, exhausted of its substance, and lying waste, speak a language of truth which cannot be mistaken. Independent of this pecuniary loss to the proprietor of the soil and the common wealth of the nation, the community suffers from the demoralizing tendencies which slavery always carries with it, to an extent, compared with which the mere loss of dollars and cents dwindles into utter insignificance. The danger to the country, too, in the event of a civil commotion or foreign invasion, of having three millions of our people within its borders naturally incensed against us, is so obvious as to be plainly apparent to all."

Looking at it in any and every point of view, we find it to

be an evil of enormous magnitude. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less the bitter on that account!"

If, then, such an evil exists amongst us, why not remove it? This question has confounded the wisdom, and baffled the efforts, of our most learned and patriotic statesmen. In vain have they devised methods which would be adequate to its removal, or even to its material diminution, without producing a train of greater evils in its place. It is with the political body as it is with the physical — there are *some* corroding sores, some foul excrescences existing upon it, which are consuming its better energies, wasting its life's-blood, and threatening its final dissolution; but which, evils as they are, have become so completely incorporated into its very structure, so deeply imbedded into its vital parts, that the sudden removal of them, instead of effecting a cure, would be productive of inevitable death. Slavery is *one* of them!

Among the many plans advocated for its removal, but two have been carried into practical operation—Colonization and Emancipation. The former possesses the advantage of commending itself to the slave-holder; it removes the slave from a people superior to him in wealth, power, and intelligence, and amongst whom he could never attain an equal social and political position, without a revolution and disruption of the noblest sensibilities of the human mind and heart. It removes him from a community prejudiced against him, and places him in a position where all are his natural equals; where no influences of color or *caste* can operate against him; and where mental, moral, and political elevation depend solely upon his own industry and talents. So far, this plan works admirably; but *so far* only. As far as it goes, nothing could be better for the negro; but it is inadequate to the end in view. The expenses and difficulties attending it are so great, as to restrict its benefits to a comparatively small

number at present, and to prevent its general adoption in the future.

Immediate and unconditional emancipation has been brought forward, not only to supply the deficiencies of Colonization, but to entirely usurp its place. It has been advocated with a bitterness of spirit, and perversion of facts, utterly inconsistent with the pretended character of its friends, and to the ultimate injury of the slave population. Colonization may not have accomplished *all* the *good* that its friends claim for it; but Abolitionism has certainly done *more harm* than even its enemies generally charge it with.

Judging from their conduct, the friends of Emancipation seem to be in possession of but *one* idea, and that is, the immediate abolition of slavery. They never investigate the possibility of accomplishing what they advocate; they forget the civil rights which the masters possess, and which they refuse to relinquish; they do not look at the effects of setting free, and spreading over the whole country, millions of people of a different color, who are ignorant of every means of self-reliance, and who have never depended upon their own resources for their sustenance! At one moment, they assert that slavery has reduced the negro race to a state of the most grovelling ignorance and abject debasement; and in the very same breath, they tell us that they are fully prepared for liberty, and should be immediately emancipated, so as to be able to enjoy the same rights, privileges, and blessings, that we possess! And for refusing to believe such a mass of incongruous inconsistencies, sensible men of the North are ridiculed as "dough-faces," and slave-holders are stigmatized as tyrants, robbers, and murderers! What pure and beautiful language for men to hold, who profess to be engaged in the holy work of effecting "great moral reforms!" How passing strange that such mild arguments do not convince the more intelligent portion of men, and convert only those who, from their previous willingness to swallow all the *isms* and *pathies* of the past, present, and, we may venture to say, of

the future, have rendered themselves open to the suspicion of being deficient in mental equipoise!

Not content with denouncing, in the most unmeasured terms, those who manifested the least reluctance to swallow such abstract nonsense, they have engaged in a systematic effort to run away negroes from their masters—and with what result? Let the existing state of feeling in the South; the present, compared with the former, condition of the slave; and the late enactments of laws in regard to slavery, answer.

It was not many years ago, that a large number of slave-holders admitted that slavery was a great evil, and were honest and strong advocates of some plan of emancipation. A person need only read the newspapers and Congressional debates of thirty years ago, to be convinced of this fact. Look at them now! So complete is the change, that they now argue that slavery is "a social, moral, and political blessing;" and they defend themselves behind the ramparts of their "peculiar institution," with a fanaticism surpassed only by their opponents of the opposite extreme. They *formerly* attempted to devise methods for the gradual emancipation of the slave. *Now* they look upon the least tendency towards legislating in that direction, as an invasion of their liberties, and at once threaten to dissolve the Union! They not only retort denunciation for denunciation, but they too often look upon *all* Northern men as so many fanatics, who are only awaiting a favorable opportunity to deprive them of their sovereign rights.

"Ah! but we cannot help that," says the Abolitionist; "if, in declaring the honest sentiments of our minds, we unfortunately prejudice persons against the entire North, it is their fault — not ours."

"Certainly, our sable-hearted friend, it is their fault if, because you become fanatical upon one extreme, they rush to the opposite one. But if you were honest — as you say you are—in your efforts in favor of emancipation, you would, after finding that you cannot convince the masters of the evils of

slavery by one method, try another, instead of continuing in the very course which you find is only separating your views more widely, and embittering your personal feelings. If you were *honest* or *wise*, you would resort to reason in the place of denunciation, and attempt to convince, instead of condemning."

Not only have the Abolitionists embittered the slave-owners against themselves, but their injudicious conduct has exasperated many of them against the negro race. There are in the South, as there are everywhere else, men of evil dispositions. These, goaded to madness by the reckless attacks upon themselves, and the assistance afforded to their runaway slaves by the Abolitionists, have but too often poured upon the inoffensive heads of the former, the feelings of wrath which were created in their minds by the latter. They work them harder, allow them less personal liberty, for fear of their escaping, pursue them more eagerly when they do run off, and punish them more severely after their recovery.

"Ah! but you do not pretend to charge us with the base and unreasonable cruelty of such men?"

"O no! certainly not! You cannot help *that!* But when you see—as you undoubtedly must—that all your misguided attempts to liberate a few slaves, result only in producing tenfold oppression and cruelty towards the remaining thousands, we *do* contend that if your hearts bled as freely for the slave as you say they do, you would abandon your present course, which brings forth only evil, and endeavor to discover some more effectual plan to carry out your views."

"Yes, but we are not working for the present. We look forward to the glorious future, which is bright with promise! We wish to create public sentiment. We wish to get the people opposed to the abominable institution, and through the people we intend to affect our legislative bodies, so as to get laws passed curtailing and abolishing the whole system!"

"Very good; but as we know nothing of the future, it is

not an unsafe rule to judge of it by the past. And pray what have you accomplished?

"You have changed the open advocates of emancipation in the South into opponents. You have converted the baser portion of the apologists of slavery into tyrants. You have very materially postponed, if not forever destroyed, the chances of liberating the negro of this country. You have rendered his slavery more irksome, his escape more difficult, and his recovery more certain. In the North, you have disgusted those who were favorable to a portion of your views, by your ultra-fanatical, and violent conduct; and your wild ravings and "underground" exploits have had such an effect upon the public mind, and through it upon Congress, as to force upon the country the passage of the well-known Fugitive Slave Law, which you so heartily denounce as being opposed to every feeling of humanity and justice!

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